This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07481213 6

Child

AVERAGES

By ELEANOR STUART.

Averages. A novel of modern New York. 12mo. About 400 pages. Cloth, $1.50.

The brilliant author has had every opportunity to know her New York well. She has been able, therefore, to avoid the extremes of "high life" and "low life" which have seemed to many to constitute the only salient phases of New York. She paints men and women of every day, and sketches the curious interdependence and association or impingement of differing circles. *Averages* is a brilliant study of actualities.

Stonepastures. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"The story is strongly written, there being a decided Brontë flavor about its style and English. It is thoroughly interesting and extremely vivid in its portrayal of actual life."—*Boston Courier.*

"For a heartrending, terribly realistic story of a mining town or settlement; for a recital of the risks men will run, the sufferings they will undergo, to make money enough to prolong a miserable existence, *Stone Pastures*, by Eleanor Stuart (D. Appleton and Company), is as vivid, thrilling a story as one can read. Yet in the midst of the squalor, sin, and constant menace of sudden death, lovely characters are developed and pure love can make every sacrifice. It is a short story, but is almost painfully intense."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AVERAGES

A STORY OF NEW YORK
BY ELEANOR STUART, pseud
AUTHOR OF "STONE PASTURES"

Childs, Eleanor Stuart (Patterson)

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.
M 353321

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1899

M.S.M.
DONATED BY THE
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK CITY

162299A

COPYRIGHT, 1899,
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

DEDICATION.

Not long ago, the dear child's voice
—Forever in my ear—
Cried, "Tell me stories, funny ones,
The kind I like to hear."
Though he is gone and I am grown
I still say, "Yes, my dear."

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

In which Cornelia Burnham Begins to Live Alone, 1

CHAPTER II.

In which Cornelia Decides to be Double-faced, . 18

CHAPTER III.

In which Cornelia's Friends Talk Oddly, and in which She Acts on Impulse, ... 38

CHAPTER IV.

In which Anne McNulty Replies to Jane; and Cornelia is Amused with Her Brother and Dines with Her Friends, ... 63

CHAPTER V.

In which the Scholastic Calm of Dr. Rodwood Succumbs to an Emotion which, although New to Him, Has Been Usual in Man since the Time of Adam—or Eve, ... 92

CHAPTER VI.

In which Cornelia Receives Confidences from Jane anent Anne McNulty, and in which She Learns More of Gordis and Thinks Less of Mordrook, 116

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

In which Harvey and Cornelia Discover Points of Resemblance, and in which Dr. Dupuis Introduces Her to a Waste Creation, ... 139

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Mr. Mordrook Pays a Second Visit to Gordis, and in which Anne McNulty Continues Her Correspondence with Jane Dupuis, . . 163

CHAPTER IX.

In which Mordrook Asks a Favor, which Cornelia Agrees to Grant, and the Dupuis and Burnhams Draw Nearer Together in Watching the Progress Made by Harvey in the Matter of Heart Troubles, ... 185

CHAPTER X.

In which Cornelia Alters the Course of Events, Finding Pleasure in a Country Life with Town Companions, ... 195

CHAPTER XI.

In which there is a Consultation of Physicians upon Affections of the Heart and Cornelia Amends Her Plot, Pursuing Many Schemes of which Her Guests are Oblivious, . . , . . 211

CHAPTER XII.

In which Circumstances Coerce Cornelia, . . 223

CHAPTER XIII.

PAGE

In which Dr. Rodwood Essays Versification, and in which Cornelia Continues the Manufacture of Men's Destiny, ... 237

CHAPTER XIV.

In which Mrs. Burnham Posts the Packet at the End of an Eventful Day, of which Dr. Dupuis and Terebella are Central Figures, . . . 251

CHAPTER XV.

In which Dr. Harvey Rodwood Becomes Normal, 271

CHAPTER XVI.

In which One Encounters the Packet and Some Previous Acquaintance, ... 279

CHAPTER XVII.

In which the Burnhams (male) Prove to be Observant, and in which Old Mr. Burnham Tries to Reason with a Woman, ... 296

CHAPTER XVIII.

Which is Merely Incidental and Symptomatic, . 311

CHAPTER XIX.

In which the Important Happening Seems to Be Danny's Illness, but is Really Cornelia's Obscure Union of the Letters of Jane and Mordrook in One Packet, ... 326

CHAPTER XX.

PAGE

In which Cornelia Begins to Live Alone, to the World's Thinking, ... 340

CHAPTER XXI.

In which Mrs. Burnham Encourages Mr. Gordis, Making Half-Confidences to Dr. Dupuis and Hearing Much from Mrs. Ferris, ... 349

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Cornelia is Frightened, but Full of Expedients, ... 362

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Cornelia is Interviewed and the Ferris Family Excited, ... 374

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which Cornelia Essays Inspired Improvisation, 387

EPILOGUE.

The Summing Up, ... 407

MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
NEW YORK.

AVERAGES.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH CORNELIA BURNHAM BEGINS TO LIVE ALONE.

Who plucks green fruit will saddened see
The ripened yield of his neighbor's tree.
—*Veo in Florence.*

"There are reformers in plenty, but reforms are very few. There are those whose avowed field is the unreformed (as there are those whose unavowed desire is the reformation of the reformer). There are comprehensive oratorical reformers who tell one to behold a new heavens and—to appear shortly—a consequently new earth. There are ladies also who write novels, in which an attempt is made to shame God with the inconsistency of his world. Yet none of these are true prophets to the mind of the average man.

"One telling truth is ever upon the lips of those variously enthusiastic ministers of light: 'Happiness is cultivated,' being the war-cry

of each. To this they add directions for seed-time and harvest, for the inception and garnering of supposititious joy. They draw large audiences, consisting but rarely of average adults, and they subsequently receive many letters from the unemployed, both rich and poor. But it is not the average or normal man who asks Mordrook or any other reformer what he shall do with his life, a query as usual in his ears as is 'How are you?' to the gilded youths of dark doings, of balls and boulevards, whom he despises *viva voce* at thronged mass meetings."

These interesting observations were neatly written upon a bit of note paper lying upon the desk of Cornelia Burnham. They were incidental, occurring in an otherwise curt refusal to dine at the Burnhams' to meet George Mordrook, the English socialistic reformer.

"I am sorry Mr. Gordis won't come," Cornelia said, "for he is much in demand now. Therefore, one likes to dine him. Besides, being a journalist, he might have helped Mr. Mordrook. I can't see any cause for all this clamor about the average man."

"It's the new subject," Jane Dupuis replied. "I am not clever like you, Cornelia, so I don't vex my brains with the average

man. The extraordinary specimen I annexed by means of holy matrimony gives me enough to think about."

Cornelia Burnham sat in her study, pondering her resumed friendship with Frank Dupuis' wife. The room was large and pervaded with an odor of fresh flowers, except by the hearth, where a bright fire sent forth the fragrance of the pine knots its flaming heat consumed. A various leisure was denoted everywhere. The grand piano—piled high with ragged sheet music covered with a master's patient pencilings, to which his plutocratic pupil but seldom referred—bore witness to an appreciation of sweet sounds; while a bit of embroidery was cast ruthlessly down upon one table, and a desk in the bow window was strewn with many papers. It was past midnight, and the loosened hair and wide silk wrappings of the two figures in this dusky room denoted a sane, but deferred, intention to rest.

"I wish I hadn't taken that coffee," Jane said after a pause.

"And I am glad you took it," her hostess rejoined selfishly, "if it keeps you awake that you may keep me company. Some times I can't sleep and to-night is one of them."

"I think you are changed," Jane spoke af-

fectionately. "You used to be only a little moody, but now your abstraction is chronic, unless you talk with Gordis or little Emily Alman. You are not sad, though, are you?" She leaned forward and caught Cornelia's hand. It was a narrow, long-fingered hand, and much older in appearance than its owner's comely face.

"Not as men count sadness," Mrs. Burnham answered with a vague smile.

Jane moved her chair nearer her companion, their hands were clasped and their coloring came into close contrast, like the effects in the portraits of sisters painted about the year 1830. Cornelia's hair was light brown and now fell in long braids below her waist, as a child's might; but Mrs. Dupuis' was a short mane of shining black, which was inexplicably characteristic of her. Cornelia's smile lingered on her lips, but tears rose in her eyes and protested against it.

"No one knows how queer I am," she said apologetically. "Daniel Burnham knows no more of me than if I were deaf and dumb and a native of Borneo. My brothers think I am a fool—I stopped asking them to take me to parties because they used to say so openly. Because I am not a trained nurse and have not had appendicitis complicated

with surgical treatment, they think I am a cumberer of the earth. I have often wished that I might have one of their favorite maladies and have Dr. Ferris pronounce me a remarkable case. Then Harvey and Billy would exalt me to a niche in the temple of fame."

Jane grimaced. "It is only home-made men who really care for their wives," she said, with a bitter little laugh. "These university products, like my Frank and your Harvey, lose sight of matrimony in the wonderful vistas they get of mosquito life through the microscope. Daniel Burnham may not understand you, but he admires you, and that's better than having your identity overlooked by the man you've married. To fall back, perforce, on charitable organizations and book clubs and women's luncheons for refined social intercourse, after you've married, does not strengthen one's good opinion of man's nature. The way these useful professional men set aside domestic claims is appalling. Frank is delighted when I spend twenty-four hours away from home. Did you hear what he said when I told him I would spend to-night with you?"

"No," Cornelia answered absently.

"He said, 'I believe you are growing con-

siderate, Jennie.' I hate 'Jennie.' It has the cozy, middleclass, helpmeet ring in it that antagonizes me. 'You remembered that I have a pneumonia case in Forty-ninth Street, and that I should have to come back to Washington Square for you.' He had to leave the dinner table early, as you saw, and I was glad enough when you offered to bring me home with you."

"I was glad to have you to console me in my loneliness, and I wish from my heart that *my* husband worked," Cornelia said softly. "But you really ought to go to sleep, Jane, with that charity concert ahead of you tomorrow. I haven't looked at my evening's mail yet."

Jane rose obediently and stooped to kiss the low forehead of her old-time confidante. "Life is never quite right, is it?" she whispered.

"It is for some people, but not for us," Cornelia answered. "At least, not yet."

When Mrs. Burnham said "us," she did not mean herself and Jane alone. Her mind was busy with the whole class of wealthy and superficially cultured women in whose midst her own lot had been cast. "It is an exception," she thought, "for one of our sort among women to know anything thor-

oughly or to do anything really well." This reflection had a very discomposing effect, for she turned on the electric light in the bow window and unlocked the little drawer of her desk, where a large number of unopened letters lay in disorder.

Gordis' note again caught her eye. She reread it, wondering at the length and vehemence of a simple refusal to dine with a man whose personal type and social function were disagreeable to the writer. She could not determine if he were selfishly rude or merely sincerely sorry that anything should keep him from her table, especially the presence of another guest of her own choosing. With the open letter in her hand she sat on, engrossed in the contemplation of her own needs and experiences, her desires and abilities. The little clock at her elbow said its tinkling good-by to time at the end of three quarter-hours before she felt roused to her surroundings and the foolishness of her solitary vigil. For Gordis had latterly become the blurred star in her stormy heavens, and it was by his light that she attempted to read the significance of every life. Thus the cross-eyed sometimes lead the blind without consciousness of their leadership or the definite choice of road, or goal, or mode of motion.

Cornelia Rodwood had been an orphan since early childhood, living with her two brothers under the care of an inefficient female relative, whose real interests lay in the two relentlessly studious Rodwood boys. At twenty-three Cornelia, Miss Grahame's youngest charge, married a man of her own age in actual years, but many periods behind her in development of mind and real attainment. He, Daniel Burnham, Jr., was the virtual master of a large fortune, and had already attained that brownstone-district fame which men acquire easily by choosing their associates carefully and allowing their habits to care for themselves. He could ride any horse, could play by ear upon the piano as well as tell a story with dash and brevity, he had good taste in minor matters and a very fine figure besides; and at one time his constitution daily demanded a growing amount of vinous stimulant.

He managed to see a great deal of Cornelia, using his national characteristic of adaptability to popularize himself with her brothers. He gained the friendly consideration of the fair lady herself by a series of serious talks about nothing, ably conducted and subtly planned. He was always anxious to hear her talk, even when she conscientiously espoused

odd theories of free trade. He showed her, with what might be called masterful gentleness, that such opinions are merely incidental to sex, like the inability to throw a ball straight or the general feminine objection to strong tobacco. He had not studied for a profession, his health being quite unequal to protracted effort of any description, and his bad headaches endeared him to Cornelia as ailments skillfully exploited do endear men to the women to whom they lay seige. She saw no particular reason why she should marry him, and he saw no reason at all why she should not. There was hesitation, and consequent delay; but propinquity, to the eye of inexperience, bears a singular resemblance to the will of God, or Kismet, or whatever the philosophic bias of the contracting parties agree to term it.

Cornelia Rodwood eventually said "I will," which was freely translated, after the fashion of blood relations, as "I am willing." Her brothers foresaw less contemplation of the incomprehensible phenomena of feminine immaturity in the future, and enlarged opportunity for the pursuit of science. Her girl friends kissed her, pouring congratulations into her ears and telling her such lovely things about "Danny" that she wondered

they had none of them taken measures to secure him for themselves. Hearing on all sides how happy she was, she sometimes wondered that she could not feel more joyous, but, half believing what she was so often told, at length she learned to consider herself an exceptionally lucky maiden. The Rodwoods very properly insisted that Mr. Burnham should have some occupation besides the sympathetic rendering of the operettas of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and he obligingly set aside a sum of money which was to be the capital in an enterprise concerning a new hotel, or stock farm, or a newspaper, or a line of steamers, whose destination and starting point were always undetermined. These schemes were to originate in the mind of some shrewd youth without financial backing, but this youth was never forthcoming, and a partnership for Mr. Burnham was thus impossible.

Cornelia was a proud woman, and her husband's failure to take his place among men of promise hurt her. The birth and death of a little daughter became a retrospect of such sadness that she instinctively put it away from her as a thing too painful to think about with safety. She never had much occasion to speak of the child, for Dan cared for few topics

of conversation, except his friends and his expenses. His desires were few and easily gratified. To buy something and to dine somewhere, to eat and to exercise, were the pleasures for which he lived and with which he found life well worth the living. His wife began to search for people whose talk was on other themes than the cuisine of the new hotel or the last elopement. The old hours with Dan were nothing but memories; telepathy and citizenship were conversational shadows of the past, and it was to supply their place that she cultivated the people who play on musical instruments and translate poems, who run boys' clubs and have the sociologists' vocabulary at their tongues' end.

Jane Dupuis had married a man almost twice her age, and one heard of him everywhere as a friendly rival of the great Dr. Ferris. Laymen spoke proudly of him, could they boast his acquaintance, their tones signifying patronage when personally unknown to the great physician. That the husband of Cornelia's greatest friend should be a personage emphasized the fact of Burnham's insignificance and sometimes put Mrs. Burnham quite out of conceit with Jane. She felt, moreover, that the Doctor's wife counted all

his work for the world as so much time stolen from his home, and Cornelia let no chance slip of stating the grievances of the professional man whose wife exacted the performance of small duties when his mind was excited with the pressure of great responsibilities.

Dr. Dupuis was a witty soul, wittier than his wife, although she was the author of much dinner-table diversion in a set that is hard to please. But the bee in the bonnet of Jane was organized charity. The Early Bird Circle of World's Workers made her its president. The *Day Star*, a journal devoted to ethical emotion and miasmic mysticism, appointed her its chief editor. She aired her views in the columns of this inspired organ, phrasing them in the hideous English inseparably associated with the limited editions of helpful weeklies, which go from the post-bag to their long home in the harmless, necessary scrap basket, without the intermediate removal of their brown-paper wrappers.

She was childless, but otherwise employed in doing unquestioned good in her generation, as well as indubitable harm. What appeared to her as ineffective or jejune, mistaken or insincere, she abused bitterly, frequently attacking people of large experience, and denouncing the entire career of a philanthropist

for the sake of one error. It is fortunate that people who are ill care but little what opinion their physician's wife has of their almsgiving and other alleged labors of love, provided the physician himself can heal them. Otherwise, the preaching of Jane might have interfered with the good practice of her husband.

Cornelia had discovered a fair amount of all this in the three months spent in New York after a European sojourn of three years, necessitated by her grief and exhaustion at the baby's death. Of all the friends who bade God speed her with tears of sympathy and smiles of good will, Jane alone had redeemed her promise of many letters. Returning, it was to her that Cornelia appealed as an umpire in all the matters about which she had forgotten: the bargains between employer and employed, the whole duty of housemaids, and the true methods of escaping from paperhangers and painters upon a date approximating that mentioned in their estimates as the day of their work's completion.

The death of Mr. Burnham's mother recalled only Cornelia's husband to America. He came from England to look after the estate and to alter the house in New York where his father was anxious to spend his last days

within earshot of young voices. His daughter-in-law rented a tiny Warwickshire cottage for the autumn and entered upon housekeeping there, aided by her own American handmaiden and an unacknowledged sense of relief at the departure of her husband. Some distant cousins of hers had promised to bear her company in her retirement, but at the date fixed for their coming, a complex mixture of duty and inclination led them to the far East, leaving their proposed entertainer literally to her own devices. This gave to her the opportunity for which she had often longed; for the first time in her life, she wrote with an idea of publication.

Every morning after her breakfast tray had retired to the pantry, she took up her portfolio and elaborated the many characters and situations that had thronged her brain while the trains bore her from Russia to France, from London to Edinburgh, or while the "wild Irishman" ran with her through Wales to Holyhead. The position of women in pursuits where they vie with men stirred her imagination and stimulated her desire to write truly of creatures whose lot she believed she understood. Her tales were largely invented on fast trains and revised during long waits in wearisome junctions; their settings were

crystallized commonplace, and the heroines were uniformly well behaved.

When she wrote, therefore, in Warwick, her task was much like that of one who writes at dictation. She knew exactly what to say, for her memory spoke the scenes she had long since created. In a month she had completed a tale suggested by the dictum of an impolite German philosopher, to the effect that women are the world's woe. Some humor was hers, and she had not as yet learned to doubt her own graphic ability.

She sent her type-written manuscript to a London publishing house and in due time they wrote her a note, agreeing to publish it. To shelter herself from the venomous utterance of callous critics, she assumed the name of Anne McNulty. She could not have told why she chose this homely alias; it seemed to her to have a more genuine tone in it than Terence Gifford or Elsie Spoffis Tower, both of which were more pleasing in sound, but less sincere in effect. Meaning to tell her husband of this venture—in truth she desired to tell him—a fear assailed her lest he repeat it all to her brothers, and this fear held back a natural confidence. Once when Harvey was ill, she had read a novel to him. It proved to be a torture, only bearable because sug-

gested by Dr. Ferris. At the conclusion of the tale her voice was almost gone, and although her self-abnegating effort to divert him pleased Harvey, his one comment was severe: "A mind that perpetrates such meaningless lies," he declared, "should be investigated by an alienist."

She feared her brothers' scorn. They were immoderately indifferent to everything but medical science, which fact was the cornerstone of their professional efficiency. It deprived them of what old-fashioned people call humanity, which must help a man to obtain patients, even if it cannot aid him in their cure.

Cornelia signed her contract, notified Rathbone, Spees & Perry, the publishers, of her approaching change of abode, sending them the number of her house in Madison Avenue. She left England during the week in which the "World's Woe" was first offered the shy transatlantic public.

It was now the end of February and a large envelope, bearing her publishers' name in its left-hand upper corner, had just reached her. It had come in the evening's mail and contained many letters sent to Miss Anne McNulty who, disguised as Mrs. Daniel Burnham, was about to drive to her first dinner

party since the elder Mrs. Burnham's death. In her haste to be gone she had locked her exciting letters, all unread, in a drawer of her desk.

Thoughts of her own lot and of Jane, and Clement Gordis and "young Dan Burnham," gone from town for a week of some other city's life, had filled her mind until sleep descended upon her. She again locked her little drawer and, turning off the light, groped her way to rest through the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH CORNELIA DECIDES TO BE DOUBLE-FACED.

The mistakes of a life, Beloved, are sometimes hard to define.
I have shewn thee the beam in mine own eye, now point me the mote in thine!

—*Veo.*

Jane was a woman who could not sleep beyond her accustomed hour for rising. Breakfast was begun every morning at half after eight, and after it, letters were written until ten. The manner in which letters are written relates the writer's nature to a shrewd onlooker. People without many interests in life quarrel with the pens, tilt the ink bottle at an unusual angle, spoil much note paper and find themselves, at the end of time appointed for epistolary tasks, with as many unwritten letters upon their consciences as when, in a momentary commendable resolve, they sate themselves down to their desks. Jane's was a pen which flew over the paper with especially disturbing scratches, and her husband was advised of the completion of each note by

the aggravating sound connected with the flourish adorning her stiff signature of Jane Everest Dupuis. In three-quarters of an hour she could produce an incredible number of lucid notes, an ability of which she bragged openly.

She had lately written her articles for the *Day Star* at the Burnhams', in Cornelia's study. The stately luxury of their home, the clustering palms in the bare music room, meant much to a woman whose greatest joy was flowers, albeit her purse could purchase few. There was enough of the best on all sides, and to Dr. Dupuis' wife, who was frequently standing sponsor to children whose parents could not possibly maintain them without aid from organized charity, this prevalence of articles that are high-priced meant to their possessors an immunity from the strict economy which worries young and old in many classes of metropolitan society. As Dr. Dupuis' house stood upon the side street which connected with Madison Avenue but two doors above the Burnhams', it was possible for Jane to fly in at one home and out of another without consuming the time she dedicated to the aid of paupers and the abuse of most people of the Burnhams' financial status.

Old Mr. Burnham liked her and praised her wit, finding her follies amusing in that they provided opportunity for his own quaint comment, which had itself been liberally discussed in the days when his gentle wife and fast horses accompanied him to Saratoga. He had caught Mrs. Dupuis standing rapt before his fine pictures and once he had found her at the hall portières, which were old Florentine embroidered in curious stitches. These she had examined neàrsightedly, believing no one else to be at hand, and Daniel Burnham blessed his Creator at sight of her enjoyment, praising the celestial powers for the success of his button factories and real estate ventures, which success had enabled him to buy these objects of Jane's appreciative scrutiny. He selected topics of her *Day Star* editorials with a discrimination which was the precise attribute to which he owed his riches. The degeneracy of the latter-day housemaid and the appeal for a servants' college of domestic training are the two editorials upon which Jane's title to fame still rests. Both the subjects and literary treatment of these were suggested by old Mr. Burnham during one of the "dry smokes" he permitted himself each day at noon. He led her daring pen tactfully, distracting its fierce energy from questions of municipal re-

form and ruthless attacks upon the leaders and methods of political parties. He never ridiculed her openly, but said that few men are spotless in politics or out of them. He spoke of her exclusively as a " literary lady," or " my friend Mrs. Dr. Dupuis, who holds a very smart pen, I must confess "; both these styles of allusion being infinitely attractive to the aspirant in question. He loved to hear her talk and laugh with Cornelia and joined her in entreaties to young Mrs. Burnham not to mourn her husband's mother, and his own wife, too assiduously. Dr. Dupuis dropped in after dark on short afternoons for the avowed purpose of sparing Cornelia's footman the few steps he took as escort to Jane on the occasions of her return to her own abode. But the Doctor really came for the comfort he found in the bright silver tea service, the soft laughter, the hearty welcome in Cornelia's voice and the stories old Mr. Burnham delighted to tell, of his own shrewdness of the extraordinary precocity manifested by " Danny " in his extreme and unregenerate youth.

This hour of tea and talk was the social event in Dr. Dupuis' busy day. If he dined out, as he did often, it was his lot to discuss the last discovery in medical science or to out-

line the surgical possibilities afforded by this malady or that. Things abnormal to the other inmates of Cornelia's household were the normal surroundings of a city doctor, who forgot looks of pain caused by obscure disorders as his eyes rested on cheeks of bright color and forms of fine vigor. He looked upon his humpbacked children and malformed babies at the great uptown hospital as beings of another world; even the potted progeny, born to adorn the shelves of the laboratory of the "Baptist General Infirmary," in jars filled with alcohol or other preserving fluid, became phantoms of another life as he set his feet upon the red carpet of the Burnhams' cheery hall.

His presence used to remind Jane of the suffering of the diseased poor, and she would hold forth upon their bitter woes in the voice used by platform orators when they describe painful things. This topic rendered old Mr. Burnham peculiarly testy.

"I know they suffer, Jane," he would say. "That knowledge compels me to send a check to your husband's hospital. But I don't see why my distress should be doubled by having the particulars of the troubles of these poor things."

"I do!" Jane would reply. "It will make your next check bigger."

Then Mr. Burnham turned to the Doctor with an appreciative look that made him proud of his bright wife.

"She has considerable faculty for the last word, that most excellent thing in woman," he would say, mingling the classic and the colloquial with happy coherence.

Such hours as these were novelties in Frank Dupuis' life. His courting of Jane Everest had been tacked on to the end of professional visits paid to her mother, her only surviving parent; and he had offered himself as her hold on life grew very weak indeed. He told Cornelia that he had never been permitted to enter any house on quite the terms wherewith he came to the Burnhams'.

"Usually," he said, "I regard people's houses as battle grounds, where I am summoned to fight this foe or that. Sometimes I win without effort, sometimes I lose, but I always come upon anxiety, which," he added blithely, "it is the glory of our science to dispel."

He remembered this speech as he walked home with Jane and was amused at it. "It's not the way I generally talk," he said aloud.

"What is not the way?" she inquired.

"The rough way I had to talk at the clinic to-day," he responded; lying instinctively, as one will in enforced companionship with the inquisitive, but obtuse.

"You are not rough," she said argumentatively.

"No," he replied, "but I am other things."

"That may be," his wife conceded, as one who yields an important point to an adversary.

Many scenes, in which Dr. Dupuis and old Mr. Burnham were the principal actors, were re-enacted in the vivid dreams which thronged Cornelia's consciousness uncontrolled, during the night which Mrs. Dupuis spent beneath her roof. The thorn of jealousy pierced her, as a sense of competitive endeavor came upon her whenever Jane crossed the mad progress of a dream narrative. An unrest had possessed Cornelia lately in thinking of her friend, faithful with many letters in spite of the intervening Atlantic, whose encroaching tides wash away many home friendships in the course of a comparatively short foreign sojourn. Jane had so many indigenous interests, her rich friend had as yet so few, that it seemed to her as if the Doctor's wife had an

important word which must be spoken to everyone whose name she knew at the feminine afternoon gatherings they frequented, borne here and there in Cornelia's smart victoria or brougham—to which Mr. Burnham alluded as "two pretty showy rigs." At the above mentioned afternoon parties such words as "mentality," "personality," and "spirituality," flew from mouth to mouth, interspersing greetings and good-bys; and Cornelia, as yet shy with those whose small-talk was of great things, felt awkward because of the lonely apeparance she presented, standing silent by the side of her voluble companion. She was the Cornelia of whom people thought when they spoke of her manner as abstracted. Although fully conscious of the impression she made and to some extent pained by it, she looked forward, with that hope which is said to spring eternal, to what her pen might one day achieve.

At last her mind was freed from dreams composed of such material. She woke in a stream of golden sunshine with Alice, her maid, procured through the Early Bird Circle, slamming the shutters with much anxiety and no skill.

"Walcott's setting your breakfast in the study, Mrs. Burnham," she said, "but I

wouldn't rise if I felt like laying a while longer."

The thought of her letters forwarded from Rathbone's routed Cornelia's inclination to sleep. She was soon dressed and ready to meet Jane at the breakfast tray, wondering if she could tear open envelopes unobserved while the *Day Star* editor prepared her literary and monthly stint of peptonized political opinion for the "great public" to which an appeal was invariably inserted in the columns of her well-printed and innocuous sheet. "The great Public," the *Day Star* always maintained, "is incapable of coercion by the moneyed few, as it is incapable of protracted error in this matter of ventilation for the public schools," or seats for the shop-girls, or whatever measure for the common weal happened to be "upon the hearts" of the paper's editors.

When Cornelia entered her study, Jane was already seated at the daintily arranged table where she was wont to write. One half of it was covered with a white cloth and set with forks and spoons and Wedgwood plates. Mrs. Dupuis was reading one of her many letters from the very poor and had assumed her professional manner, which indicated that the world was her parish and needed all the attention she could give it. She nodded to

Cornelia, saying, "How are you?" as if their meeting were in a public conveyance or an intelligence office, and their relation to one another only brought about by some professional connection.

"Frank's downstairs," Frank's wife murmured parenthetically. "He's having breakfast with Mr. Burnham."

"Wouldn't you prefer breakfasting with them to a meal with me?" Cornelia inquired, anxious to be rid of her guest, as her longing grew apace for an opportunity to open all the letters she had so callously neglected in her overstrained midnight mood.

Jane shook her head as one that has no time for words. Her dress was brown, and man's handiwork beyond all doubt; it fitted her with precision and was absolutely unadorned save for a shining linen collar of clerical pattern and a well-tied bluish cravat. Her finger-nails were polished and also shone in the sun, while her hair was arranged as carefully as if she were about to dine in critical company. As young Mrs. Burnham touched the bell with which she demanded breakfast every morning, she smiled to think that this Jane, so full of business and self-possession, was the woman who talked sentimentally a few hours before, while the fire snapped and the clock ticked,

and the comparative somber silence of midnight urged the pleasures of indiscreet confidence and romantic narration.

Cornelia drank her coffee, but she could not eat; she believed that her literary future was to be read in the letters lying disorderly in her drawer. She wanted to tell Jane or anybody else that she wrote, so that someone might say hard things of the public for her if those letters blamed her, or that she might have a sympathetic audience with which to rejoice were the "World's Woe" praised.

The publishing of a book seemed a very natural thing, once one was used to it. All her life she had "written books." Her first story was the tale of a detective and was designed less for fame than as a means to secure her brother Harvey's admiring love, a thing she had coveted and never possessed. This stirring narrative of love and theft, murder and detected crime was written on foolscap in a childish hand and began as follows: "'Damn,' said M. Gavarge as he spat out of the window.'"

She had followed her model too closely, however. Harvey devoured the work with gusto, but never believed that Cornelia was its author. It read too much like the delectable tales that had to be hidden

away from Miss Grahame, and although Cornelia gave him pleasure she was forced to suffer his contempt as an imposter. In those days of suffering and continual reproach, she wrote the history of Madella Traynor, or a "Lady with Many Lovers." These were both fair and dark, foolish and expert in practical sciences, romantic and commercial, religious and satanic to the verge of bold behavior in their manner of courting and a wholesale drunkenness which continued without intermission, until death from miscellaneous misdeeds overwhelmed them vaguely, and their names ceased to be brought up to Madella as she dressed for one of the three hundred and sixty-five balls she attended per annum. In refusing the hand of one of these sons of evil, she was described as "snapping her fairy fingers until her almond nails rang again." These works of fiction were written with great pains in the exercise books designed by anxious teachers for the practice of foreign tongues. One touching ballad belonging to this forlorn period boasted the following refrain (which often troubled Cornelia's conscience, for it is not justifiable to slander one's mother dwelling above the stars, even for the sake of rhyme):

"Neglected by her brothers
She flew to the arms of others.
What ails these modern mothers
That such a thing may be?"

In the bright sunlight and amongst the luxurious surroundings of the Cornelia of maturity, the echoes of nursery days spanned the gulf fixed between her childhood and her present state. The shabby nursery furniture and battered walls of the old play-room in which she had sat so still, plying an incessant pen, seemed more sacred than a church. Tears filled her eyes too full and escaped in shining flight down her smooth cheeks. She rose impulsively and unlocked the drawer of her desk.

"I could not read all my letters last evening," she said with surprising calm. "Will you forgive me if I do so now?"

"Go ahead," Jane replied boyishly—much intercourse with denizens of the tenth ward had somewhat impaired her classic diction. She was quite absorbed in a letter from a man returned from hospital to find his wife and child evicted from a tenement in which they had lived four years.

There were about forty letters in Cornelia's drawer, in varying-sized envelopes directed in contrasting characteristic handwritings. The

literary type prevailed—the fine flowing or the fine crabbed handwriting, which cannot be pronounced from the hand of man or woman, but merely from someone who uses a pen to fill his or her purse. Cornelia hoped that some man had written to her praising the "Woe" for then she would feel herself able to appear before her brothers announcing the belief that there are careers other than that of medical science. She felt embarrassment as to which note she should first open.

Lonely people play little games with themselves when a choice is given them in small things. They think much of the exact performance of minor duties and are anxious to pass the time in some trivial occupation which is supplied by the chaff and small-talk of family life. Thus, when in girlhood, Cornelia asked her friends to luncheon, those two who should be placed to left and right of her were selected with conscientious care; not that their choice was really difficult, but that the mind of their entertainer was not well stored with the domestic interests in which the best type of woman takes unmixed delight. These letters of to-day seemed no less animate than the bevy of wholesome girls who had chattered away their holidays in the past. As she glanced from note to note, she found one

which had undergone two transatlantic passages. The first of these had been paid for with a five-cent American stamp which gave it an unusual appearance among its fellows, stamped as they were with the penny purple picture of the Queen. She picked up the traveled letter gently, feeling that patriotism demanded a first reading for it, observing that its postmark was New York, and the date of posting a day more than three weeks prior to its return home in a packet with English companions. The substation from which the letter had been originally dispatched was designated by an alphabetical sign, and was known to Cornelia as that which collected the mail of their district.

"I hope no one has found me out," she thought, "for I want to keep myself a secret in case I am not praised."

In a moment, the certainty of detection had overwhelmed her. In the "Personal" written opposite the stamp upon the envelope Jane Dupuis' handwriting was easily recognizable. Cornelia did not speak, but sat quietly on, hoping that Jane might continue occupied with much mail until her hostess had thought about this puzzling occurrence. She reflected that if Mrs. Dupuis had discovered the identity of the author of the

"World's Woe," by any incident or mannerism in the book itself, she would hardly have expended five cents and the time it takes even an executive woman to write a letter, on apprising her friend of this discovery. She dropped in at the Burnhams' every day, and could have teased Cornelia much more cheaply and as unmercifully on one of these visits, as by a letter for which she must await a reply. Mrs. Burnham seized a little red atlas lying upon her desk, then cautiously cutting the edge of Jane's envelope she slipped a closely written letter within the open book whose covers could be snapped together should Mrs. Dupuis join her at the desk.

This communication began with an explanatory paragraph, saying that Miss Sophia Dabnill of the Woman's International Skilled Workers' Association had sent a copy of the "World's Woe" to her friend Mrs. Dupuis, with whom she had long corresponded relative to woman's place in the world of labor. When Cornelia had progressed thus far she turned back to the beginning, to laugh at the unwitting way in which Jane Dupuis addressed her intimate and neighbor as "Miss Anne McNulty, Dear Madam."

Jane wrote as one would write to a prophet who not only divines the future, but is well

advised of the present by experience—the best of teachers in all branches. Beseeching her to put forth other efforts in elucidation of the rights of workingwomen, she further asked her to be mindful of those who have the will without the skill, and who must unfailingly go to the wall unless the means for their education be provided, an education which should be obtainable by those without money, could they prove the possession of merit to the satisfaction of their teachers. Cornelia glanced at the ending of the letter, suddenly leaning forward on the desk, weak and shaking with ill-suppressed laughter. Jane had closed her epistle with a verse of poetry, which custom was characteristic of the annual reports of the Early Bird Circle of World's Workers. At last Cornelia recovered herself, and read the conclusion of the note whose writer sat unconsciously within speaking distance of the woman from whose work she quoted at great meetings for the consideration of humanity's betterment. The final paragraph ran as follows: "I feel that, were I allowed to correspond with you, light would not alone be thrown upon the lives and lot of woman who win bread like men, but upon the more subtle situations occurring in the daily round of a woman whose energies are divided

and whose opportunities for development seem larger than her actual capacity for improvement. The burning sincerity of your book, the delicate way in which you handle the heart secrets of your heroine, the creature you invented and may treat as you will, shows me that you would respect the confidence of one of your fellow creatures, who, as you say in Chapter Fourth, 'gropes toward a distant and shining good, unable to distinguish the moral significance of what lies near at hand. Your experience must indeed have been great as your wisdom is unprecedented. I am anxious to show you what manner of woman I am; praying you to befriend me with written counsel and more personal admonition and advice; revealing to me only such facts of your own life as you feel called on to mention and resting in the assurance that I shall never attempt to pry into the affairs of one destined to be a leader, not alone in the world of letters, but in

> "'The world where women labor, love and live,
> And fighting—die!'"

Cornelia turned to look at Jane, pondering a course of action. Walcott had brought her a note, which she was reading with deep interest.

"Say to Dr. Dupuis," she addressed the

footman in her distinct, business-like way, "that Mr. Gordis sent this note from the office—the Doctor's office.

"He writes to me," she continued, when the man had left the room, "to ask if Frank can be found before office hours. Mr. Gordis has burned his hand and needs a doctor directly."

"I hope it is nothing serious!" Cornelia exclaimed involuntarily.

"I often wonder," the philanthropist replied with a resumption of her professional manner, "that physical ill from unavoidable causes is ever counted very serious. It leads to a death for which no one is responsible. The deliberately arranged conditions of life which bring about disease should be called serious."

Cornelia was momentarily stunned, as these exact words occurred in the Sixth Chapter of the "World's Woe." How well she remembered her hesitation upon reading the above massive statement in print. She had struck it out of the proof and then mourned its loss as a thing of most suggestive sound, if no distinct meaning. Accordingly she wrote "stet" in blue pencil, on the wide margin of her galley and lo! she found her beloved obscurity in the mouth of an explicit conversationalist.

"Isn't all that pretty deep reasoning, Jane?" she asked, smiling.

"You are brighter than I am; you ought to understand it," Jane replied, wetting her busy pen in her portable inkstand.

"I know I ought!" Cornelia cried, escaping from the room that she might laugh long and loud and unobserved by the curious.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH CORNELIA'S FRIENDS TALK ODDLY AND IN WHICH SHE ACTS ON IMPULSE.

> If darkness cloud the path before your eyes,
> Forego your journey till the sun shall rise.
>
> —*Veo.*

Cornelia glanced through many of her letters, finding one from her publishers, expressing interest in her success, and suggesting further literary effort, in phrases that made her think better of herself than she had in all her previous hours of conceit taken collectively. She was too excited to reach any conclusions about her mode of behavior toward Jane; she did not see her way clear to any defined course of action; and, being inexperienced, she had not yet learned the difficulties presented to the impulsive being by a situation demanding further reflection and an impassive countenance. Daniel had informed her by telegram that he would be at home in time for luncheon and she knew that he would go with her to the concert for the Early Birds' Convalescent Home for Non-sectarian Inva-

lids, for which Jane had sold many tickets, and at which Daniel was to act as usher. The social prospect of Cornelia's day was undeniably marred when she was forced to picture Danny as bearing her company, enjoying what was played or sung with indiscriminate, mannered enthusiasm, or saying too flattering things to those who deserved but moderate praise. His habitual assumption of intimate ways with the women upon whom he and Cornelia were calling appeared to her as the ill-advised effort of one anxious to establish himself as a pillar of the narrow society to which her own aversion was so strong. He often alluded to people's intimate friends as "dear old" Thus-and-so, as if he were himself familiar with them, when in reality he knew them but slightly; or he would confess ostentatiously to chattering feminine nondescripts concerning his particular knowledge of tea-making and embroidery. Sometimes, when disgusted Cornelia drove home with him after a round of ceremonious visits, he would tell her how much he had "always" liked such an acquaintance whose home they had just invaded for the first time, well armed with much pasteboard. The use of the adverb "always" on such occasions was galling to his wife, and one of Jane's shrewd observa-

tions would recur to her as she left the Burnhams' cards in the hands of stiff-necked butlers. "Nobodies take such quantities of cards wherewith to proclaim themselves," she had once said parenthetically to Gordis.

The clock had long since pronounced the morning fairly gone, Jane fleeing with it to make her final arrangements for the concert at the Schubert and Schumann Rooms. The red atlas performed its secret service when Cornelia's guest came to the bow window to kiss her in farewell and thanks for a night's lodging. Her letters were reluctantly locked once more in the desk and the key to their place of hiding was itself acutely secreted. Before this was fairly accomplished, Cornelia heard her husband's voice raised in greeting to old Mr. Burnham.

"Danny, have you been well amused?" she called in languid greeting over the stairs.

"Oh, yes! I had a delightful time," he answered. "You made the mistake of your life not to come with me. I'll be up right away to tell you about it."

Cornelia, having fulfilled her idea of wifely welcome, walked down the hall to her sunny room, where Alice had ranged brushes and combs upon a dainty dressing-table. Sitting before the mirror, which she tilted so as to

gain the most comprehensive view of herself its reflecting surface afforded, she resigned her hair to the preliminary stages of its simple arrangement. She could have made herself very presentable without a maid's intervention and with rather more dispatch than Alice could achieve, but Daniel never stayed long unless his wife were alone, and, moreover, he admired women who found it beneath their dignity to sew anything that could be used subsequently, or who, having the brains to acquire Parisian French, could not compel a wayward adornment with pin or timely stitch. Housewifely incompetence suggested surroundings of inactive luxury, and inactive luxury was the environment Daniel believed to be most effective in the perfecting of social qualities. He even adored waste, for, in his mind, it presupposed wealth.

"Well, Dan!" Cornelia said presently, jerking her hair from Alice's grasp that she might present the mathematical middle of her cheek for a kind but perfunctory kiss.

"Well, dear," he replied, "I came up to tell you all about it."

"Begin at the beginning," she commanded, while a smile of general politeness, but no special significance, altered the expression of her serious lips for an instant.

"When I got to the hotel I sent a note round to Sparswood, who put me up at the Iroquois, just as he always does." Young Mr. Burnham had known Mr. Sparswood quite three months and had never before visited that gentleman's native city, where stands the Iroquois. "It is a delightful little club, and Sparswood became the nucleus of a large acquaintance I picked up there. People like him, and knowing me to be such a friend of his they did everything in their power to make me come again. And you know Mordrook turned up to lecture, and everyone had read about him and they took to him immensely, so I asked him to dine at the hotel, inviting about ten fellows to meet him. The dinner was a success, and I think myself the humble instrument of giving him quite a shove. Then Sparswood asked me to spend Sunday and Monday at his place in the country. We had quite a time. If I hadn't had such a lot of irons on here, I would have stayed with him longer."

"It was too bad you couldn't, Danny." Cornelia replied with a mechanical sympathy which had succeeded the habitual petulance of her earlier married days.

"What time is the concert? If you like I'll go with you afterward to pay calls."

"It begins at three o'clock, Dan, but I want to get there early. I like to get a front seat and watch Jane announce the disappointments, if there are any. She does it so pleasantly. Mind, as you're an usher I expect a front seat."

"I should think," Mr. Burnham observed gravely, "that she would ask me to make the announcements. It is disagreeable for a woman to face an audience unless she can sing or recite or do something like that. Now I wouldn't care to offer my services, but you might say that I'd be willing to give them, and save her a lot, if she preferred."

"My dear, she likes to do it herself."

Experience of Daniel had taught his wife that nothing gave him such pleasure as his conspicuous immolation in a den of lions. He longed to be a conspicuous figure in this concert, destined to a fortnight's fame and to be the pretext for much inconsequent musical comment, in which his part would be the detailed description of the charm, manner, and way of life of every performer. Cornelia meant to quash his budding eminence on this distinguished occasion. She had been more than once annoyed at his public-spirited efforts to achieve personal success.

His face fell, and its interested expression

changed to one of childish disappointment at her terse declaration.

"Well," he said, turning to another idea for comfort, "it is too warm to drive in anything but the victoria."

Cornelia waited until he had departed to clothe himself appropriately for the concert, before she laughed. Unless the thermometer were inordinately and sinfully low, Danny drove everywhere in the victoria. He dearly loved to raise his hat and smile in an intimate fashion at those who passed him afoot or awheel, or, if his mood changed, to loll with magnificent indifference in the corner of his equipage, looking as if the weight of many affairs oppressed him. His old friends had begun to laugh in their sleeves, but his wife's quick ear had heard a sound of their muffled merriment. Deep in her heart she was resolved to have as different a social aspect from her husband as a strong will, a much-loved pursuit, and feminine perception could procure for her.

Alice had brought out two ornately mournful dresses covered with inventive devices in crêpe, suggestive of mitigated grief. The mistress chose the plainer frock and demanded a mantle which had been reserved until her acquaintance should consider her far enough re-

moved from the shadow of a mother-in-law's death to disport herself in a noticeably successful garment. It was a study in fur and spangled velvet, and she felt the high sense of triumph imparted to the feminine consciousness by truly fine clothes, as she laid it round her shoulders. Her own eyes told her how becoming it was, and a vain little smile humanized the gravity of her pale face at the good news in her mirror—a smile that was but in part self-congratulation, the remainder being a kind of benediction of Clement Gordis, who would admire her subtly and with few words, and for whose delectation the fine feathers were undoubtedly assumed.

Dr. Dupuis came in to lunch with them by the invitation of Mr. Burnham, Sr. Jane had taken a solitary sandwich with her to the concert hall, where decorations were to be superintended, and she had planned to return home only at the latest possible moment to clothe herself with becoming elaboration. Hence her husband was at large, not indeed seeking food, but the society of his equals. Old Mr. Burnham never allowed anyone but himself to occupy his wife's former place at table; accordingly he sat behind the tea-things and "poured out" with the gravity displayed by children at nursery tea parties. The inocu-

ous query, "two lumps or three?" from the lips of a man whose financial utterances had been known to affect foreign markets, charmed Dr. Dupuis, who named this picture of the domestic pastimes of the button king, "the brigand at home."

"You are ten minutes late, Cornelia," the old man said as she entered the gloomy drawing room.

"Better late than——" Danny began.

"I wish that obvious retort to sink into desuetude," Mr. Burnham said stiffly, with unconcealed pride in his grand phrase. He was warming a teacup, by filling it with hot water, in a truly feminine way.

Cornelia's new dress averted parental wrath at her unpunctuality. Her appearance was of vital interest in this family, whose other members were both men. Dr. Dupuis saw father and son gazing at Mrs. Burnham, understanding the intensity of their fixed regard when the old gentleman nodded to Danny with an indulgent smile, saying, "She does you great credit, Sonny." Few women were more susceptible to compliment than Cornelia, or more dignified in its acknowledgment. The Docter, looking at her in his turn, found her beauty a surprise. The perfect grace of her erect figure and the half absent, wholly

pleased expression of her face, made him feel that his admiration had played its part in her present enjoyment. He smiled at her as one smiles at a child one has the will to indulge.

"By the bye!" he exclaimed, taking a little book from the side pocket of his serviceable serge coat, "here's a story Jane wants you to read. It is making a stir in England and is the romance of the industrial woman. Jane knows it by heart already, and I suppose quotations from it will appear in next year's calendars. It has just begun to be noticed in America. Do you know those calendars?" the Doctor continued, turning to his arch crony behind the tea service. "They have a Bible verse for every day in the year, with a receipt from Miss Parloa's cookbook appended, and a sententious utterance of Napoleon, or a jagged adage of Browning. Valetudinarians hitch them to the bedposts. I used to see a great many of them in the days when bread-pills seemed to me the staff of life —I mean of my life. But now I have a more crucial practice, I don't see many people who regard illness as a pastime."

Cornelia's composure was seemingly undisturbed, but she felt frightened as she stretched out her hand for the book, with an overacted indifference almost amounting to rudeness.

The book was Anne McNulty's "World's Woe," and the margin was marked in many places with Jane's emphatic pencil.

"Is it a love story?" Cornelia asked.

"Mrs. Burnham!" the Doctor cried, laughing. "There can't be a real story without love. I am orthodox enough to believe that. Accept it as the teaching of science."

"I didn't know you were that sort of man," she replied, rather glad that Jane was not at hand during this discussion. "I supposed you thought only of tuberculosis and tracheotomy and rather hooted at love."

"Why did I marry, then?" Dupuis asked with spirit.

"The conversation grows personal," Cornelia observed, stepping back on her pedestal.

"You'd better beg his pardon, my dear, he's cornered you," Danny cut in spitefully. His tales of high life in other cities were not marketable when his father and Dr. Dupuis were together, and this deprivation—theirs, of course, as well as his—marred his humor, especially before his noon-day hunger was appeased.

Presently Dr. Dupuis rose, saying that he had no time for the rest of his luncheon, if he were to attend to his clinic before the concert was over. "I must get to the concert for a

moment," he said, "because that country home takes convalescents from our hospital and I want to show my appreciation of the pains everyone has taken."

He shook hands with Cornelia rather lingeringly, and his evident admiration again amused her. After his departure the family sat in silence and sunshine until Danny seized the "World's Woe," lying by his wife's plate. "I am going to read that book. Mordrook says it is crude, but very strong, and that the industrial side of it is absolutely true."

"I don't believe it is," Cornelia said, with emphasis.

"Why not?" old Mr. Burnham inquired sharply, annoyed at her decided manner. "I should think Mordrook ought to know about such things."

"Oh, yes, of course," Cornelia assented rather eagerly, "but when we know that the kind of life we lead is always misrepresented by writers, why should we expect truth from them when they deal with the lives of operatives and private secretaries?"

"There is something in that, but go upstairs and put on your wrap. We must be off, if you want your front seat."

Cornelia obeyed her husband, but made little haste. The "World's Woe" was in her

hand as she climbed upstairs, wondering that Jane had never spoken directly to her of a book which had so much impressed her. "I shan't tell her a word of who I am, and I shall answer her letter on the typewriter, even to my signature. She needs to be advised and will take counsel more gratefully from someone she doesn't know. I shall say that I cannot divulge my real name for political reasons. That will make me seem like some well-known English reformer, and I can send my letters under cover to the publishers and they can forward them."

Every woman loves mystery. The most baffling and unaccountable ambition of humanity is the tendency it continually evinces to attempt those things at which, to a moral certainty, it is sure to fail. Few women can keep a secret, but every one of them is willing to try. Woman can deceive, which is the one opinion held in common by poet and cynic, but she cannot as a rule practice the protracted secretiveness required in the fight against many chances of detection. Her armor of dissimulation is not proof against the varied possibilities of mishap. Cornelia had associated stealthy devices with her literary effort for so long that she automatically locked the "Woe" in one of the drawers

of her dressing table before she rang for Alice.

"I am going to act on impulse," she continued to herself; "no knowledge of the ordinary run of human affairs could teach one how to behave in a situation like this. It is unprecedented—the word wherewith Jane characterizes my wisdom—but my wisdom fails me here. I am going to get what amusement I can out of it. If Jane wishes to discover her inner self to a woman whose real name even she does not know, she must take the consequences."

Alice hooked the edges of the mantle together, while Cornelia studied herself in the pier-glass. Appearance seemed to her of prime importance to-day.

"I don't look the least bit literary," she said aloud. Alice had strong ideas about vanity and rarely complimented her mistress openly. She conveyed her gratifying opinions in obscure hints that were oracular in that they were capable of being construed in two ways.

"Are you ready, Cornelia?" Danny called from the hall below.

"Are you?" she replied without stirring.

She descended the stairs at last with easy dignity.

"Good-by, father!" she said impulsively, putting her soft arms about the delighted old man, upon whose withered face appeared a smile—gracious as spring sunlight on the wintry trees without. Cornelia thought of them and kissed him heartily. Life had grown so interesting over night that she wanted someone on whom to spend her gratification, for she seemed for the moment to have more happiness than desire demanded.

"You're quite a queen," her husband said. "I like that wrap."

Cornelia received his friendly comment in silence: what he thought mattered very little, now that things had begun to happen. She swept toward the carriage, turning a tolerant, patronizing face upon him. "How sweet your gardenia is!" she observed languidly, sniffing at his button-hole.

Danny looked puzzled. "What are you up to?" he asked slowly. Even to his careless eye Cornelia's bearing was unaccountably altered.

"Several things," she replied lightly and with truth.

A throng of carriages filled the street in which stand the Schubert and Schumann rooms. Early as they were there were others before them, and the white-faced little boys,

opening carriage doors on the happy chance of a few pennies, filled Mrs. Burnham with pity for the city children of all classes. Jane, dressed in a frock which had frequently seen the light of day on similar occasions, was shaking hands with everyone, friend, foe, and stranger; besides dictating how the lights must be arranged and, in the same moment, appointing certain bouquets to certain singers, evincing a gift for the silent dispatch of public duty and a hearty love of excitement.

A tall man, with broad shoulders and the abstracted air of one who is never more alone than when surrounded by his kind, lounged against the wall; the gardenia in his coat, which proclaimed him an authorized usher, turning brown at its waxy edges, with the great heat of the hall. His dress was too careful, and after this impression had passed, his broad and noble forehead, bordered, as it was, in perfect lines with very fine blue-black hair, must have struck the most careless observer. His features were undeniably Jewish, and although his manner was far from magnetic, his frequent friendly smile, not so often indulged in that one felt its mainspring to be the noticeably white teeth therewith disclosed, disarmed much adverse criticism. His eyes were hazel and short-sighted, but he used his

defective vision admirably, enhancing whatever charm he possessed by means of it. To everyone he paid the tribute of respectful scrutiny, making an acquaintance at the most casual meeting feel himself an object of particular interest to Clement Gordis, of whom many people, themselves considerable for wordly goods, or experience, or both, spoke in praise, calling him a subtle economist and specious writer. His success had been marked, but not early, and in the first pleasures of recognition from the world at large, he sacrificed time to the demands of lionizing ladies and gentlemen of leisure, whose sole claim to greatness lay in their acquaintance with those who have won fame.

He smiled at Cornelia, making his way toward her quickly. "Have you Hottentot predilections?" he asked anxiously. "If not, I'm afraid you won't be very happy here. It is unseemly warm. I've saved a place for you beside my own and far forward. As I hurt my hand to-day, I'm not going to work very hard."

"How came you to hurt it?" Mrs. Burnham inquired sympathetically.

"A spark from a match fell on a bit of thin paper and set fire to some 'cotton wool' and other things. If I had not carried the burn-

ing stuff away in my hand to the bathtub, it would have kindled some writings that I prize. They were lying close at hand."

"Why sacrifice a useful member? Where were the tongs?"

"There is steam heat in my study. You cannot guess the inventiveness of the prosperous architect when his task is to add to the dreariness of bachelor apartments."

"You might have lifted the papers with the sugar tongs."

"Silver and gold have I none," Mr. Gordis said profanely, "and fingers were made before asparagus forks. Also all table implements to which I have daily recourse are at the club, two blocks away from my lodging place. But let us talk of you. Your coat, cloak, mantle, whatever you call it, is superb. Multiply the price of a poor man's dinner by how much? to find the price of Mrs. Burnham's latest sumptuary acquisition."

"You are outrageous," Cornelia said, laughing; "it is rude to ask what things cost. Besides, I have heard from good authorities that the rich are not as happy as the poor. Even Mr. Mordrook says that the range of vision is wider with the rich; consequently they comprehend the 'World's Woe' more fully."

These two familiar words had slipped unwittingly from her lips. She had neither meant nor wished to use them.

"There is a book called that!" Gordis exclaimed. "I mean to read it, if I can borrow it. Mordrook quoted from it at the Press dinner. He made a great speech. But you mustn't believe that nonsense about the poor being happy; they are not. Do you think you would find consolation, let us say, in the difficulties—money difficulties, mind you—that attend the burials of the near and dear relatives of the poor? Wouldn't it be fun to love a man to distraction and have him tell you he loved you in return, adding the sugared postscript that 'he couldn't wed for lack o' siller?' But the greatest attraction poverty affords is the combination of acute illness and financial inability to procure a skilled physician. Everyone enjoys that! Ah, Mrs. Burnham, poverty is like the dot after a note in music; it adds half as much again to every sorrow to which it is attached."

"I am afraid you are clever," Cornelia said, displeased. "Clever people exploit any topic, however horrid, just to show their mastery of the subject, regardless of the pleasure of their audiences." She was avid of mention of her book, but knew not how to bring the conver-

sation back to it. She felt hitherto undiscovered pulses beating strongly in her temples at the news of Mordrook's quotation at the Press dinner.

"I am clever," Gordis replied, "and you know very well that you would not give me as much time or sympathy if I had not the reputation of being so."

"Why don't you dine with us?" she asked, unduly anxious to hear his excuses.

"Just at present, Mordrook and I are sworn enemies. It would hardly be fair for me to meet him at a small dinner, if his presence there had been duly advertised. I always upset him and make it hard for him to play his little game. Ask me to dine without him and I will be on the doorsteps hours before the time appointed, like the slum child bidden to a Christmas-tree celebration."

The hall had now filled to overflowing, and time had already passed beyond the moment chosen for the concert's beginning.

The stage door opened and a minor singer appeared, braving perfunctory applause and the trials of the first number on a long programme.

"It is Fate's irony," whispered Gordis, "that compels me to decline the first invitation you ever gave me!"

"There will be others," Cornelia responded with rather too bright a smile—"but please don't talk during the music."

She gave her imagination full rein while the singing endured, thinking of this and that, composing stories and inventing speeches for her characters, freeing herself of the Cornelia Burnham known to those immediately around her. She constructed a reply to Jane's letter in which her own sympathy and good taste delighted her; her helpful axioms and common-sense philosophy deserved a wider circle of auditors than a personal letter secures. Memory would fail in the attempt to place these tender counsels on paper, but the mood in which they were produced would increase an hundred-fold in the silence of the study where Danny rarely came.

"Emily Alman is going to play!" Gordis exclaimed.

The accompanist of foregoing songs gave place to a fair young woman, large and well made, with a radiant smile brightened with the consciousness of very smart clothes, which consciousness is the staple ingredient of much metropolitan pleasure. Miss Alman was to play for the star of the occasion, and by the star's request. Her many friends applauded her and the gaudily appareled operatic song-

stress clapped her complimentary hands, encased in overlarge white kid gloves. She smiled upon her protégée with the good will of the professional toward the amateur, who has not wished to enter the lists on equal terms with breadwinning performers. The diva's smile so won her audience that they longed to cry " brava " before a note had sounded. Inexperienced singer of songs, learn from this world-famous soprano; and, when in doubt, look pleasant.

Every performer received a bouquet and much commendation, and at last the concert reached its end. Emily Alman escaped from a door by the stage, and stood in manifest excitement by Cornelia's side. Her eyes roved restlessly and she clasped her friend's hand tightly as if in panic. Gordis regarded her with resentment, as a trespasser, paying her compliments savagely and making disparaging comments on the crowd in which he was glad to be a conspicuous unit. The audience was moving in a mass of brilliant colors and unique head-coverings toward the doors, dispersing there only to meet again elsewhere, in smaller groups and better ventilation. Danny suddenly appeared to say that he had been invited to take tea with a fellow usher who was about to entertain the singers.

"You are wanted too, Gordis," he said; "come on with me."

"I can't be got for love or lucre to-day," Gordis replied. "I've hurt my hand and I've work to do. But don't you wait, old man, I'll see Mrs. Burnham to the carriage."

"If you're not coming, Danny, tell Jane I'll drive her home," Cornelia said.

Emily Alman set off alone for the tea party of songbirds, while Gordis remained with Mrs. Dupuis and Cornelia to bear away certain decorative articles whose permanent place was in the Burnham household.

Dr. Dupuis met them in the lobby. "I am sorry," he began at once. "I was detained beyond my expectations. I couldn't come a moment earlier, and now—it is the day after the fair!"

"You missed some good music," his wife said crossly.

The Doctor turned toward Cornelia, "Why, you are absolutely regal!" He spoke with evident pleasure.

Now Jane was very tired. She had worked hard, moving chairs, and disposing bouquets, and otherwise directing stupid and opinionated workmen; and it occurred to her as an injustice that a woman who detested the burden and declined to bear the heat of the day,

should be approvingly addressed by someone else's much-valued husband. Tears were not far off, and Gordis alone saved the situation by proclaiming a devastating, death-dealing draught, and forcing the whole party to retreat to the street. But not until Cornelia had seen and understood.

She waited until Gordis had spoken his last epigrammatic farewell and had received his last caution from Dr. Dupuis; then she turned to Jane. It did not seem right that anyone should suffer on a day that had its peculiar interest for her. "I hope you like my wrap," she said impulsively.

There was a sad note in Jane's rejoinder. "It is superb, but in my case to admire is to covet. I can't have such gorgeous things. Professional men make money by saving it."

"I am glad you like it," Cornelia said dreamily. "I ordered you one like it from Paris."

"Cornelia!" Jane cried; "how more than sweet you are."

"It is much too valuable," the Doctor interrupted uneasily. But Mrs. Burnham challenged his objection, saying, "If Jane and I feel toward one another like sisters, why shouldn't we behave as such?"

Late that evening Alice went from the

Burnhams' to the Dupuis', bearing a large box. She asked no questions, which prevented the telling of any lies. The box contained the selfsame mantle worn to the Early Birds' concert by Cornelia. It was looked upon by Jane as the counterpart of that gorgeous garment, and was hailed with a deep and speechless joy.

And the guilty feeling that assailed Cornelia's pleasurable egotism, when she thought of Dr. Dupuis, changed to a sense of gross foolishness when she considered her impulsive gift to his wife. It is a conviction of foolishness that is the provoking cause of every lasting repentance.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH ANNE McNULTY REPLIES TO JANE; AND CORNELIA IS AMUSED WITH HER BROTHER AND DINES HER FRIENDS.

The pen of a ready writer is not the good gift that you think;
And many a life's fair prospect has been doomed with a drop of ink.

—*Veo.*

"There is no reason for my not doing what I will with my own," Cornelia said to herself when she considered how the cloak, impulsively bestowed upon her neighbor, must be accounted for to her acute connections by marriage. She had valued it, regarding it as securely hers, hence she was a little angry at Jane for accepting it; though she herself would have declined such an offer, being a woman better bred, more accustomed to sudden situations unforeseen by even a practical, prophetic eye. In the first confusion of ideas, she forgot that the gift to Jane was supposed to be a counterpart garment, procured by

friendly forethought and sororal generosity. Nothing remained to this embarrassed donor but to procure one like it at all costs to substantiate a rash statement made at the entrance to the Schubert and Schumann rooms. Her rapidly mounting ideal of herself had received a check, but she believed that further excitement might restore her self-esteem. The lengthening afternoons were still light at the hour of her return from the concert and her mind turned lovingly toward those unread letters. She determined to reply at once to Jane, while she felt the ability to be so wisely kind. Telling Walcott to deny her presence in the house to casual visitors, she fled to the study to begin a rough draft of her momentous answer. The music still surged in her ears, while the bright illumination of the concert hall still troubled her sight, even in her own carefully lighted study. Cornelia did not begin her work at once; she sat thoughtful, considering Jane's recent communicativeness. The night spent under the Burnham roof and the unexpected boon of a Parisian garment had unlocked much personal item from the tongue of Jane.

At last Cornelia dashed "Dear Friend" upon her pad, and after this title had been committed to paper her pen moved steadily.

"It is no new thing," she wrote, "in this age when distance is set at naught by electricity and steam to—metaphorically—stretch a hand across the sea to clasp that of some toiler for the betterment of industrial woman. But it is an experience whose charm neither varies nor decreases, and in receiving your letter, dear Mrs. Dupuis, I felt that any effort my simple story cost me had found ample compensation in the appreciation of those—any one of those—whose work for women makes them quick to recognize a new force in the field, be it ranged against or upon the side of enlightening liberty. The world is awake, but stretching; and we, who force light upon the drowsy eyes of those who should be working with us now need only wait a little longer to find them in our midst, soberly setting forth to labor for others' profit; competent, not alone by their own earnestness, but by methods formulated in previous and similar endeavors, where you and I have borne our part. It is impossible that any detail of the lives that are spent for our great cause could be a matter of indifference to me. Personality and private circumstance affect public service, and did I not feel for you the special affection your hearty note has called forth, I should be much interested in you as one who

has put hand to a plow which is preparing a fallow field, perhaps for the seed of the book I shall wrie shortly. Do not hesitate to advise me of any personal or otherwise perplexities besetting your path, and forgive me that I remain unidentified in your mind with my actual name or usual residence. Any letters sent to Spees & Perry will reach me, and I shall ever receive such with a full sense of my obligation to supernal powers in receiving a dear friend as the reward of my labor. My reasons for remaining intrenched behind a 'trade name' are mainly political."

When Cornelia had progressed thus far, she paused, believing that enough had been written for a first letter. She immediately typewrote her effusion, that the rough draft might at once be destroyed; then setting herself to the contemplation of its excellence with a fair amount of pride. It was purposely —its author thought cunningly—sentimental; for to her mind the very fact of Jane's letter betrayed a desire for the establishment of sentimental relations, and her more recent epistle certainly met her wish halfway. This clandestine authoress folded the typewritten letter, bearing a date upon it which was eight days subsequent to the actual time of its composition. At first she was minded to choose some

little town in England from which to hail, but she abandoned this project as one that might involve her in unforeseen, elaborate, and cumbersome deceit. The note she sent to her publishers merely stated her anxiety to keep her name and nationality a secret, accepting their offer to send and receive her mail matter. She advanced a small sum to be expended by them in stamps.

The last corner of the rough draft of her letter to Jane was shriveling on the hearth, when she recognized the step of Harvey Rodwood outside the study door, which she unlocked hastily, standing in enthusiastic welcome at the threshold.

"Well!" Harvey said; "locked doors make a nice impression. They suggest misdeeds to most minds, except at Christmas, when they raise false hopes."

"In civilized countries, birthdays of all sorts are celebrated," his sister observed. "Billy has one next week. I am giving him this—framed of course;" and Cornelia produced the familiar print, representing an amphitheater crowded with men, upon whose eager faces the light falls with unmitigated power. In the foreground a shrinking young woman, with an apparent hole in her neck, exemplifies some disorder, explained by a

gentleman of Semitic features and excessive gesticulation.

Harvey contemplated this picture with evident appreciation. He was a young man, of solid build and with a straight and rigid back; his closely shut lips further proclaimed him a model of consecutive energies and defined ambition, while his wide, fearless eyes suggested the habit of intense and minute observation. His thick fingers had performed notable surgical feats, his colorless skin and the lines of fatigue in his resolute face made it plain that he had worked immoderately, scorning rest in comparison with further effort. Every peculiarity he possessed was in some sort the outcome of enthusiasm. His name, Harvey, had been suggested by his elder brother in compliment to the discoverer of the blood's circulation. As a child, he had been called Harry, but his guardian, a stanch and unbearable Baptist, declined to have him christened until he had gained the supposititious discretion induced by comparative age. At the death of Mrs. O'Gorman, his father's polemical trustee, he caused himself to be named Harvey by a preacher among the Presbyterians, and as Harvey he was known at college and ever afterward.

"Where's your tea, Nelly?" he asked presently.

"Downstairs, awaiting consumption. But I thought you didn't approve of 'incidental stimulant.'"

Harvey was a man ever ready to explain his principles. "Tea," he replied, as if addressing a concourse of respectful students, "is a mistake, taken as it is every afternoon by hundreds of nervous women. It merely gives them a little more strength to get tired on. I should like some now very much. It is an agreeable beverage and ought not to harm one, unless used habitually. Thousands of good dinners are spoiled daily in English-speaking cities by this tea-tasting abuse. I can't see why you laugh," he said, hurt at the amused curve of Cornelia's lip; "it's a fact."

It seemed sacrilegious to the Rodwood brothers to laugh at facts. To Harvey's vigorous but narrow mind, things demonstrably proven were alone entitled to a thinker's respect.

"I am amused," Cornelia observed quietly, "at the way a man's professional manner intrudes itself in his private life. You spoke to me as if you were reading a paper before the Academy of Medicine."

The Doctor maintained an aggrieved

silence. It was really very rude of Cornelia and her brother was much perplexed. Usually he was the persecutor and she the apologetic perpetrator of much infinitesimal misdoing. He began another conversation in a severe voice and with a formal, judicial mein.

"I received your invitation to meet this English professional talker. I am going to accept it. It is for to-morrow at eight, I understand. I may have to run away right after dinner. Now I don't approve of your giving dinners, as a rule. You eat more than you need of exciting food and, I dare say, you drink sweet wine."

"I had hoped," Cornelia replied, stifling with badly controlled laughter, "that, if you accepted my hospitality, you would spare me its censure."

Dr. Rodwood felt extremely small, morally undersized. He had supposed that his little sister would consider his presence at her foolish party as a favor. "I only mean," he said quietly, "that you cannot provoke ill health with indiscreet eating, and not have some unpleasant results. Medical science may avert consequences in a measure, but not entirely."

Cornelia continued smoothly in a resigned voice, as if much that is annoying must be endured in blood relations. "I am going to

give you Emily Alman to take in to dinner. Billy knows her and likes her immensely. She is very intelligent."

"Oh, I don't demand intelligence in women," Harvey exclaimed, in a tone that led one to infer that every woman wished to conform to his demands. "If they're normally well favored and have sufficient school-room vanity left to repeat what they've read in books, they do very well for an hour's companionship. I find that an excellent preventive of random conversational effort is to be obtained by getting them to repeat the plots of love novels. There memories are tenacious, and they are not as unpleasant as when they study to please one with sprightly attempts at seeming scientific."

Cornelia smiled; for this was Harvey's pose, and his present conversational theme was as familiar to his auditor as the tune of Yankee Doodle. He would run on thus for an hour, vaunting the charms of normal woman, relieving the monotony of a single subject by narrating incidents in his professional carreer which were far from cheerful. When informed of this, he would reply that they were very usual and not unaccountable, if one took into consideration certain circumstances unknown to the non-medical mind until the

present interview. In his intercourse with Cornelia, Harvey indulged himself with monologues. He was a man of no general knowledge and was quite without "normal" interests. "Nothing but a wife can save you, Harvey!" Dr. Ferris had told him when the foundations of their strong friendship were being laid in their relations as pupil and teacher; and to the enthusiastic adherent of this otherwise lucid lecturer the good Doctor's statement seemed obscure. Harvey had no more interest in politics than a baby, and his knowledge of general literature was confined to the names of Shakspere, Thackeray, Longfellow, and Dickens. He "remembered the other fellows when they were spoken of," but he could have sworn to literature as the profession of the foregoing four. He knew much geography and was especially strong on the courses of rivers, but the complete mastery of a river system is necessarily a trifling achievement to one who has traced nerves and arteries and anatomical what-not from start to finish.

Harvey often seemed a dull young man to chance acquaintances; one devoid of small-talk, willfully exact of statement, scientifically concise, using a technical vocabulary, and not to be betrayed into contemplation of

what did not concern him in the business of his life. Yet he was prone to great likings, as sudden as they were strong; exhibiting to his more valued professional associates a vein of rare humor, fanciful and apt; of another basic quality than his stern energy and unremitting pursuit of the absolute. He could attach those who came into close contact with him; but viewed from a distance, he was misunderstood.

To Cornelia he seemed alternately taciturn and loquacious, nor could she tell when his laughter might turn to unreasonable soberness. His mere presence, as her white hands served his steaming tea, cast a doubt on the success of her coming dinner. Without counteracting influences in the persons of Jane or old Mr. Burnham, her younger brother was a blight upon her anticipations of social harmony and mutual pleasures. He sat in silence systematically sipping his tea, and his voice, when he demanded another bit of bread, reminded her of her childish fears of "the boys." There is a certain terrible quality in the silence of very forcible people. Children are aware of it and dumb animals respect it, but the feminine adult provokes it to rash speech with teasing comments on contemporaneous trifles. Rodwood's silence was

indubitably selfish; he preserved it unbroken until he was ready to depart.

"Good-by," he said, setting down his tea-cup upon a table covered with silver ships and cows and windmills. He glanced about the room with a rather contemptuous smile. "You and Danny have put the greatest amount of eccentric etcetera everywhere. When I come here, I wish I were a fly and could walk upon the ceiling; then I wouldn't bruise myself against these chairs and tables, and mantraps generally. Good-by, until to-morrow evening at eight."

No woman likes to have her own appearance or that of her dwelling adversely criticised, and upon every visit paid by Harvey to the Burnhams' he announced his dissatisfaction with Cornelia's household arrangements or her dress. Eminently tactful, when he tried to be so, he, like other men, thought tactful dealing a superfluous accomplishment for the bosom of the family.

Making his way toward the door with ostentatious caution, he fumbled at the curtains with assumed and aggravating stupidity. As Cornelia busied herself with her own tea and the simulation of defiant indifference, Harvey believed her to be much nettled, withdrawing at last with ease and satisfaction.

This kind of teasing had always been as meat and drink to him, but to Cornelia it was an indignity that she merely lacked opportunity to revenge. It was impossible for him to gauge her charm; he looked upon her as a "waste creation," a woman of detailed information upon unimportant subjects. And she thought of him as a man of singular inexperience, and made light of him accordingly. No man, even of science, likes to be told that he only knows those heart troubles which are best named in Latin and treated medicinally. Yet this hard truth concerning Harvey was one that his sister loved to bring home to him.

Old Mr. Burnham was not to appear at Cornelia's dinner. She mentally changed the position of her guests many times, to get Harvey as far from her as the table's length permitted. What time she took from the perusal of her letters—and she read each letter more than twice—she spent in considering how to answer inquiries concerning the homes of industrial women for whose environment her imagination was solely responsible, or in ordering and arranging for her dinner. Jane's offer of help was promptly accepted, and she was dispatched, in her lately acquired wrap and the Burnhams' victoria, to buy flowers

and edible things whose French names are indissolubly linked to thoughts of indigestive remorse. It was long since Cornelia had given feasts and bidden guests, and in her new excitement she vowed that her inaugural banquet should be one of memorable magnificence. Old Mr. Burnham sympathized with her intention. "No one can tell," he said, "how poorly the best of talkers may converse if the dinner's bad. Give the brightest wit tough meat and cold claret, or warm champagne, and you must expect a low rate of sparkle from the prince of jokers."

Jane bestowed extravagant admiration upon everything, doing much to assuage Cornelia's memory of Harvey's slighting strictures. Never before had the Doctor's busy wife concerned herself with the pastimes of plutocracy.

With unwonted excitement, but her accustomed care, Cornelia dressed upon the 24th of March for the eight o'clock dinner, to which she had issued formal summons. She permitted a little white to relieve the somber character of her gown and observed that her height was emphasized by her choice of raiment and that her uncurled, simply arranged hair gave her the air of distinction she had set herself to obtain. She knew that many other

women made a better showing at the first glance, but in the minutiæ of beauty her own claims to eminence would bear examination. Her tiny ears, and well-shaped, but wrinkled hands, her exquisite feet, and the fine poise for which many people admired her gave her more joy as possessions than showier beauties could have done. These things were items in her ideal of womanly appearance.

Even Alice warmed to enthusiasm as she pinned the last jewel on her mistress' bodice. "The effect is very rich, ma'am," she said, reverting to a phrase of her former service in the shops.

Mrs. Burnham looked quizzical. "I am quite right if you praise me, Alice," she said, moving away to give old Mr. Burnham a private view of her fine features.

Danny had not been able to secure and maintain first place in the organization of this dinner party. Cornelia had asked the Dupuis, the Ferrises, and the Blakies, who went everywhere and looked bored upon their arrival. Miss Alman had been asked that she might pair off with Harvey, and a Miss Chandler, an automatic anecdotist, was bidden to balance Mr. Mordrook.

Dr. Ferris had married in early youth; and, in general culture, the lady of his choice had

progressed as her lord obtained distinction in his calling. But she had left the study of English undefiled until too late. Double negatives were among the least of her grammatical enormities. The introduction of Latin phrases, or those from more modern but as alien speech, with appalling variations from their original sense and sound, were among her eccentricities, which troubled the Doctor not at all. Mispronunciation grieved her daughters, however; they were college-bred and captious as regards educational niceties. Mrs. Ferris preferred the glorified gossip to be found in historical memoirs to the petty tattle of her contemporaneous associates, and in saying, " No, he don't," and " between you and I," she honestly reverted to the usage of a circle from which she had regretfully emerged, bringing a host of girlhood's friends with her to the social surface.

When Cornelia reached the drawing room, she found Danny arranging flowers in every available receptacle the house afforded. He had ordered a hamper of roses to encourage his wife in her hospitality; and was placing them, with the nameless talent some people possess for such arrangement, where they would give most pleasure to a discerning eye. To-night was an occasion when the enjoy-

ment of his money made Danny a trying companion to the most tolerant. Cornelia shuddered when she anticipated his over payment of the extra men servants. The Frenchman's tale of an American millionaire convulsed her with its limitless suggestion of ostentatious mania. Her gilded compatriot was reported as having checks made out to his dinner guests instead of ordinary dinner cards.

The curtains parted and Dr. and Mrs. Ferris were announced.

"I can't shake hands yet," Danny called, as flighty as any *débutante*. "I am arranging some flowers sent Mrs. Burnham by her best young man. Aren't I magnanimous?"

"If Mrs. Burnham's best had sent them, she wouldn't let anyone but herself touch a finger to them," Mrs. Ferris retorted shrewdly, spreading her satin skirt along the sofa that its effective brocade might be fully displayed.

"Mrs. Ferris has a few general rules to which there are no exceptions," her husband said appreciatively. "How are you, Mrs. Burnham? What a lovely house you have. Let me get you one like it, Lucy; don't you want it?"

Mrs. Ferris said that she did very much,

but added that she wouldn't insist on it, seeing how much "Doctor" had to attend to anyway. "I'm commencing to brag right away," she continued to Cornelia. "My daughter, little Lucy, got the first prize she was working for, *with cum laude.* She's the first to get it in the history of the college."

"I congratulate you," Cornelia replied warmly, touched with her guest's homely emotion and tickled with her homelier phrase. "What lucky parents you are to have two such girls!"

"Mr. Mordrook," said Walcott at the curtains—"Miss Alman."

"Emily dear, how are you? See that Danny puts up those flowers and dries his hands. Good-evening, Mr. Mordrook; welcome back from Boston."

Mr. Mordrook returned Cornelia's greeting in a voice of excellent modulation, but without the exaggerated accent one sometimes hears from Englishmen. "Every man his own gardener," he observed, pointing to Danny, whose task was about completed.

"My husband has a special feeling for flowers," Mrs. Burnham said languidly, as Mordrook moved onward to greet his host.

Harvey entered next. His necktie was a one act farce-comedy, and Danny shuddered

as he observed its crumpled and unsymmetrical appearance.

"Hello, Cornelia! Am I late?"

As Harvey caught sight of Mrs. Ferris, his countenance changed its expression from that appropriate to the resolute discharge of disagreeable duty to that of decided pleasure.

"Harvey, did you hear about Lucy?" Mrs. Ferris began.

"I did indeed," he answered, seating himself at her side. "Why on earth didn't you say you were coming here to-night. You might have saved me four days of dread. I dislike these parties; they are hours spent without tangible result."

"Do you call indigestion and matrimony intangible?" Mrs. Ferris asked. "I think matrimony is a state no young man can enter too early, provided he can foot the bills."

"Well, I am beginning to think that no young woman can put off marriage too long," the young Doctor said reflectively.

Danny was now shaking hands and talking profusely; he was apt to overdo the matter of greetings and good-bys. A little flush had come to Cornelia's cheek; she missed Gordis, but anticipated Dr. Dupuis' advent, as the coming of one sure to admire her. He at last arrived with Jane, who was well and simply

dressed. There was an unwonted sweetness about her that the gratification of her smaller womanly desires had bestowed; her hair was drawn back loosely from her forehead, softening the rigor of her face very attractively. There was also a little thrill of enjoyment in her voice and a new and lovable gayety in her manner.

Mordrook took Cornelia into dinner, but Dr. Ferris occupied the place at her right hand, as Harvey's face would have expressed inconvenient indignation had this great man been relegated to any point of diminished honor in Harvey's sister's house. The scriptural "Friend, go up higher," might have sounded out of season, above the clatter and babel of the feast. At the least, Cornelia would have suffered from subsequent admonition and rebuke.

Danny had wrenched Harvey away from Mrs. Ferris, introducing him to Emily Alman, who exclaimed, "Are *you* Cornelia's brother? I have seen you often at the Baptist General. Edith Gerard is my arch-pal up there!"

"She is a very clever nurse," Harvey said, raising his eyes rather shyly to his companion's animated face. He observed that her eyes were fine, and that her broad and thoughtful forehead was surrounded with

smooth, blond hair. "How old are you?" was the question he wished to ask; but he guessed that it would not be received in a spirit befitting the advancement of scientific inquiry. As they went into dinner, he racked his brains for a substitute query.

"Well," he said despairingly, as he speared the first oyster, "what do you do? sing, play, pay calls, paint pictures, dance skirt dances?" All these professions were of equal importance in Harvey's eyes. "Cornelia's friends are all specialists. One's a palmist, and she has another intimate who collects spoons."

"I play the piano," Emily answered shortly.

"Have you read the last novel?" Dr. Rodwood inquired, seeing that he had unwittingly displeased the young woman he had been deputed to entertain, and returning to his one social expedient as a trusty and ever efficacious conversational measure. "I don't remember the name of the thing, but I understand it's a love story."

"If you mean the 'World's Woe,' it is a love story in an incidental sense only. I haven't read it, but Mr. Mordrook quoted from it at the Press Dinner, Monday evening. If he is presented to me, I mean to ask him about it."

Dr. Rodwood had never heard of the "World's Woe," although he had presumably seen a greater share of it than his sister, and vicariously felt it somewhat. But he meant this popular tale as well as any other, and offered to engage Mordrook in conversation about it, the next time he caught his eye.

Emily tried to talk to him through two courses, but she knew he had not followed her, when she heard him say "now," excitedly. But presently Cornelia received a shock from him that eclipsed any former sensation of her life.

"Mr. Mordrook," Harvey said, in his slow, loud voice, "that 'World's Woe,' is quite a book, isn't it? We want you to tell us what you think of it."

"Have you not read it?" Mordrook exclaimed; "you really should. The knowledge its author shows of practical scientists and their attempts to stifle all social practices and to make the normal demands of society subservient to immersion in study, would be of interest to you. It is the least part of the story, and yet one of the most interesting representations."

Harvey's attention was arrested in spite of himself. He was an inarticulate being, except in the technical phrase of science, and for

the specific purposes of instruction. He admired the glib flow and distinct, modulated utterance of this finely clad friend of the workingman, whose articles on the social state of artisans had more than once come within range of Harvey's professional reading.

"I cannot see how anyone could add to romance by truly stating the factors in a physician's life," he replied. "Blood isn't picturesque, when it is sponged away, drop by drop, in an operating room. Its wholesale loss on battlefields or in consumptive hemorrhages is used effectively in novels, I have heard."

"Dear sir!" Mordrook interrupted, "pardon me if I tell you that you are old-fashioned. The nowadays mind finds nothing as romantic as what is real, and nothing so interesting as what is usual. The very fact that love stories are so continually read points to another fact—that perfected companionship is universally desired. If blood is sponged away drop by drop at operations, the reading public wishes to be assured of it, if it be reading of a man who performs surgery. Your science has taught even the novel-reading people of to-day. They know the symptoms in bygone tales of love and lungs to be quite

incorrect. The modern novel is real, it needs no apology; and even the practical scientist demands no defense. It is the popular novel of to-day that is at once agitator, entertainer, and educator."

"It is through the modern novel alone that inferior minds are benefited by contact with superior thought," Emily exclaimed. (Her father had been a publisher.)

Mr. Mordrook concurred with a glance and proceeded with his harangue; a rehearsal in reality of a lecture he meant to deliver shortly.

"It is through the problem novel alone that abstract thinkers learn to know their fellow-men. In stories they see their theories exemplified. And if the problem novel is most often a literary failure, it is also the only means of bringing alien minds to consider the pros and cons of vital questions——"

"Whose decision would otherwise be left solely to religio-sociological and politico-paradoxical congresses!" Dr. Ferris cried, his face beaming with enjoyment. "Answer for yourself, Harvey; we are waiting for the next speech."

Jane asserted her belief that the problem novel is the best novel.

"God forbid!" Mordrook exclaimed,

laughing; "it merely has large temporary sales."

"You all speak as if novels were sensible things," Harvey said, in obvious, distressed puzzlement.

"They are," Mordrook replied tartly.

"Is the 'World's Woe' a literary failure?" Cornelia asked him hurriedly.

"Not entirely; but neither is it a problem novel," Mordrook answered in as great haste, loath to lose the whole table's attention for a *tête-à-tête* talk with his hostess, which he could procure when he paid his visit of digestion. Some professional enthusiasts are also lightning calculators.

"I don't know what Doctor would do without novels," Mrs. Ferris observed. "When he gets his brain filled with sickness and can't get in vacation humor, he just opens up the book-case in our room and reads novels."

"I read 'Lorna Doone' and 'Henry Esmond' every summer," Dr. Ferris said, corroborating his wife's statement, as he encountered the shocked and incredulous gaze of Harvey.

"Well, I must find out about Miss Alman's novel," Harvey announced. "Mr. Mordrook, please tell us more about the 'World's Woe.'"

"No!" the sleek socialist answered firmly, "I might hurt your own impression of it. It is a thoroughly successful novel, vivid in phrase, and true to a life whose difficulties are only to be described sympathetically. The heroines—for there are two leading ladies—are respectively the private secretary of a *grande dame* and the manager of a large mantua-making establishment; that is all I am willing to divulge. Have you read it, Mrs. Burnham?"

"I am reading it now," Cornelia replied, with a well-trained smile.

Jane Dupuis' eyes had kindled; her cheeks glowed, suggesting inward fires of great power.

"I have read it," she burst out, "and I look upon the writer of that book as a sister. Her cleverness is subservient to wisdom, her critical spirit to large-hearted charity. I wrote to her after I had read the book and I only hope I may receive a reply to my letter. If, Cornelia, after you have read that book, you don't long to do something for your laboring sisters, you're not the girl I take you to be."

This kind of speech is the bane of the philanthrophist's success in fishing for the rich among men.

"Thank you, Jane," Cornelia said stiffly, deeply annoyed, "but I always long to do all I can to help everybody. The better to define my humanitarian ambitions, I have signified myself as willing to accept the secretary's position on the Overflow Hospital Committee."

Dr. Dupuis shot a gratified glance at her, while Mrs. Ferris said apologetically, "You were proposed by Mrs. Adams, but your brother seemed to think——"

Harvey cut in rudely, "Why, Cornelia, Billy is perfectly right. You wouldn't do for it. How could you answer all the inquiry notes? or compose the tactful 'Thank you' notes, with hints for better luck and a higher figure next time in the postscript? You wouldn't be able to read you own monthly reports, even if you could write them, considering the Franco-German scrawl you have made of your handwriting."

"There are typewriters," Cornelia suggested.

"I want Cornelia," Danny said pompously, "to belong to something. Everyone of a certain position should belong to something."

"In these days of fashionable good works, everyone of uncertain position should belong to something," Harvey said crossly.

"If Danny accepts your amendment, it reflects on you too," Cornelia cried gayly. "You are my brother, Harvey."

Fortunately, Danny had not heard; he would not have slept for many hours had he been able to explain the amused and contagious smile upon all faces but his own. "I want my wife's influence to bear upon the general good," he said.

"Well, if you can't do the work," Harvey protested disagreeably, "I hope the committee won't complain of you in my hearing. I wish you were fitted for that sort of thing, but I say plainly that I don't believe you are."

"You ought to be ashamed!" Emily Alman said in a low voice. "Cornelia is very clever, and although committee work will be new to her, old hands like Mrs. Adams wouldn't propose her if they didn't think her likely to be of use. Suppose, because you haven't imagination enough to enjoy a good novel, your friends excluded you from their parties as one unfitted for social life! Or thought you too utterly engrossed in professional routine to make a good husband!"

"Try me," Dr. Rodwood whispered, convulsed with amusement at her look of high disdain.

Cornelia had risen, and Harvey rose also to pull out his companion's chair. There was an impudent humor in his face that called a flush of anger, unmaidenly and unbecoming, to Emily's own smooth cheeks.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE SCHOLASTIC CALM OF DR. RODWOOD SUCCUMBS TO AN EMOTION WHICH, ALTHOUGH NEW TO HIM, HAS BEEN USUAL IN MAN SINCE THE TIME OF ADAM—OR EVE.

> One woman's smile adorns the once dull world,
> Bright hopes appear upon the heights of labor;
> Life's march is made to music, as of old,
> The merry noise of dulcimer and tabor.
>
> —*The Guerdon.*

Miss Alman decided upon immediate departure, as she passed from the dining room to Cornelia's room of state. Her carriage could not arrive for a good fifteen minutes, but she preferred to pass that time with a chance volume upstairs, to interchanging impertinences with the insupportable follower of Galen, whose every utterance called color to her face and words of violence to lips whose wont was smiling.

Conversation languished, and the women set themselves to criticise each other in the way that every intuitive hostess must dislike.

"Will you play, Emily?" Cornelia asked timidly. She was humane in her dealings with performing guests and had no wish to make martyrs of musicians, but it occurred to Emily that if she played something alternately loud and soft with an obvious and inspiriting tune, swaying her body a good deal, and occasionally rolling her eyes and catching her breath, she could hold this audience spellbound and silent until the conventional moment of farewell. She could avoid Rodwood by this method quite as easily as by departing noticeably in advance of her fellow guests. Therefore, seating herself at the white and gold piano, she announced a certain Hungarian melody with plaintive touches of her subtle fingers. The audience sighed collectively, preparing itself for enviable emotions; while the player passed from tricky chromatic improvisation to waltz tunes and martial airs of international repute.

The men at last emerged from a cloud of cigarette smoke, setting themselves to enjoy the unstinted melody of Emily's facile performance. Dr. Ferris settled himself with an expression that music alone could bring to his face; and Harvey, strangely moved at the evidence of such emotion in his professional ideal, flanked him in an uncomfortable chair,

whence he might observe his neighbor at dinner. Her display of tight-lipped energy as her hands flew like white birds over the keyboard, communicated to the seat of his emotions that tender admiration which had not visited him since boyhood. He felt hatred for the appearance of the piano; its glacial whiteness and unmeaning moldings reminded him of a baby's hearse, but his annoyance waned as he examined Emily's profile, inwardly commending her deep eye sockets and thick lashes. It had not occurred to him that Emily liked him less than he liked her; the evening had contained so many surprises, the climax being the sight of Dr. Ferris enjoying himself more in the house of Cornelia the foolish than he had been seen to enjoy himself elsewhere. Emily was straight and well-made, her hair was bright, and the movement of her trained hands was free. These phenomena made Harvey's own sense of happiness very vivid. Presently he saw Dr. Ferris exchange pleased glances with his wife, which were of the kind of understanding engendered by habitual good feeling. For the first time in his life Harvey failed to be antagonized by a display of matrimonial affection.

"Play 'Faust' for the Doctor," Mrs. Ferris said. "Play those plantation songs for Mrs.

Ferris," the Doctor cried at the same moment.

Emily good-naturedly constructed a cunning melody of airs from "Faust" and negro songs, while Harvey thought of the self-abnegation of the Ferris couple in naming each other's favorites rather than their own to this skillful player of tunes. He felt infinitely obliged to them for an exhibition of true love genuinely practical and much more comprehensible than the moralization in the novels he had just heard praised. A vigorous thrill surprised him again as the challenging beauty of the "Faust" trio quickened Dr. Ferris' breathing and heightened the color on his thin cheek.

"I suppose we must go home," Mrs. Ferris said when the music had ceased.

But Emily made her adieux before the others and escaped upstairs. Seizing her fur shoes, she tied on one while Alice fastened the other, flinging her white wrap about her with the same haste, and carrying in her bare hands the scarf designed for a head-covering. As she flew through the hall, Dr. Ferris asked her if she were going to catch a steamer.

"No," she answered, laughing; "but I catch a scolding when I get home late."

Dr. Rodwood, hearing her, opened the

door to tell Cornelia's footman to call Miss Alman's carriage. But the other guests departed while Emily made polite conversation with her host, who was very much interested to learn that Mrs. Alman never sent a maid for her daughter, as her coachman was to be trusted and had been with her for fifteen years. Danny always learned such items of domestic arrangement by heart; their complete mastery and subsequent recital made him seem intimate with many people who were, in reality, but ordinary, if desirable, acquaintances.

"Miss Alman's carriage hasn't come yet," Walcott announced, after a draughty interview at the door with the man outside.

Cornelia invited Emily to spend the night, but Dr. Rodwood said that, for a wonder, he was driving and quite free to drop Miss Alman at her home if she would but consent to him as a companion.

"I am driving a base hack," he said. "The horse has the heaves and pants apprehensively when he sees me coming down the steps; but if you will share my equipage—such as it is—I shall be much your debtor."

Cornelia was surprised at her brother's glibness. She also saw that Emily was annoyed and, knowing Morris to be a model of

punctuality, guessed that she was also anxious about the cause of his non-appearance.

"I hate to impose upon your brother's good nature," she said, puzzled.

"Oh, nonsense!" Dr. Rodwood exclaimed brusquely, "come along."

Kissing his sister warmly, he shook hands tolerantly with her husband. He did not ask Emily to take his arm, but informally seized hers, saying, as he did so, "one of the worst fractures I ever saw came from losing foothold on a flight of steps. Be careful, and don't take a step until you see where you are going."

Emily laughed outright. "Although you are a physician," she said, "you seem remarkably anxious to save yourself fees."

"Oh! I haven't a wife to support—*yet*," he answered gayly.

His companion was puzzled and strongly inclined to snub him unmistakably; but, she reflected, if he had only meant to be facetious in a harmless way, she would appear silly and prudish if she rebuked him. Thus women's actions are frequently restrained by fear of what some man, for whom they do not care a farthing, will think of them.

"What's your address?" Harvey asked next.

She told him street and number, entering the cab reluctantly, as she caught the scent of its interior, which smelt strongly of tobacco, even to Harvey's accustomed nose. He let down the windows with violent dispatch and begged her to draw her head-covering close over her hair lest the disagreeable fumes of his afternoon smoke catch in it and remain there. "This is no weather for hair-washing," he said casually, "and you women always give yourselves neuralgia in that way, on little or no provocation."

Emily's amusement grew apace as Dr. Rodwood displayed his wide variety of knowledge. One moment he spoke of the well-being of man in an abstractedly scientific manner, and the next he called Emily's favorite bath powder by name and banned it as pernicious. As they turned into Fifth Avenue, he became silent and for the whole length of the wall of the reservoir Emily racked her brain for something to say that would not seem forced and —conversationally speaking—made to order. But there was no need to attempt conversation. Two men are often silent in each other's company, and Dr. Rodwood found nothing amiss in a man and woman being so. Unaccustomed to talk for its own sake, the absence of perfunctory chatter could not em-

barrass him, and Emily felt that she could not offer him the second best comment that is alone possible when the mind revolves about one's interlocutor and refuses to turn to the contemplation of less personal things than his face, manner, opinions, and predilections.

"You play wonderfully!" the Doctor exclaimed, as if surprised at the recollection of her perfomance; "it was a pleasure to hear you!"

This simple compliment was evidently heartfelt, and Emily was too taken aback by it to thank him directly for it. "I like to play, especially accompaniments."

"Then I wish I sang," Harvey said with unadorned directness.

His companion had just been thinking what an exciting and amusing experience a night drive of half a mile would be with almost any male companion selected from her ordinary acquaintance, but just as she reached the reflection that the present excursion promised to be very dull, Dr. Rodwood woke up and became interesting.

"If I sang," he said, "I should choose difficult songs, so that we should be obliged to practice a good deal together."

"What would become of your other practicings—your patients, I mean?"

162299A

"Oh, I'd send them to specialists—if I sang," he added with a very boyish laugh that quite shocked Emily; it was so out of keeping with the rest of him. "Here we are; shall I help you out?" he said pleasantly.

The Almans' door was opened at once, and Emily forbade Dr. Rodwood to come up the steps with her. "No," she said, holding her hand out to him. "Some other time I would welcome your appearance upon our doorstep, but to-night I know that you are hurried. The maimed, the halt, and blind are probably clamoring for you."

"Well, you will see me here soon again. Good-night!"

"Now *what* made me say that?" Emily asked aloud as she entered her mother's drawing room. "Mother!" she cried, "I had a horrid time. Morris never came for me, and Cornelia's brother, a fearful person, brought me home in a hired brougham, the same one, I don't doubt, in which he takes contagious cases out for an airing. He had disinfected it with cheap cigars. He has the manner of a professor at one moment, distant and pedagogic, and at the next he is unbearably familiar."

"Let us hope that he assumed the pro-

fessor's manner when he drove you home," Mrs. Alman said dryly.

"Oh, he was all right after dinner, queerly enough, but during dinner he was unbearably rude."

"It is not easy to make conversation on an empty stomach."

"Well, Cornelia is as different as possible from any of her connections, that I've seen. Good-night, mother."

Emily bent over Mrs. Alman to bestow a kiss upon her lined forehead. She was sewing a dainty square of linen by the bright lamp-light, and her embroidery stitches were set in the fabric with the precision and nice effect of a professional workwoman. She was listless, handsome, and unaffected, but lacking interest in anyone or anything; her fine features showed an habitual expression of discontent. Her eyes were alternately troubled and full of humor. The possession of money had permitted the gratification of her feverish love of travel, but her tastes, which were artistic, thwarted her talents, which were organizative. She could have been an effective reformer had she only been able to believe in reforms, but her creeds were that exertion of any kind is apt to lead to mischief and that all men are good until they become husbands.

She had often discouraged Emily's suitors with open mockery and keen-edged parental sarcasm. Perhaps she had not what is popularly designated a "kind heart." Her passion for epigrammatically apt speech had killed early charitable impulses, and unless pain were very patent she refused to believe in it. Death, she admitted, causes tears, and disease causes death, and as a result of this reasoning two hospitals received an annual sum of money from her on Hospital Sunday. One morning in each fortnight she read aloud to convalescents, her choice consisting chiefly of such literature as relates to the social stars of the courts of French kings. It was a matter of wonder to Emily that her mother never saw the incongruity of reading about the "Fair Diane," or Mlle. de Montbazon to women who scrubbed floors when their health permitted it; for Mrs. Alman's tongue was only less sharp than her usual perception of the ridiculous. As her equals feared her she soon became more bitter, in an isolation that was really self-imposed, than she had been in her gay days of much company. She had taken her husband's death calmly, as a thing long foretold by many doctors, but Emily could not take his place in her mother's affections.

The girl's impulses were too strong to capture her liking, and her absorption in a pursuit for which Mrs. Alman had no toleration was the basis of mutual dissatisfaction. Mr. Alman had always interested his wife, although it was generally acknowledged that he had not been without his failings.

His widow developed a provoking fashion of sewing until early morning, or reading until daylight, or writing until the early hour of Emily's simple breakfast. Her health never failed to suffer after such notional and absurd practices, and as rest was necessary in her resultant nervous state Emily would forego her piano and try to content herself with seeing her friends, or reading books that interested other people, or slumming surreptitiously with Jane Dupuis. Intercourse with Cornelia had mitigated the gloom of the Almans' domestic life. She had returned from Europe in ignorance of Mrs. Alman's reputation among her daughter's friends and had found her charming, encouraging her drolleries without looking for their sting. Emily's mother was careful when talking within her hearing, for anything but compulsory attention from her daughter's associates had become as sweet to her as it was rare. She felt a great desire to anchor the regard of this new

friend who fled in and out of their home; always welcome, rarely intrusive, and a sure mitigation of the many sorrows which arise from lack of sympathy between women who are forced by family ties to dispose of many idle hours in one another's company.

When Emily reached her bedroom, her excitement was unabated. She had meant to ask Mr. Mordrook intelligent questions about economics, engaging him in an exposition of his own views, which he had not stated very explicitly upon the platform or through the press. Instead of carrying out this plan she had permitted herself to be annoyed by the brother of her valued friend. Disgusted with herself, she took up the current number of a story magazine and read the usual summer flirtation contribution with gusto. The lightning change from earnest Dr. Rodwood to the story's hero, whose heart was made of India rubber and whose clothes were minutely described, transported her mind, dazed but acquiescent, to an atmosphere to which it was accustomed.

It was late before she slept, and the next morning was still very young when Mrs. Alman knocked at her door. Her manner was unusually quiet, as it was apt to be on occasions of importance. Her husband had

once said of her that she was more aggravating at any kind of a crisis than anyone else he had known. This statement was probably due to the fact that, regardless of the suspense of her auditors, she would half tell some item of importance and then philosophize about the rest, which she had not as yet vouchsafed to communicate.

"Get up and dress, Emily," she said dictatorially, adding to herself, "accidents make up a great part of life in these days of cable cars and bicycles."

"What accidents affect us?" Emily inquired, yawning and pulling the trimmed margin of sheet over her eyes, to protect them from the daylight her mother was ruthlessly increasing by her noisy handling of the blinds. She had, with a prowess acquired by long practice, seized the point of her mother's soliloquy.

Unmindful of this question, Mrs. Alman proceeded with her own conversation: "I'm glad that our lease of the stable runs out this May, for I'm not going to lease any more stalls where Morris has to cross cable tracks to get to the house."

"Was Morris hurt last night? Was that the reason he didn't come?" Emily interrupted with awakened interest.

"Hurt!" Mrs. Alman repeated reprovingly, as if Emily's ignorance of Morris' condition were some grave fault. "He broke a leg and an arm, but the horse he drove was untouched. The brougham was in splinters, but I meant to get a new one anyway. He was taken to the Baptist General, and you must go there and have him moved to a private room for a week, at our expense. His wife is crying in the kitchen because he is lying in the next bed to a tramp. She thinks it was Kitty he drove last night."

As Mrs. Alman had just received a new book about Louis le Grand (she was forever reading about French Court life), she soon left Emily to dress and attend to affairs of which she herself would have been a more appropriate superintendent. But Emily's shoulders were accustomed to the reception of suddenly shifted burdens; she bore them with ease and dignity, and if she sometimes chafed at interviewing new butlers, and renting summer houses that her mother first declined to inspect and afterward never failed to criticise, she chafed in private, appearing among her friends with serenely restored good humor. Not being a young woman who permitted the ministrations of a maid, she was soon dressed; and, even at the height of her sympathy for

Morris and his wife, she threw one glance of impersonal appreciation at her fine figure reflected in the mirror of the dressing-table. She wore a black skirt and coat and vivid blue silk blouse; her hat was very plain and quite becoming, and the simplicity of her dress proclaimed her a well-to-do woman far more than finery could have done. She carried a foolish little purse of silver rings linked together and a perfectly useless pocket handkerchief, whose few inches of serviceable space were covered with her beautifully executed monogram. She had a strip of pretty fur for her neck and when, having breakfasted, she set forth to care for Morris, she looked much like the other young women who inhabit the quarters of the rich in the centers of modern civilization.

A youthful love of rapid motion prompted her to run for the car that was stopping to discharge passengers at the street down which she flew. "If Dr. Rodwood saw me now, he would think that I affected the dead run," she thought. "He observed my flight through Cornelia's hall last night; I'm glad he didn't guess the reason."

She gained the car's platform and proceeded to hunt for a nickel among the many silver pieces in her well-filled purse; and, hav-

ing at length secured one, held it childishly tight in her closed hand until the conductor should ask for it. At the street next below her own two women left the car, so that their departure afforded her a seat. She was preparing to study her companions in street travel—her usual and much-enjoyed practice—when a man took up his place in the remaining vacancy at her side.

"Good-morning," he said; "I should not have guessed you to be an early riser."

"Life is full of surprises, Dr. Rodwood," she answered with composure; "meeting you here is one of them."

"Does the passion for shopping call you untimely from your home, or does a music lesson compel you to take the road thus early?"

"That is just the way Cornelia talks to one," Emily exclaimed gladly. "I hardly supposed that you and she had a point of resemblance."

"I hardly suppose we have."

"You may be interested in my errand this morning," Emily continued, puzzled by his rejoinder. "The reason I remained and was not called for last night was that Morris, our beloved and trusted coachman, was tumbled off the box by a Lexington Avenue cable car.

He broke a leg and an arm and is at the Baptist General. I am going there to find out about him."

"That is very nice of you," Dr. Rodwood observed reflectively, "but he is doing well, I think. I set his bones last night, after I left you. The Baptist General is my stamping ground, you know. I had to go there last night, and Morris and I arrived almost at the same moment."

"Is it very serious?" Emily asked, while Rodwood noticed with a quick access of pity that her lips trembled with sympathy and that her eyes were dark with coming tears.

"Suppose we get out and walk?" he suggested. "The air is vile in this car, and they feed that stove with furniture varnish, I should think, from the smell of it. If we walk, we can talk more comfortably. I have the time for it. Have you?"

Dr. Rodwood, having tactfully averted the display of emotion to which Emily would have hated to give vent in a conveyance filled with curious strangers, stopped the car at the next intersecting street, setting off westward through a district of tiny retail shops and huge "first-rate" tenements. The school of the neighborhood was gathering in its children, and stragglers of the adult working popula-

tion were also afoot: the men proceeding toward their tasks with clanking dinner pails, while daughters of the shops hurried to their toil in thin jackets and thinner shoes. Their hats combined souvenirs of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, tastelessly aggregated in massive groups upon crowns and brims that aped the form and fabric of the headcoverings sold in the past season in the shops of Fifth Avenue. Harvey contemplated such girls with an habitual sympathy. Continually caring for them in hospital and clinic, he conscientiously puzzled his busy brain over their nerves and their anæmia; and saw consequently, in this current of wage-earning humanity through which Emily and he took their counter paths, much more than an eye unused to indications of physical catastrophe could possibly detect. He turned to see if his companion's composure were at length restored. Her deep chest and bright hair, her easy carriage and health-tinted cheeks, filled him with an admiration he found it difficult to repress.

"Any fracture is serious," he said, taking up the conversation where they had left it. "But Morris' arm is less than his leg. He broke both bones in his leg, but he is an unusually healthy man, and, I should say, not old

and quite temperate. He has everything in his favor, and I expect him to come out of it as good as new."

"Thank you!" Emily said gratefully, "especially for not confounding me with the Latin names of his injuries."

"I can't see why you keep on your way to the hospital, having met me. You couldn't see Morris this morning or, I'm afraid, your friend Mrs. Gerard. Besides it is raining and you have no umbrella. I assure you Morris will be well treated."

This assurance was delivered in so tender a tone that Emily's rejoinder, "I know that," was somewhat "short," but she explained that his wife had wept in the Alman kitchen because Morris suffered in the next bed to a tramp and that she—Emily—felt in honor bound to procure and pay for a private room for him.

The Doctor laughed with the boyish chuckle that had startled Emily over night. "The poor draw their distinctions mighty fine," he said contemptuously.

They were now in full view of a block of buildings composed of yellowish brick. One building was plainly a chapel, but the others differed in height and ground dimensions, although they were all similar in design.

Emily carefully refrained from asking questions about the use of any of these structures, lest the deadhouse be pointed out to her as it had been upon similar expeditions. Mrs. Alman's morbid trend of mind was such that, upon visiting hospitals, she always located the deadhouse before she dispatched any business.

"It is very wonderful to me," Emily said thoughtfully, "that you poor doctors have any happiness, eternally handling disease as you are, day in and day out."

"Happiness is incidental but not accidental. Some men have it in all professions and some have not."

"Then it's like an ear for music," Emily hazarded, mindful of past agonies during the singing of ambitious amateurs. "Cornelia thinks that the best substitute for happiness is useful, effective activity."

Happiness was a topic that had long absorbed all Emily's solitary musing. She had craved someone who would debate its attainment and moot with her its very existence. All her childhood's joys had been tinged with golden expectations of a positive thing called happiness, accruing to feminine youth simultaneously with love affairs, long dresses, and chaperoned attendance at cotillion and opera.

And Cornelia had been the first person she had encountered who seemed to have a like desire to discuss happiness *per se*. It was more exciting to discuss the mysterious thing with a man, for she and Cornelia both admitted men to be the makers of some women's joys, and most women's sorrows.

The effect of Harvey's having enjoyed himself at a dinner party showed plainly in his next statement.

"I think," he said, with much emphasis on the word think, to distinguish it from the verb believe, for which it is often substituted. "I *think* that most people's happiness comes through successful social relations. A preponderance of congenial people in a man's life makes him happy."

Emily was delighted to hear her favorite theme freshly treated. "More so than gratified ambition or successful scientific experiment?" she asked. She said anything to keep the ball rolling.

"I am a lonely man," he said, turning his thoughtful face toward her, "and I tell you, as a lonely man, that the only value professional success has for the man who achieves it, is the opportunity it gives him to make friends and to attract like-minded companions. Professional success as it affects the world at

large, is, of course, estimated very differently. You go in there"—he broke off abruptly as they stepped within a side entrance of the main building. "I'll send the matron to you, if she is not in the office already. Frank! Where is Mrs. Pardon?" he asked, addressing a lank man seated at a desk in the corner of the hall.

"In the office, Doctor."

"Sit here, Miss Alman. I shall have to see Mrs. Pardon myself for a moment, but I shall not detain her long with my interview."

Emily sat in a comfortable wicker chair and heard the clock strike nine, whereupon a businesslike voice said many oracular things in a side corridor whose occupants she could not see. "Everybody holding a blue ticket like this must take a seat on the benches outside Room 6," was a sentence three times repeated. Presently she heard a baby screech bloody murder and cough fearfully. Frank looked up, with a smile of amusement provoked by Miss Alman's discomforture.

"That young one squeals regular," he said; "he's the nighting-gale of Dr. Rodwood's clinic."

Presently the Doctor emerged from Mrs. Pardon's office and Emily refrained from asking what ailed the child, lest she offend against

some law of hospital etiquette. A strong and sudden hatred of the surroundings in which she found herself furnished her with a somewhat cowardly impulse to flee away and arrange for Morris' comfort by letter.

"You must borrow Mrs. Pardon's umbrella," Dr. Rodwood said. "She has sent upstairs for it. I'll drop in at your house before dinner to bring you word about Morris."

Emily thanked him, saying a somewhat shy and ungracious adieu as she felt herself being inspected by Frank, but the Doctor followed her to the door of Mrs. Pardon's office. "I have discovered something about you that is very nice," he said, "but you couldn't possibly guess what it is."

"I'll take your word for that and won't as much as try," she replied coolly, once more annoyed with him.

"If you should want to know at any time, ask Cornelia. I am going to tell her."

After a hasty introduction to the matron Dr. Rodwood left Emily for the clinic, where, for the first time on record, he appeared smiling, and twenty minutes late.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH CORNELIA RECEIVES CONFIDENCES FROM JANE ANENT ANNE M^C^NULTY, AND IN WHICH SHE LEARNS MORE OF GORDIS AND THINKS LESS OF MORDROOK.

> None suffers save I, if I hide my fame;
> Give forth my work and withhold my name.
> —*Veo in Florence.*

Cornelia was up and about very early upon the morning after her dinner party—as early as her brother and Emily—although she disposed of her time in sedentary fashion, answering little notes about little doings in the little world to which her friends thought she belonged exclusively. She still felt angry that Jane had spoken to her as an unsympathetic and neglectful person, unmindful of philanthropic schemes and undesirous of forwarding them. Hers was not the mind that jumps from impression to impression, except in its creative efforts; she still felt the sting of Jane's reproach even as the glittering, flower-strewn table remained before her eyes, or as

she still heard the knives and forks jingling in the pantry.

Mrs. Burnham was forced to reflect that dinner-party fare is not conducive to matutinal vigor as her heavy head and lagging pen dissuaded her from further letter-writing, deciding her to seek old Mr. Burnham as someone to whom the happenings of last evening's party would be a conversational novelty. She found the old man seated at the breakfast table upon which the great plaque of roses, having graced last night's feast, still flourished, while candelabra, adorned with smoky pink shades, bespoke vanished festivities in rather dreary fashion.

"Well, daughter," Mr. Burnham said, looking up from a piece of warmed-over filêt. "Was everything all right? Did your party go off well?"

"I think we all enjoyed it. Even Harvey looked happier as the evening progressed." Then Cornelia told of Emily's manner of departure with the Doctor.

"I didn't suppose that was allowable these days," old Mr. Burnham said dubiously. "Foreign ways predominate since I was a boy. If a fellow wants to take a young lady to the theater, I understand from Danny that he has to buy a seat for her mother or some

other experienced chaperon. That kind of nonsense will empty the theaters! I dare say," Mr. Burnham continued, warming to the exposition of a favorite abuse, " I dare say that it will put a stop to courtship, except by letter. A third ticket is an item to salaried youth."

" A third ticket sounds like politics!" Cornelia cried, amused at his vehemence.

But Mr. Burnham was not to be turned asid by such flippant interruption. " I didn't suppose Miss Alman would trust herself with an escort she didn't hire. Servants are considered much more competent these days than any gentleman. I'm glad your friend has a little sense. She didn't get it from her father."

" Danny is a specialist in manners and customs and he quite cheered them on," Cornelia answered. " I should hate to think that we had sent Emily home in a way her mother would disapprove."

The idea that she had not cared for the girl properly troubled Cornelia not a little. In her perplexity she turned to Jane, hastily assuming outdoor garments that she might run in on the Doctor's busy wife to discuss the matter.

The Dupuis' door was opened by a sickly boy whom the Doctor was treating experi-

mentally for some obscure and deeply interesting malady. Cornelia shuddered at the thought of domesticating diseases in this offhand way, and, congratulating herself the while she pitied Jane, turned her mind to the contemplation of her own healthy-looking servants with an exultant satisfaction. Dr. Dupuis was saying good-by to a patient in the hall; upon recognizing Cornelia, he led her into the reception room.

"Jane will be down in one moment; she went upstairs to get something," he said, going to the mantel shelf, from which he took two or three little bottles. "He keeps his pills in Jane's parlor!" Cornelia exclaimed mentally, again well pleased with that state of life to which she had been called.

"What a nice time we had with you last night," Doctor Dupuis continued. "Ferris glowed with pleasure like a social child at his first party. I enjoyed his enjoyment almost as much as my own. I believe that you are a kind of good fairy, with an area of ministration that increases daily. Your friendship with Jane adds much interest to her life and to mine."

"Don't!" Cornelia cried girlishly. "It embarrasses me, really it does, when you and Jane take me so seriously. I am dependent

on outsiders for the variety of associates that some women find about their own fireside. Danny and I would die of ennui unless we attached a few busy people to our own idle selves."

"That's one way of looking at it," the Doctor said, laughing.

Jane entered with a pile of account books in her hands. She was so neatly attired that instinctive admiration shone in Cornelia's eyes. "Jane!" she cried, by way of greeting. "I believe I did a stupid thing last night."

"I don't," Mrs. Dupuis replied promptly, "not one."

"Be frank in what you say about it, for I feel distressed." Cornelia repeated her tale at length, giving the details of Emily's misadventure, saying in conclusion: "This morning I told Father Burnham about it and the old dear plainly thought it wasn't quite the thing. But Danny seemed to think it was all right last night. I haven't seen him this morning. What do you think, Jane?"

Mrs. Dupuis' face expressed disapproval. She was prim about some things and daring about others, and she dearly loved to make the most of occasions upon which her advice was solicited; therefore, she pondered the matter in silence, enjoying Cornelia's suspense.

"It wasn't conventional," she answered tentatively, "and I feel about it in this way: If you play at society with society people, observe all the rules of the game. If you play at it with artists, songsters, tune-mongers, and that set that Emily is always inviting to meet people who can't abide 'em, do what you like as long as you don't make it possible for them to do what they like. Now Emily only seems like a society girl when she is with artists; she always seems like an artist when she is in society; and she has made associates of long-haired pianists for so long that I don't believe she would consider what looked well or what didn't. Her mother is terribly vague about everything but the names and natures of some dead king's favorites. I wouldn't worry. I don't believe Emily thought anything about it. I think, however, that it would have been better to send her home with Alice."

"Jane, *why* didn't I think of that!" Cornelia exclaimed.

"I don't believe it matters one speck. Anne McNulty says such a fine thing in the book we were discussing last night. Have you read it yet?"

"Most of it," Cornelia replied, hoping that she was not blushing. "What does she say?"

"She says that educated women must show themselves ready and anxious to be properly escorted everywhere and at all times, for it gives working girls an idea of appearances. If the appearance of evil is avoided, woman's battle with her adverse critics is virtually won."

"I think that's so true," Jane added admiringly.

"That idea doesn't strike me as new," Cornelia said critically. She was beginning to feel jealous of her other self. "I often wonder how Miss McNulty can have captivated you so, Jane. She is, of course, enormously clever, and she gives one the impression of understatement rather than exaggeration when she describes the 'World's Woe.' But I think that she writes about things that must differ in different places as if they were the settled conditions of female labor."

"They are!" Jane cried, her face flushing with interest. "I became so impressed with that woman's fearlessness that I am going, if she gives me the least encouragement, to enter into intimate correspondence with her. To expose, under the flimsiest disguise, the great workrooms of mantua-making London is a brave thing. Think of the horrors she describes, of overwork and tense competition.

The enforced abnegation of those women, producing tremendous profits that they cannot share. Why, when I read the part where Lila tried to compete with that Jew, the designer—I forget his name for the moment—I cried. Who does that man put you in mind of, Cornelia?"

"No one," Cornelia replied, "if you mean the Jew, Harris."

She was beginning to feel very uneasy and afraid lest someone might write to her publishers denouncing her, and thus prejudice Mr. Spees against her work. She knew as little about the ways of publishing humanity as she did of the industrial women whose environment and opinion her intuition had suggested. But Mordrook and Jane, amateurs of their downtrodden brothers and sisters, told her that her shot in the dark had sped home. She was beginning to feel herself infallible.

"Guess!" Jane urged; "why can't you guess, Cornelia? He is like Clement Gordis! I kept thinking of him all the time."

The color flew over Mrs. Burnham's face, and Jane, perceiving it, was puzzled as to its cause. She thought that Cornelia was unlike herself, while Cornelia thought that Ann McNulty and she were far too much alike. To relieve the situation Jane said, rising as her

guest rose, "I advise you to tell Emily that you couldn't possibly spare Alice last night, so you sent her home with Harvey, who is as safe as the Bank of England, etc."

"When you hear from Miss McNulty, will you show me the letter?" Cornelia asked in a rather timid tone of request.

"Perhaps," Jane replied cautiously, "but I certainly won't unless you promise not to criticise it. It will be quite a sacred possession and, as such, I can't have it laughed at."

"I won't laugh," Cornelia said indignantly. "You think I am some hideously hard-hearted product of luxury, with my electric sympathies insulated with over wealth. You are very unjust to your own class, Jane."

Mrs. Dupuis smiled quizzically, but did not disclaim her visitor's statement about the electric sympathies, although, as if to mitigate what seemed like acquiescence, she laid a loving and familiar hand against her cheek. "I am not in your class," she said. "You are rich, and Frank and I are only just beginning to make enough money to afford the theater once a week. You can't ever guess how poor we've been. Doctors have to live in good neighborhoods and dress like gentlemen, and they have to belong to good clubs if they are to get the chance to make the right associa-

tions. So many rich people die suddenly before Frank gets half a chance to attend them! The nice chronic things are few and far between."

"I hope Anne McNulty will reform your humor," Cornelia said; "at present it is extremely grim."

She closed the door in mock displeasure, moving lightly down the steps. Even if Dr. Dupuis did keep pills in his wife's parlor and employ a walking misery as page, yet she felt him to be a stronger man than Gordis, with his finer phrases and theories, his subtle reasonings and sharp humor. The Doctor's offhand manner and penetrating glance had in them more real friendliness than all the slyly enthusiastic pressures her fingers were subject to when she gave them to be clasped by the journalist. And, again, Dupuis never had to resort to iterative assertiveness to gain the ear of his informal audiences. When he spoke no dog barked, as a matter of course, but, except from the platform, Gordis had hard work to interest strangers. Cornelia had enjoyed Jane's conversation immensely and was prepared to muse on it all day long, devising various phrases in which Ann McNulty might dictate duty to her unconscious friend. She was elated, and the humor of the situation

smote her with excessive laughter. She would have given much to wander in the leafless park or spend one unobserved day at Mr. Burnham's country place, Berwick Farms, in New Jersey. But a cold drizzle denied her relief in outdoor exercise, and there was no social diversion worth the trouble of dressing and driving through the rain.

She threw herself on the lounge in her study and gave the rein to her own musings. Gordis dominated these. She could appreciate his merits and acknowledge his defects in his absence in a way that was impossible when she talked with him face to face. The typical, restless conceit of a jealous nature was very apparent in him, and he often showed his belief that his literary criticisms were of greater worth than the work he criticised. But these impressions disturbed Cornelia's liking for him only in those retrospects of their conversations which were becoming habitual to her. He did so many nice little things that other men would find burdensome, except in most serious intercourse with a woman dearly loved. He had given her many letters that would have interested the most jaded collector of autographs, and had himself written her many notes that were monuments of point and style, and all this had be-

gun with their acquaintance, in the days when she had been in Paris and gone sight-seeing with him in a crêpe veil, while she wondered at Danny's high spirits, feeling hurt every time she caught his boisterous laugh or heard him sigh for the social hours of his own American home.

Cornelia had no mind to talk lightly to old Mr. Burnham at luncheon. Life had taken a serious turn and the dreariness of the wet world outside had forced its entrance through the polished doors and had seated itself, firm and conspicuous, like a poor relation with a grievance. Thug, Danny's bulldog, was disturbed by bad dreams as he slept by the fire, and Cornelia was forced to admit that she had had too much party. After luncheon, she sat in the drawing room because it required less energy to arrive there than to reach the study, where life was apt to seem more smiling than in the rooms she shared with other people. A white-and-gold book of luxurious piety, with a cross and lilies stamped on the binding, lay near at hand. Such books had been scattered everywhere in the heyday of old Mrs. Burnham's administration. Cornelia opened it thoughtfully and closed it disappointed.

Then she slept, sitting upright in her chair, until Walcott appeared at the hall door and a

gust of damp air roused her from her sleepy state. On the chance of a masculine visitor, she shot a glance at her reflection in the mirror. She heard the man say, "Mrs. Burnham is in the drawing room, sir," and presently Gordis entered with care, for the room was dark and its floor slippery. He took her hand in silence, arranging the soft cushions in the chair he liked and letting his appreciation of what surrounded him become a little too apparent.

"How was the dinner?" he inquired in the undertone that is more intimate than a caress.

"Pretty well. The people at least said that they enjoyed it. Where did you dine?"

"Alone, at the Club."

The white-and-gold book fell from Cornelia's lap to the floor. Gordis lifted it, and, after examining it closely, said with undisguised disgust: "These glib meditations of conscious saints are not wholesome;" adding in a tone of thanksgiving, "I hardly hoped to find you alone."

He was dressed as any man might be in wet weather, as far as his wearing apparel of rough, neutral-tinted cloth went. But a great sapphire took the fire's glow to heart, sparkling from a snowy extent of silk cravat, creating an effect bound to displease the fas-

tidious. Cornelia gave him her slim hand grudgingly and, because his cravat and jewel made him less welcome, spoke formally, with a little of the disgust she felt curling her upper lip.

"I am rarely alone in the hour after luncheon," she replied.

But Gordis never noticed cold looks or stayed social effort for disdain of any sort. He had coaxed or coerced people into liking him, using one method when the other failed, and he believed—and rightly—that if one does not recognize rebuffs as such when they are proffered, they will at length cease. Snubs do not exist for those who will not accept them, just as color is not to one born blind. Also, slights ignored are the corner stones of reputations for dignity and forbearance.

"The comforts of home," he declared, pulling an accurately fitting glove from a hand that rivaled Cornelia's own in whiteness (although a bandage still marred its outline) "appeal more to a bachelor on wet days than on fine ones. I finished at the office a few minutes after three and hurried here for a glimpse of lovely woman, with all her accessories. I often think of you when I am writing those articles that make the *Moderator* sell so nicely—I mean those articles about the

baneful influence of suddenly acquired wealth. You give them all the lie, Mrs. Burnham, every one of them."

"Do I?" she asked, well pleased. "I like to hear you say that. Although I read the *Moderator* sometimes, you always say such hard things in it that I should like to feel myself their effectual contradiction. You should get Mordrook to write something hopeful for it."

"Hope doesn't sell, but despair is really popular. Perhaps it is human nature to like sad things. At all events, few people are so good that they desire others to be happy."

"What a hateful saying!" Cornelia cried. "Be pleasant at once; gossip, tell a long story, do anything rather than invent such ugly axioms."

"If you would deign to converse with me yourself just a little, my bitterness would soon vanish."

There was an aggrieved tone in this rejoinder that made Cornelia feel in the wrong. She rose to take up her knitting; returning to her place with a puzzled look which Gordis attributed to that mysterious anti-climax in industrial affairs, the dropped stitch.

"If I knew anything interesting, I would gladly impart it to you. But what interests

me now is so personal that you might criticise my taste in speaking of it."

"Not at all. I should feel myself your friend—a most comfortable emotion, I assure you. I quite long to experience it."

Gordis played with a paperweight. His voice had died away to a whisper and his mind's preoccupation was apparent. Cornelia recognized herself as its cause. A happy thought came to her, bringing some promise of amusement.

"My greatest interest just now is Mr. Mordrook," she said maliciously. At this statement, her visitor dropped his plaything on the table with a loud noise, for which he offered no apology. Cornelia had made more of an effect than she intended.

"Well!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "as you have arrested my speech entirely, why do you not make some observation of your own?"

He leaned toward her and caught a corner of the soft woolen fabric her swift fingers were creating. By chance, as she moved her needles, his hand met hers and she felt that it was very cold. The tolerant smile had vanished from his face, his mouth showing determination and his eyes excitement.

"Mrs. Burnham," he said quietly, "never

before have I warned one human being against another. I have always acted on the principle that, as a man seems, so is he. That is, if he amuses you, he is amusing; if he spends much time with you, he is constant and will never seek his pastimes elsewhere, or in other company, etc. Your philosophy and mine are identical, as far, I mean, as the treatment of your acquaintance goes?"

"I believe so," Cornelia said. She was glad she had spoken of Mordrook, for she now expected to hear something definite about him.

"Believe me, Mordrook will at first appear to you in a very favorable light. He will say clever things to you and provide mirth for your other visitors, as he would stir your pity *tête-à-tête*. But if you permit him to gain your friendship,"—Gordis bent his head so low that Cornelia was obliged to lean toward him to catch his words,—"you will regret it." He finished, lamely conscious that his tone was tending toward the theatrical.

"Time will tell," she answered perversely. "I cannot dislike a man just because I am told to dislike him, when I am given no cause to find him odious."

"I hope I shall be given grace not to say 'I told you so,' upon the day of disillusion,"

Gordis observed crossly. "And now," he added with cheerfulness, "I have a scheme to lay before you. Have you read the 'World's Woe'?"

"If anyone asks me that again, I shall lose all power of answering with civility. I am haunted by just that query. I am now able to reply, I have."

Unconsciously Cornelia had begun to adopt a set conversational style. She thought much of her manner of phrasing, abandoning many idioms as commonplace and more as incorrect.

"I wondered if you would like to write a review of it for the *Moderator?* We have had it reviewed from a literary standpoint in to-day's issue, and we want it reviewed from the standpoint of a workingwoman and of a lady of leisure."

"I should love to do it," Cornelia cried eagerly. "Of all others, it is the thing I should most like." A spirit of mischief looked out of her eyes, while her pale cheeks glowed faintly with excitement called forth by Clement Gordis, who sat observing her, congratulating himself on the pleasure he had given.

"I am not paying a call," he said, following up his success adroitly. "I am making a

visit, so when you have no more time to give me, please say so, otherwise I shall stay to tea."

"I shall be delighted to have you," Cornelia responded with what seemed a belated heartiness to her visitor. "If I seem abstracted, it will be because I have already begun to prepare the review."

"I am so surprised that you didn't say, 'Why, I can't write; I never wrote anything in my life.' Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have said that."

A draught from the front door again freshened the air in the room, warning Gordis of the end of his monopoly of Mrs. Burnham. Presently Mordrook came across the slippery floor, his smile of greeting waning at sight of his fellow guest. But he performed a perfunctory and creditable handshake, while Cornelia leaned back in her chair well content, amused at Mordrook's constraint and uncertain as to why an Englishman brings his hat into the drawing room, when an American leaves his in the hall.

"We passed such an agreeable evening with you, Mrs. Burnham, that I fear we took our departure at a very late hour last night. Who was the young lady who played so delightfully?"

"Miss Alman," Cornelia replied shortly. She did not intend that time spent with these two men should be wasted in conversation of ordinary dullness. "I was amused at our conversation about novels and only wish that Mr. Gordis' engagements could have allowed him to take part in it."

Both men remained silent. Gordis was glad to have it made plain to Mordrook that he had not stayed away from Cornelia's table because he had not been bidden to it, and the Englishman's silence was due to surprise. He had thought to confuse his enemy by casual allusions to a company in which he alone had been included, and was doubly embarrassed at finding his idea of the situation quite mistaken.

"You missed much," he said at length, "but we cannot say you *were* missed much; can we, Mrs. Burnham?"

"I can," Mrs. Burnham averred with careful politeness. "In spite of the cleverness displayed, one point of view was not represented."

"What is your point of view now?" Mordrook inquired, wheeling his chair about suddenly, determined not to suffer defeat before showing fight.

"I have never published my point of view

at any time," Gordis responded, riveting his interlocutor's attention with a stare that was not conciliatory. "I detest people who publish their points of view. One great trouble with the middle-class English, as soon as they have an opinion, is that they go buy a badge to match it, proclaiming themselves teetotalers or members of clubs for the increased consumption of green tea, or what not, at every picture gallery or railway station in the United Kingdom. Then some poor fellow's opinion changes, and he gets a new badge and the green-tea consumers revile their ex-partisan, who has as much right to a second opinion as a first. Do you not think so, Mr. Mordrook?"

"I thought you believed that he had no right to a second opinion?" Mordrook replied, trying to speak calmly, although his face showed strong and sudden anger.

"Oh, no!" Gordis said, with a coolness that was unassumed. "I think that second opinions are apt to be better than first. But I believe that when a man has changed convictions, he ought not to wear the badge of an abandoned creed, even if it be a passport in politically philanthropic circles. And now, Mr. Mordrook, please tell me what you know of the new doctrines of universal re-

form, the dicta of that social extremist, Castrine?"

"In my lectures," Mordrook answered, with a still deeper frown of annoyance, "I explain Castrine's theories, but I do not indorse them. Here and now, I cannot explain them; for one is not permitted to talk shop in so attractive a drawing room. But if you will bring Mrs. Burnham to my next lecture, I will endeavor to give a clear outline of his principal propositions."

"Thank you," Mr. Gordis answered very dryly, "but I think I have almost mastered them. I began life as Castrine's secretary and have since published several replies to his distribution-of-property papers. As yet I have not misinterpreted his theories."

"Did you reply to those?" Mordrook inquired, vainly striving to seem indifferent.

"Yes, they are poor things, but unsigned." Gordis had risen to depart, for he saw that the discomfort he had caused Mordrook angered Cornelia, who busied herself with the arrival of tea, declining to help the situation with nondescript feminine utterance, such as tames tempests and brings bitter enemies to a comfortable social footing, by the exercise of peerless tact. The comforts of the steaming kettle and the hope of fragrant tea, as well as the

knowledge that he had ground to gain in Cornelia's esteem, bade him change his mind and remain, as he had at first intended. It was not yet five, so for half an hour Gordis talked brilliantly, helping Mordrook to forget their little passage at arms, and at last taking leave, while a vivid impression of power and cleverness remained behind him with his auditors.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH HARVEY AND CORNELIA DISCOVER POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE, AND IN WHICH DR. DUPUIS INTRODUCES HER TO A WASTE CREATION.

> And the great God said "What's a life to me?
> There are people enough for eternity;
> Let her die in her sins."
>
> —*The Very End.*

The Englishman had outstayed Cornelia's other visitor that he might gather information as to the extent of Gordis' intimacy in the Burnham household. A stranger to American ways, nothing had impressed him more in his excursions into so novel a social life than the rigid usages of our period of conventional mourning. He had been told that while Cornelia wore *crépe*, she could only summon to her table such as were her intimates, and he was consequently delighted to observe the absence of Gordis upon the previous evening. Nothing satisfactory could be obtained from Cornelia's replies to his adroit questioning. She had no mind to be communicative except with her hidden self; the unique experi-

ence of playing critic in public to a thing you had privately created tickled her fancy like the point of a well-told joke.

"I know something so amusing!" she said involuntarily.

"Does it concern me?" he inquired, instantly fearful lest he be the butt of some scathing epigram designed by Gordis.

"Not in the least. I was uncivil to mention it, as I cannot say more."

"Your fine mind wanders, reminding me that I too must wander," Mordrook said in a voice that had its tone of sarcasm. "My visit has been long."

"Not to me!" Cornelia cried with a cordiality that was only possible to her because he was taking leave.

Her thoughts of him were not flattering. He was agreeable, but the profundity and point which she had at first attributed to his spoken thought she had to gainsay him now that opportunity had increased their acquaintance.

"He permits Gordis such liberties; and I too was rude to him," she thought. "He ought to resent snubs or ignore them, but he pockets them as English servants take their tips."

Walcott brought in the lamps, and Mrs.

Burnham sat in their beautifying light with the last of her ennui quite departed. In her returned eagerness for things to happen, an eagerness revived by her afternoon's visitors, she built air castles. Within their dreamy precincts the high things of life were alone discussed. Great men and women—as yet mere names to her—passed continually in and out of gilded portals; but among all who came and went Danny was not seen. Her gratitude to the "gods that be" was approaching the height of ecstasy as she thought of the blessings of a fine house and the ease of entertaining in it. She was planning dinners for celebrities when Jane Dupuis and Emily Alman were announced.

"As the day is dull and you are not, we knew where to come for refuge," the girl cried affectionately.

"I am glad you came," Cornelia said. She loved the girl's sane energy and reposeful strength; watching her settle herself in her favorite wicker armchair with a gratitude that chance had brought them together. Explaining and apologizing for her squire of the previous evening, Mrs. Burnham repeated some of her father-in-law's strictures on modern customs.

"I think your brother Harvey is splendid," Emily cried. "I enjoyed my drive. He is so earnest and original. Don't you think he is original?"

"He could not be a Rodwood and not be original," Jane said, emphasizing the compliment by putting her hand, covered with an old gray glove, on Cornelia's knee.

"Harvey's family think of themselves more as odd than original," Cornelia replied, "and he is so absorbed in the intricacies of the human form divine that he cannot admit of any other interest." Cornelia was attempting various poses as one might try to suit one's self with a hat. Believing that the attitude of anxious sister became her, she continued in it.

Her self-absorption vanished by degrees. She shook the teapot surreptitiously to ascertain if the beverage held out, and listened courteously to Emily's excited recital of the coachman's mishap. Jane took off her gloves, examining their worn finger tips anxiously, while her hostess divined in one of her lightning flashes of intuition that Mrs. Dupuis wished to "make them do" until the first of next month.

"Emily," Cornelia said teasingly, "you seem much more interested in me and my affairs to-day than you were yesterday. And

yet I think a dinner to Mordrook should create more excitement than a pot of tea prepared for three cronies who know all the ins and outs of each others' nature.

"Sometimes," Emily replied,—fencing bravely, for there was an indubitable look of mischief about Mrs. Burnham,—"sometimes I think it is even better fun to talk over a delightful dinner that has passed off nicely than it is to be going through with the feast itself. Do you see what I mean?"

"Isn't that delightfully girlish?" Cornelia said aside to Jane, in a tone that implied the superior understanding of married women.

"Very," Jane answered, in her sententious fashion.

Emily was too wise to ask why. She was not quite defenseless, and seldom submitted to the cool comments of her friends who were wives also. Nothing irritated her deliberate spinsterhood like the assumption of universal knowledge by women who have chosen—to borrow her mother's phrase—"the bitter portion of matrimony." She smiled before speaking her mind, which is the action of a subtle woman.

"Really, Cornelia," she said in quite remonstrance, "do you think that because you can dismiss and engage cooks on your own

responsibility and ask people to lunch or dine at will; do you think that you have therefore passed girlhood? For you are really more girlish than any one of this year's buds. When the door bell rings you show curiosity in every line of your face, and you are especially and specifically girlish in your manner of shaking hands with men. Now matrons usually shake hands like this [Miss Alman seized Jane's bare fingers and gripped them in a masculine clasp with a sort of desperate cordiality]. But you [turning to Cornelia] shake hands deprecatingly; your grasp slackens before the man's. That's not up to date for married women, as the dressmakers say."

"I had no idea that your observation was so well trained," Cornelia said patronizingly. She was glad that she had trained her own a few minutes later, for the color flew over Emily's face when Harvey Rodwood's voice sounded from the hall.

"I was expecting to come to your house to report the condition of Morris," he exclaimed in evident disappointment, "and you are here!"

"Come report on Morris another time. I should so like to have you meet my mother." It seemed to Miss Alman that if the conven-

tionality of their intercourse were already questioned, it was high time for Mrs. Alman to be introduced into the little drama that, properly enacted, promised pleasure, if nothing more.

Harvey seated himself near at hand, frowning at the tea.

"Why do you drink that?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't really know," Emily responded suavely; "very probably I like it."

"You'll spoil your dinner—and your appearance"—he added in an affectionate tone that fell on Cornelia's ears like music. She shot a swift glance at him that resulted in his complete embarrassment, then she settled herself in her chair and looked dreamy. Emily noticed these things and rather wished to go home. She liked Dr. Rodwood's evident interest in her personality and conversation, but his sister made a burden out of what was, in itself, delightful. Her indulgent indorsement of her brother's fancy was too apparent. Every one of Cornelia's approving glances seemed a liberty, and the sidelong survey to which she submitted her young visitor made it hard for her to be natural and without constraint.

The Doctor did not share Miss Alman's

consciousness. He laughed with much spontaneity and spoke with her under his breath. "I am going to tell Cornelia what I noticed about you this morning," he said.

"My immediate departure will make an opportunity for your confidence," she replied stiltedly, with a gleam of amusement showing for a moment in her eyes. "I scarcely care to remain where my peculiarities are liable to be discussed at any moment."

"How foolish!" Harvey exclaimed with a smile that Emily would have recognized as portentous upon any other face; "as if it were not a delightful peculiarity, one that every woman must envy!"

Her attention was arrested. "Tell me first," she begged childishly; "I mean before you tell Cornelia."

"Conquered!" Rodwood cried with a ringing laugh, "conquered; and by curiosity. I noticed that your hair curls naturally. This morning, when we were walking, the wetter it got, the tighter it kinked. That's the peculiarity."

"What fun you're having, Harvey!" Dr. Dupuis spoke from the hall, his tired face illuminated with a smile that made him seem younger, even as Harvey's somewhat rigid

countenance was gilded with a gleam of humor.

"I am teasing Miss Alman," he replied with a gratified smile.

"You and your sister are alike," the older man rejoined, warming his hands at the tea kettle; "you achieve your greatest mental activity when engaged in the torment of your fellow-creatures." Here he looked at his hostess with a publicly flirtatious expression, amusing to Jane, but annoying to Cornelia.

"Don't be mock flirtatious," she cried affectedly; "be friendly or affectionate, but never travesty the greatest boon yet conferred upon modern society. I mean flirtation!" she concluded with a defiant nod at Jane, who yawned widely and murmured "What rubbish!" behind the hand wherewith conventionality stops the mouth of ennui.

Rodwood had disappointed Miss Alman, and she felt that his proper punishment would be the instant finish of their private conversation for a part in the general discussion that could easily follow Cornelia's statement. Curly hair is observable to the naked eye of the idlest of *flaneurs*. She had expected to hear of some psychological peculiarity from a man used to important research.

"Flirtation, I think," she began timidly, "is a factor in average happiness."

"Do you mean in the average being's happiness?" Dr. Dupuis asked.

"Yes."

"Averages are difficult to reckon," the Doctor observed thoughtfully. "It is like this: After one has progressed beyond the class whose poverty entails actual want, you will find that everyone has about the same material for satisfaction as everybody else."

"It is easy to see that you are happy," Cornelia said simply, "by the statement you have just made."

"I think," Rodwood said tentatively, "that a man can make either a mountain or a molehill of his sorrows or joys!"

"Unless some hideous physical ill assail him," Emily interrupted; "then he can do nothing but just suffer." The shriek and cough of the child at the clinic haunted her ears even yet.

"I wonder," Dr. Dupuis resumed, "whether it is more depressing not to have enough money to educate a talent or to have money without any taste to indulge."

Jane looked up brightly. "Aren't we talking delightfully!" she exclaimed. "I love conversations like these. They are elevating

and instructive. But, returning to the point, let me say that Frank and I are poor, but occupied. We are capable of consecutive effort. Our lives call for it, and we have a satisfaction in sequence and order which is pleasing to our intelligence. Look at Dr. Rodwood! He could have been miserable. He has enough money to give up everything but some fashionable bodily exercise and the cutting of coupons, but he had the courage of his sympathies and took to doctoring. You're happy in it, aren't you?"

"Sometimes more, sometimes no more," Harvey answered with his slow smile.

"Shall I attain average happiness? What attribute secures it?" Cornelia had turned to Dr. Dupuis with a look of superstitious awe upon her face. She forgot that when science goes for a vacation it talks a more imposing and pernicious nonsense than those who always speak at random. Perhaps because it adheres to a vocabulary strictly designed for the utterance of solemn truths.

"Not one attribute, but a collection of aptitudes. The power to enjoy and digest food; also conceit, except it be in excessive quantity." Dr. Dupuis felt that the conversation was growing too soulful; he replied facetiously, to change its tone.

"Some people derive a questionable satisfaction from music," Harvey said slyly.

"And others enjoy their mastery of the domestic details of the great unwashed," Dr. Dupuis rejoined with a look at Jane.

"Can you believe," Cornelia said thoughtfully, "that everyone does positive good or ill as he journeys through the world?"

"Not everyone," Dupuis replied; "there are some people whom I call waste creations. They do nothing, consciously—although they sometimes educate scientists in some special knowledge. They live their diseased lives apart. Talk about hermits!" he continued scornfully—"self-imposed isolation is the direct outcome of pride of mind; a man or a woman feels too noble to associate with any but supernal personages."

"Or too weak," Emily amended.

"Just you take a man or woman who doesn't mingle with his kind because he has a bad cough or——"

"Don't!" Cornelia spoke commandingly, for the Doctor was making life ugly again as when he put the pills back on the parlor mantel shelf.

"Such people don't get half a chance to influence the world." Harvey spoke now. "Look at a woman badly deformed: her lone-

liness is as bitter as any other mortification incident to human life. Think of the loneliness of deaf people!"

"Jove!" Dupuis burst out, "I know a woman now, who lives far west, in a side street, who is lonelier than solitary confinement itself; she is poor to boot."

"If you give me her address," Cornelia said suavely, "she need never be lonely or want again."

"I will. It is nothing infectious."

Jane had risen and was holding Cornelia's hand in an appreciative clasp. Her hazel eyes were bright with moisture and her mouth trembled at its corners. "You are noble, my dear," she said; "it only takes a good photograph of real suffering to rouse you. That phrase is not original," she said to Harvey, who seemed to admire it. "Anne McNulty says that the speeches of social reformers should be like good photographs of real suffering. Now, Cornelia, go see this poor creature soon."

"Whenever your husband finds time to attend to our introduction," she replied quietly.

"To-morrow?" Dr. Dupuis suggested, "at two?"

Mrs. Burnham gave him her hand on it.

As her visitors rose together to go their

several ways the parting scene impressed itself on all minds. Cornelia stood tall and somber, her white face and watchful eyes surmounting the unrelieved blackness of her mourning dress. Her hands hung at her sides in the elegant listlessness she was at great pains to affect. She seemed like the pen-and-ink portrait of a lady, in contrast to the neat and energetic Jane, or the full-blooded and romantic Emily. To her mind this afternoon appeared as one of the happiest she had known, standing forth red-lettered in the little calendar of months and days that coexists with love of man within the heart of woman.

Dr. Dupuis and his wife took one o'clock luncheon next day at the Burnhams', where Cornelia received them in a dress that she believed to be appropriate to philanthropic practices. She wore a "shirt waist" of white linen with a new and improved necktie; her skirt of faultless shape and black serge was edged with fine fur, like that upon her melton sacque. It is necessary to describe the clothes of women like Mrs. Burnham: they are the first thoughts in such minds as hers, proving to the satisfaction of dissimilar intelligences that second thoughts are best. She had placed upon her head a simple

but ingenious structure, incapable of imitation by the laboring poor; and in this she was wise.

As they sat down to the table old Mr. Burnham said quaintly, "I hear your gleaming finger nails are about to make sunshine in the dwellings of the poor."

Cornelia smiled and went on with her knitting, which she had brought with her from the table, for she now demanded tangible result from every moment of time and could not brook an unoccupied second, which feverish industrial mania had been contracted in intercourse with Jane, who, hungry and in a brown study, maintained unwonted silence, as did old Mr. Burnham, who was not feeling well. The Doctor asked a few questions that led to nothing.

Q. "Is your husband lunching out?"

Ans. "He is attending some directors' meeting and will lunch out."

Q. "Will you walk or drive?"

Ans. "The carriage is ordered for two sharp."

Sometimes such trials of stiff silence fall upon the most voluble, but Cornelia broke the bonds of inexplicable awkwardness by coaxing old Mr. Burnham to a sofa and covering him with a railway rug. She then brought

him many picture papers and bent over him to kiss his wrinkled forehead with an affectionate prompting she rarely felt, except for her father-in-law.

"You are a darling!" she said, with a moisture in her eyes that surprised her.

The old man was very picturesque, lying with his reverend and venerable hair against red cushions, while he kept the Doctor at arm's length with various unflattering comparisons between the effectiveness of home-made cures and those brought about by the healing profession. Jane decided to stay by him to read "Tom Sawyer" for his diversion, and Cornelia stood for some time regarding him with loving eyes. She felt that she traveled far every time she left the Burnham household, and that a new Cornelia always returned in the same well-appointed equipage —a woman upon whose mind impressions and intentions were indelibly stamped; a being swayed with a passion for seeing herself in the hearts of others, for feeling herself paramount in the consciousness of all.

A great box of roses awaited her in the hall, and as she gave it to Dr. Dupuis to carry to the brougham she admitted that it was designed for the enjoyment of his waste creation. From her buoyant manner and radiant

eyes one could not have guessed that her destination was the home—or prison—of a creature tortured with inaction and often racked with other pain. The door of her carriage closed smartly, one window was raised, and the wheels glided swiftly over the asphalt. Without, the various wayfarers of a great city took their obscure routes to extinction; while within, a famous woman in her fur and dainty linen, that emitted a vaguely enchanting perfume, allowed a great, because a practical, scientist to lay his sacrifice of valuable time upon the altar of her refinement and her charms. That was the aspect life assumed as she rested in the padded brougham, and the thought rose to her lips as the thanksgiving of a fervent saint might involuntarily take to itself words, "Thank God that I have money."

It was so sweet to live one's real life without comment. Out of sight of the curious, out of reach of the malicious, the world stretched before her bright with her own desires, bathed in the light of what she promised it—of good and beautiful; to put it briefly, of herself. As no intelligent comment or initial epigram occurred to her she resorted to smiling to while away the time spent in traversing a monotonous city distance. The Doctor, observing her, saw Harvey's slow, thoughtful

smile cross the grave face of his sister and took it as a player takes his cue, speaking kindly of her brother's excellences, while Cornelia, wishing to speak of love, spoke of Emily and the hopes she had centered in her. Thus, in sympathetic conversation and Cornelia's carriage, they arrived at a "high-class apartment house," far west in a side street. From its top step they saw the sun sparkle on the river's surface, and the screaming street children running in bevies this way and that. Barrels for refuse stood empty at this hour and Cornelia, noting it, vowed never to call at any other time. Tow-headed infants sat gravely upright in "express wagons" pulled about by boys and girls of greater age with much spasmodic energy, lean dogs were engaged in the tireless, scavenger-like investigations of their kind, a few women with shawls over their heads looked at her with interest, and from somewhere a cornet sounded, played briskly and in tune. The main doors of the tenements were open, and through them one could see that the stairs were stained and dusty. Cornelia hated it; in what seemed to her a recognition rather than a first realization of cramped, unlovely environment, the ordinary lot of mankind, to whom we are told God himself is so very like.

Perhaps she did recognize it all in one of those institutions that cannot be gainsaid, for had she not created it? Her imagination had pictured distressful surroundings for the creatures of the "World's Woe" who were born in her brain merely to undergo successive sorrows that she might now say were not fiction.

The Doctor grouped his way up the stairs, turning corners in the black darkness with a skill bespeaking the habitual visitant. At the head of the second flight he found a door, from behind which a peevish voice said "Come," in dreary answer to his brisk knock. He entered, and a flood of sunshine rushed from the room, tumbling downstairs in yellow precipitation, revealing upon the metal-sheeted steps peanut shells and bits of paper and other unsightly waste.

"I wish I had known about tenement houses," Cornelia thought. "I could have made a hit with them in the 'Woe' if I had only known about them."

Presently she heard the Doctor speak her name, whereupon she passed within the brilliant doorway. A lounge, covered neatly with carpet, stood in a sort of bow window, and at one end of it an illuminated text was hung, at the other a pair of exquisite little shoes. They were flat-heeled satin shoes,

from which depended a wide ribbon with "Terebella's Good-by to the Boards" raised on it in heavy black letters, while to the yellow streamer just described a greater length of black crêpe was attached. The text was, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," and Cornelia was struck by the fact that this was a more cheerful observation than those examples of Holy Writ which usually adorn the dwellings of the poor.

"Mme. Terebella," Dr. Dupuis said with an enlarged courtesy and more stately bearing than he would have thought it necessary to assume in dealing with his social equals, "Mme. Terebella, let me present to you my friend, Mrs. Burnham. I was so anxious to have you two meet that when Mrs. Burnham asked after you yesterday," here the Doctor contorted the cheek turned toward Cornelia with a thorough and exhaustive wink, "I promised to bring her around to-day."

"I'm glad you did," Terebella replied heartily, "make yourself at home with the rocking chair, Mrs. Burnham, and drop in often. I'm as lonely as a dead pauper. I play those cards you showed me, Doctor, but I can't get enthusiastic over a game two can't play at. I don't see why this happened to

me. I was the most social song-and-dance combination-mirth-producer that ever did one good turn to deserve another. I gave welcome and a kind word to all callers and my sitting rooms were a social paradise. No games of solitare then; we played hearts. Every chair used to be taken, junior members sat on the floor. You should have have seen me then!"

Cornelia's mouth quivered with pity when she observed that the afghan covering the recumbent Terebella fell awav a little below the knees, revealing the fact that her feet had been amputated, while an elaborate system of bandages around the neck indicated further injury in that region. One small and faultless hand picked at the woolen covering, while the other was wound round and round with a fabric that looked like cheesecloth.

"I don't doubt," the Doctor said cheerily, "that, when your arm has healed, you will surprise us with your handiwork, as you did with performances and feats! There's a joke to cheer you, you preceive."

Terebella smiled rather more brightly and the Doctor called Mrs. Burnham into the hall, where he said good-by, vouchsafing in addition, that Mme. Terebella (*née* Reilly, and unwed since) had fallen down an elevator shaft

about New Year's Day. "She is a prize case," he said; "but keep her from talking about the accident. She goes over and over it."

"Poor soul! Iterative mania, I suppose?" Cornelia said scientifically. She had never heard of iterative mania, the phrase had flown ready-made to her lips. It sounded so intelligent and educated that she was proud of it.

Her hostess was not at a loss as to how to entertain her. Delight at receiving a visitor shone forth without conventional let or hindrance; she displayed books full of newspaper cuttings about herself when she made the "hit of the season" here or there, more especially at the Melodious Mansion in selected imitations and the celestial caper. She had another scrapbook, in which nothing appeared but pressed flowers and gentlemen's visiting cards.

"You know," she said, "I was born to be a sensation. Once a sensation, always a sensation. I reached the Terpsichorean top notch and then I beat the record on accidents. Why, all the money they took in at my benefit wouldn't have paid one of the Doctors who worked over me if I'd been your sort of a lady instead of my own kind, who doesn't feel obliged to pay or die."

Cornelia had been turning over the leaves

covered with faded flowers and visiting cards of men who were, some of them, in the habit of consigning pasteboard to her servants prior to exchanging compliments with herself. She was satisfied with her intercourse with Terebella; it was instructive, and had exemplified the diversity of male metropolitan interests. She felt wicked and experienced, casting sidelong glances at the wrecked figure on the lounge, whose eyes feasted on her presence with marked pride.

Cornelia's footman appeared at the door with the box of roses. "These are for you," she said to Terebella, slipping off the string and raising the box cover. Beneath waxed paper were many bright-red roses upon which stood crystal drops of moisture.

"Like happy tears," Cornelia said. She was sentimental now; red roses always made her feel so. There was a large pottery vase of the variety known as Leeds near at hand, which she filled with water, arranging the plutocratic posy in it without much skill. Terebella's eyes never left her for a moment; she was registering every detail of her pose and dress in her tenacious memory, to be revived in lonely hours when the world passed her by for more pressing matters and when, in the bitter silence of inaction, her sad heart still

beat with an evenness and strength that made the poor thing hopeless.

"I do love dress," she said with a catch in her voice, the tears rolled from her eyes and she hid her quivering face in the pillow. "If I—I'd love to see a real low evening dress again," she sobbed. "I think it would cheer me up, and everyone is kind, but nobody gives me what I want. The matron at the hospital gave me that text there one day, when I was wanting cigarettes."

"If Dr. Dupuis allows them, I will bring you cigarettes," Cornelia said gently; "and I will wear an evening dress over here the first evening I spend with you. Please take me for a friend, and although I must go now, give me leave to come again."

"Do come," Terebella cried, calmed by her visitor's kindness. "And see here. I'm not so sure that your kind would be interested to see only me every time you call, so I'll just put you on to the Doctor's hours. He comes here from half-past twelve to one or from half-past five to six. He comes about twice a week, but Dr. Rodwood comes daily."

Cornelia was occupied with wondering whether Terebella were insolent or merely kindly, according to the lights of her class.

"Good-by," she said abstractedly, forgetting to say that Harvey was her brother.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MR. MORDROOK PAYS A SECOND VISIT TO GORDIS, AND IN WHICH ANNE McNULTY CONTINUES HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH JANE DUPUIS.

> For the world I have no wishes,
> No message great to give,
> Not virtuous, nor vicious,
> I merely lie to live.
>
> —*Modern Man.*

About a fortnight had passed since Cornelia's first visit to Terebella, erst light of foot and heart. A rapidly augmented interest in her resulted in frequent calls and many gifts of greater or less value. Cornelia's new social interest and the independence of spirit displayed therein were spoken of with admiration in the ever-widening circle of her metropolitan acquaintance. Harvey was touched by it, the more so as the first news of his sister's visit came to him from Terebella herself.

"Your sister dresses up to the notch, and she's got the presence of a lady who's held the stage for years. I was surprised to hear she'd

never seen us except from the front," the dancer had said.

Dr. Rodwood laughed, and subsequently told his sister and Danny, who repeated it to everyone he met, whether they knew Cornelia or not. And she was as much pleased with Harvey as with herself when he kissed her, saying in his loud, inexpressive voice, "Terebella is really unfortunate. I am pleased that you appreciate her infirmity."

It was the 10th of April, and the sky had long been mistily blue. The wonderful drama of spring in the blessed parks had reached its most exciting period of yellow bushes and green lawns, that turned livid in the evening light, when Danny "went for a turn" with spring checks and plaids displayed upon his trim person. Housewives were busily buying moth balls to make provisions for abandoned furs, or hurrying to the shopping streets with bonnet boxes besides them upon the seats of victorias or hansoms. Lunch table-talk was an echo of the dressmaker's shop. Fair ladies, professing themselves weary of the chase, imperiled their digestions in rapid mastication that they might return with speed to the enchanted regions of fuss and furbelow.

A winter of hard work had told on Clement Gordis as he sat at his writing table on the

first warm night of '9—; white hair was visible at his temples, as were crow's-feet about his brilliant eyes. His face wore an abstracted look as his practiced pen filled up the pages of an octavo pad with a few wise observations on humanity's unwisdom. His dinner jacket had been hung carefully upon a chair, and he was writing in shirtsleeves and a waistcoat. From time to time some elusive thought escaped him, when he would glance at the clock, substitute a second-best observation in his stint of editorial copy, again plying the pen madly in the quiet of his room, into which the noise of passing drays and cable cars hardly penetrated. His industry at last achieved a full stop. Opening a drawer in his desk, he took from it an envelope within which was a pen-and-ink sketch, from memory, of Mrs. Daniel Burnham, Jr. It was not well executed, but the likeness was truer than that in other portraits, and, therefore, Gordis felt a pride in his handiwork, as he felt a pleasure in her beauty.

"Thoroughbred," was the one word that escaped him. As if alarmed by its utterance, he put the picture away again with a sigh, which is always a sign and a symbol.

The key had scarcely turned in its lock when the sliding door of the elevator was

heard in motion without, upon the landing. Gordis cried, "Come in!" in anticipation of a pending summons at his study door, which now opened, revealing Mordrook upon the threshold of the room. Refinement and distress were visible in his white face, while his blue eyes were very bright, revealing to the observant that in the midst of grief man may still dine.

"Gordis, this is terrible!" he observed without preface.

"When I told you it would be, you declined to believe me."

The Englishman threw himself into a large armchair; Clement's impregnable calm teased him; he tapped a tune with the fingers of one hand upon the back of the other, gazing meanwhile through the open window to the pageant of the sky, where the moon was tinting the edges of light clouds with a soft and yellowish brown. "I do not see my way out of it," he said.

"Nor I," Gordis replied sternly, proffering a cigar.

Mordrook's next question was punctuated with puffs, as he got his cigar to light despite evident excitement. "Would you be the first to cast a stone?"

"If I were sure of my aim: yes! and on this

occasion I am sure." Perhaps the breath of Gordis was a little short, but otherwise he seemed as always, tranquilly watchful. "Let us," he said quietly, "review such facts in your career as I can publish authoritatively. Then you will see perhaps that your future depends upon my forbearance, or my removal to other scenes by one of Dr. Billy Rodwood's bacteriological excitements." Gordis had reached the stage where he liked to allude to anything or anyone connected with Cornelia.

The manner in which he spoke was purposely pedantic, as the cadence of his voice was measured and the style that he had chosen seemed to point the malice that played over his face. Leaning back in his chair, with eyes fixed upon the ceiling, he enjoyed the narrative, whose recital he conducted with a cruel and visible relish.

"When I acted as Castrine's secretary," he said, "you were known as a socialist, a Christian socialist. You encouraged those who throw timely sops to discontent by building churches with schools adjoining. Your idea was to attach club privileges to Christianity, constructing a godliness that is profitable to workingmen."

"I cannot admit your characterization," Mordrook replied angrily.

Gordis resumed, not heeding this interruption; his manner was very caustic, and as he said, "I was never as content in your society as was Castrine." The Englishman's eyes blazed and a faint blush stained his bald forehead. He expected everyone to pay his charm of manner the tribute of an initial, acknowledged liking, even if he became less dear as intercourse progressed. His vanity had suffered, and vanity was the key in which Mr. Mordrook found his place in the "Harmony of humanity," the title of his most lucrative lecture.

"You were jealous," he exclaimed, pulling down his waistcoat and smiling as if that idea were instant consolation.

"Six weeks ago, your conduct here justified any dislike I may have felt for you." The Jew turned up his arm so that the light fell upon the base of his hand. His wrist, seamed with red scars, bore witness to a severe and comparatively recent burn. "Do not interrupt," he said tartly, as if the sight of old sores vexed him; "listen to my story, it is yours also. Castrine made a convert of you——"

"I object," Mordrook cried loudly. "You would ruin me with such a statement."

Gordis laughed heartily at this admission.

"In theory you were a convert. You put his thoughts into good English and got them an *entrée* into educated circles. You made an infernally good impression in them yourself with your stolen thunder."

Mordrook's anger was giving place to gratified vanity once more, stimulated even by such scant praise as Gordis had just bestowed; but when he spoke of three letters which Pierre Castrine had once received, the Englishman's face clouded with a look that had in it the elements of sudden death for those whose misfortune it had been to evoke his displeasure.

Gordis met his eyes with as fierce a look as his own and they dropped suddenly. Satisfied that his submission was complete, the Jew continued:

"The first of those letters announced your intention to break with your long-eared comrades of the longer purses. You were to be a social reformer *à la* Castrine. The next intimated that you had changed your mind; and the last——" He paused to enjoy his visitor's appearance. Whitefaced, the tiny drops of sweat were organizing upon his forehead into little streams, which from time to time were duly wiped away with a scented handkerchief.

"The last," Gordis spoke, "was a mistake. It offered a good sum of money for the return of the first two. I remember the telegram Castrine sent you; do you? It was five words and the signature: 'Don't judge others by yourself. Castrine.' When he died, I took these interesting letters into my possession, and the last I hold at a very high value. There is no money I would take for it," he said decidedly, as a relieved look passed over Mordrook's face at the chance phrase, "high value."

"I had made up my mind to give you that letter, but your behavior here changed my plans."

"I find it hard to believe you," Mordrook said unwisely.

"You had better manage it—or at least say so, or you may have to suffer further inconvenience."

Gordis had risen and, having thrown away his cigar, walked to a great kneehole table in the recess of the room. He took up a bit of folded paper, saying, "This is of no consequence; it is a receipted bill for a small sum. I will use it to re-enact that little scene we had together. Your career would dramatize nicely, Mordrook."

Mordrook threw an enraged look round

the room. He was a ridiculous figure. His nature had reached its limit of angered strength, while Gordis progressed momentarily to force beyond force; the quiet malice of his face and manner growing as time flew.

"You would not believe that I had those letters without my showing them to you, so I brought them from the safe to the center-table upon which was a good deal of jeweler's cotton. I remember that it was pale blue. Can you recollect my saying that I had been buying wedding presents?"

"Gordis! a dog wouldn't stand this," Mordrook exclaimed.

"Please listen to what I say." Gordis' words were polite, but his tone was commanding. "I placed the letters upon the table and turned my eyes away to direct a servant who brought us the newspapers and mail. You then dropped a match with which you were lighting a cigar upon the jeweler's cotton, in the hope that the papers would catch fire. Your brain works well, Mr. Mordrook, but your moral equipment is faulty. Don't you think so yourself? My own part in all this was quite slight; I carried the cotton wool to safety, and it burned itself out. But it burned me horribly—*horribly*," he concluded,

with the first shrill note that his somewhat thin voice had sounded.

"As long as they are not made public, I do not care who has the letters," Mordrook replied.

Both men were, for a moment, shamefaced. The one because of his petulance, which was compelled by the memory of pain; and his visitor, because of many things. He made no attempt to disclaim the charges brought against him, but winced in contemptible silence, clearing his throat preparatory to various utterances which he subsequently deemed best to omit.

Gordis spoke, after an impressive pause. "I am going to Mrs. Burnham's this evening. If you like, we might go along together."

"Yes, I will go. You have somehow relieved my mind. You will not take immediate action?"

"I will promise nothing."

"You, too, are an Englishman; would you bring discredit on a fellow-subject in a strange country?"

"I am a Hebrew," Gordis replied shortly. He was stung by Mordrook's evident opinion that the flattery of emphasizing his nationality could teach him to forget his race. "As a

Hebrew, I have no home but Heaven," he added with a quizzical smile.

"You are droll, but I cannot believe that you would publish the letters of a frenzied man. In the first place, they really tell of nothing but excessive mental excitement."

"There's a popular prejudice against frenzy; it is only considered appropriate for poets, and, by the way, don't accuse me of blackmail or any of those things, for you might force me to worse deeds than those I contemplate now."

"I don't want you to think that I mean any disrespect to Castrine," Mordrook said, stretching out a hand for his hat, and speaking quietly. "But my talents were alone suited to public speaking." Here he rose, filling his lungs with air and standing impressively, as he did upon the lecturing stage when applauded. "My impromptu addresses were the emotions of school and college companions. I did not study, I spoke; gradually collecting those about me from whom I obtained a political start. Castrine misunderstood me; I am not a man of convictions, as he was; I am a man of ideas. As such, I must sometimes espouse seemingly conflicting theories, for I may not repeat myself, even when the reiteration be the creeds of Castrine.

Look upon this as my position, and you will see, Mr. Gordis, that I am compelled to say things with my lips that I do not believe in my heart. The unruly public is often cajoled and sometimes tricked, aye, tricked," he repeated with the orator's underarm sweep and favorite gesture, "into the acceptance of great truths. One is forced to bait them with attractive lies. I am frank about it—to individuals—but not to my audiences; it would destroy the atmosphere I have been at great pains to produce. I make no attempt to form a party."

"But you would, if you felt yourself strong enough, and if I destroyed those letters. Let me ask you one question. Are you not dependent on your lectures for an income?"

Mordrook looked at him sharply for a moment and then looked away, while Gordis fancied him about to resent this personal question very forcibly.

But a bright idea came to his visitor, and a brief expression of cheerfulness again gave place to a look of deep dismay. When Gordis next glanced at him he was stirred with pity.

"Entirely so," the Englishman answered sadly. "I cannot bear to think that you would publish the indiscretions of my youth

to blight my maturity." His voice broke, his own acting and the excitement of the situation appealed to him, bringing tears in their train. He was working for money, and at this thought his eyes shone with moisture, nor were those of Gordis quite dry.

"I shall keep your letters. I will not publish them until you are saved from starvation by the means of some lady's legacy." This jocular attempt was made to conceal a quaver in the Jew's voice, the note of sympathy that was involuntary and that he much wished to suppress. "I know how poverty pinches," Gordis added, putting on his coat.

"Poverty," he burst out suddenly, as he shot his cuffs out from his coat sleeves, "is the world's one successful mule-driver. Be thankful to it; my knowledge of it has saved you a worse scrape than beggary."

"Disgrace!" Mordrook said in a vibrant whisper—he was a good elocutionist.

"At least you call things by their names," Gordis replied lightly. "Spare me your thanks. Are you ready to start?"

The two men walked together for a few blazing blocks of Broadway. One of them had never appeared more typically Hebraic than in the glare of gas and the conflicting light of electricity. Shadrach, Meshech, or

Abednego, silhouetted against the flames of old, could not have boasted more strongly marked features than were displayed in the face of Gordis by the illuminations of the present decade. Mordrook observed this with pleasure; he believed the Semitic countenance to be without effect upon the Christian and feminine heart. The air was soft, and a light breeze coaxed idlers to linger, smoking cigarettes between Acts I and II; squads of flashy *flaneurs* stood outside the theaters that one may enter from Broadway.

"The Burnhams go to the country day after to-morrow," Gordis said rather sadly.

"And I go with them," Mordrook rejoined in open triumph, before whistling "Robin Adair" with impertinence. It must be remembered that the first line of this ballad is, "What's this dull town to me."

They were silent after this, turning for the length of the cross street into Madison Avenue. Then Gordis emerged from his dumb fury and spoke, because he believed the time had come for impersonal observation of some sort.

"I wonder if the willow at Thirty-eighth Street is in leaf yet."

"Long ago," Mordrook said contemptuously. Then he grew nervous, hoping that

the Jew would not molest him with sharp sayings upon their arrival at Cornelia's.

The windows of her home were wide open and the men paused to listen to Emily Alman, who was playing within. A sweet womanly voice sang Schumann's "Mondnacht" presently, and the tinkling of iced drink could be distinctly heard as Walcott visited each guest with a great pitcher. Quite a little audience had collected on the steps, joining in the applause that also sounded from the drawing room at the end of the song. Then the bold group broke up into shy couples when Mordrook and Gordis mounted the steps to touch the bell.

The piano lamp was the only light in the room as the men entered. The furniture wore a summer dress of gay chintz, as did the tapestried walls. Emily Alman was thoughtfully playing detached chords, apparently to familiarize her wrists with some technically desirable motion. She wore something white and her waist was accentuated with a band of clear green. Another young woman stood beside her like a shadow of her vigor and energy and youth.

"My daughter's upstairs finishing her hospital report. She will be down presently," old Mr. Burnham said from where he sat in

comfortable and cool darkness. Holding a large palm-leaf fan in his hand, he waved it out of time to the music. Gordis could just see it as it caught the light in stirring the heavy air. Harvey Rodwood rose to shake hands with the late comers, and introduce them to the singer.

"I am so glad Cornelia hasn't had the mosquito netting put over the pictures yet. She had them left till to-morrow, because we were coming to-night. Isn't it all sympathetic and lovely? Sing something soft," Emily said, gently playing the first measure of "Afton Water."

Rodwood smiled in ecstasy and leaned back in the wicker chair until it squeaked fearfully. "That sort of song tickles me immensely," he whispered very audibly, when the singer dwelt on a particularly high, but piano note. He had lately made this observation about all the music made by Emily.

"So it does me, Harvey," Mr. Burnham replied. "Such accomplished young ladies deserve much credit and good husbands."

The newcomers would have talked more gladly to Cornelia than they listened to the music of her friends, but she was diligently typewriting in the study, ostensibly working on the Overflow Hospital's monthly report of

donations. In spite of the record of "six flannel nightgowns — anonymous;" "two dozen beets—a friend;" "four bird-cages, one ash can, twelve bottles Kumyss, one screw-driver—Mrs. Smith;" she was in reality copying a letter to Jane, replying to one from the perplexed president of the "Early Birds," which ran as follows:

"DEAR MISS MCNULTY:

"You have only to indicate the character of your next book—I cannot tell you how I long to read it—for me to begin my preparation of the fallow ground destined to receive the precious seed of your thought and experience. I appreciate your permission to speak fully of my affairs, and that I may evince it without peradventure, dare to relate them in detail. One point upon which I wish to ask counsel of you is often mooted in my talks with Dr. Dupuis—my husband. How far do you think one may go in accepting material things from one's friends? I tell the following anecdote as an example of what I mean, for I think to feel one's self under obligations impossible to return in kind, when one had the option of saying a justifiable no at the outset, might become both crippling and oppressive; and give to the poor, for whom we serve as examples, a very wrong estimate of

what they may receive from organized charity.

"Two New York women are notably intimate, the one poor, the other of unusual wealth. Not long ago the mistress of riches gave a valuable mantle to her less fortunate friend. She brought it to her from Europe. She often takes her poorer crony to the best operas and frequently puts her carriage and footman at her disposal. She gives, also, very beautiful entertainments, always including her poor friend among the guests, and it is a difficult question how to entertain her in return.

"I have read your letter until I do not need to read it again. Knowing it by heart, memory preserves it for me letter-perfect. What a wonderful woman you are! I thank God for you. As long as any need for secrecy exists you are right to keep your own name. I should fear to have you so constantly in mind did I know what you are really called. Some hint of it might escape me in a moment of enthusiasm and consequent inadvertence. I am preparing larger social questions to propound to you, but I dare not trespass on your time to greater extent just now.

"I am, with much admiration and respect,

"Faithfully yours,

"JANE EVEREST DUPUIS."

To this epistle, Anne McNulty, *née* Cornelia Rodwood, replied:

"My Dear Jane Dupuis:

"I love your directness and terse, frank statement. I honor your zeal for our cause; I blush with shame for my shortcomings and glow with pride when I consider how high you have rated my excellences. ["Whew!" Cornelia exclaimed dryly, when she wrote this statement. "I am a case for the lancet. I must have an habitually febrile temperature!" Latterly she had laughed in her sleeve at all her romantic flights.] You must not speak of accepting material things from 'one's friends,' you do not do that: you accept material things from one or two dear friends, *only*, I am sure; and why should you not? The gift of a mantle brought to you from Paris, the native heath, one might say, of all that is dainty in feminine dress, presupposes loving consideration, a sisterly thoughtfulness that would be hurt by a refusal to accept the result of such kindly selection. Affectionate prompting should not be outraged by one whose 'feelings' are finer than her frocks. Giving should be the dearest privilege of the rich. Let them exercise it without let or hindrance when it is directed toward such natures as yours and mine. We cannot be

pauperized; our only dependence is on that eternal truth and justice which sustains those who labor to uplift man. Giving must be practiced by your friend, even as you practice receiving. Take, both of you, from these sweet opportunities all the lovely emotion and honeyed thought that they afford. Believe me, an account of these things will be demanded of us also in the day when we give an account of our talents. About entertaining your friend, I would say just this. If she asks you to eat more and of better food at her table than you can invite her to partake of in return at yours, be sure that the spirit of your hospitality has as much of love and delight in your guest's pleasure in it as your nature can achieve. Ask those people to meet her in whom she takes pleasure; make her the guest of most consideration; teach your husband to honor her and your friends to admire her, and you have done far more than the giving of food and drink.

"Good-by, dear friend; may I ever share with you such poor help as my advice affords.

"Yours, in so many ways,

"ANNE MCNULTY."

"At last!" Cornelia exclaimed, as she put

her letter into an envelope with typewritten address, which was again inclosed in a wrapper directed to Spees & Perry. Ringing for Walcott, she sent him to post this missive immediately, as she could not count upon a moment's peace until these effusions were well away from any incriminating proximity to the mind that devised them. She hurried to her room to examine herself in the pier-glass, and, well content with what she saw there, proceeded slowly downstairs.

Her silk and muslin skirts produced that opulent rustle conscientiously denominated "froufrou" in one type of English story; a rustle that inspires confidence in milk-hearted débutantes, or adds vigor and grace to the bearing of the most jaded matron.

"Welcome!" Cornelia cried at the threshold of her pretty room. "Now may I not hear some music? I, who have borne the burden and heat of artificial lights upstairs, when you people have been resting your eyes and expanding your emotions in this delicious darkness. I have the proofs of my review," she said in an undertone to Gordis. "I am so pleased with what you think of it."

Giving Mordrook her right hand and Gordis her left, she continued her greetings

in that fashion with Harvey and the songstress, like the "Dame's Progress" in a quadrille; but coming to Emily, she kissed her tenderly on both cheeks, turning a look upon the young Doctor that had in it the spirit of that old-time command, "England expects every man to do his duty."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MORDROOK ASKS A FAVOR, WHICH CORNELIAA GREES TO GRANT, AND THE DUPUIS AND BURNHAMS DRAW NEARER TOGETHER IN WATCHING THE PROGRESS MADE BY HARVEY IN THE MATTER OF HEART TROUBLES.

> There's a certain season, a certain song
> That—ignore it, forget it, for ever so long—
> Will come back to your heart as it used to come,
> And claim it and keep it for aye as a home.
>
> —*Clarissa Singing.*

Cornelia was really satisfied with two short songs. The enraptured listener is a minor part, and one that so great an actress as she only cared to assume for a few moments. She was eager to talk; her brain had been busy and her tongue still for some time, but when the Dupuis dropped in Emily was bidden to play for them, and the singer was encouraged to sing; and thus Mrs. Burnham's opportunity for the display of conversational talent was deferred. This vexed her, but not visibly. "Everything ought to happen as I like," she thought in annoyance. Indeed this appeared to her like a law of nature and exceptions to so benign a rule pained her. In the

guise of a crotchety enthusiast, Mordrook moved his chair near to Cornelia's, "that he might both see and hear the lovely musicians." He took a pamphlet from his pocket which he laid upon the arm of her chair, saying, "I should like you to read this. You are one of the few women I believe who could understand it."

Harvey had taken Emily into the next room and Dr. Dupuis had joined forces with the singer and old Mr. Burnham. Gordis and Jane were discussing Tammany Hall, Mordrook and Cornelia were just about to discuss each other.

"Why should I understand it, and not another?" she asked, unfurling her black gauze fan, through which one jeweled hand appeared to him like a shapely phantom.

"Because, in you, the intuitive is paramount, the perceptive is present, and——"

"You have such a vocabulary that it discourages me to talk with you."

"Practice, Mrs. Burnham, benefits everything, even a man's language. I remember how awkward I used to be, trembling on the platform, and wondering what on earth I should say next. I often wonder what I shall say next to you. The ordinary give-and-take of a metropolitan midwinter greeting seems

too insincere for your ears. Do you not feel it to be so?"

Cornelia moved her fan with her characteristically experienced air. "No," she said, "it is so usual in my ears that I do not stop to analyze it."

A pleasant unembarrassed pause fell upon them; the others were talking earnestly. Harvey's laugh was conspicuous at very short intervals, and a belated piano organ was playing negro melodies in the street.

The passion for dispensing happiness seized upon Cornelia, crystallizing into a sudden impulse. Everyone was occupied and she would be unobserved—a circumstance that she rarely desired—and the wish to make herself felt was so strong that she remained silent, lest speech make her seem absurd. But at last she managed to say with her deceptive calmness, "I would like to be in a position to forward your career, Mr. Mordrook. Situated as we are, we have no political influence; and society, in its narrow sense, cannot offer you anything but a few dinners and a few indigestions."

"Quite true!" Mordrook was silent in his turn. A scheme that had long haunted him recurred to his mind, holding out to him an almost oppressive set of golden chances

which were to be changed to actualities with no more than a little daring and a good deal of diplomacy.

"I wish I might take you at your word. You could forward my career. How much you little guess."

"You have but to tell me how," Cornelia said simply, but after this avowal had left her lips she repented of it. "Perhaps he may ask me to persuade Danny to lend him money," she thought, "and if he did I should hate him for it."

But no such request came. In the silence that again fell upon them Mordrook thought rapidly, speaking at last in a low tone, with clearness and a certain dignity that he could assume with women, if not with men.

"Perhaps you may have observed that Gordis and I are not very friendly. Let me tell you why. He was employed by Castrine——"

"I know that," Cornelia said gently. Her craving was for excitement rather than for information.

"As secretary," Mordrook continued suavely, "and I met him when my admiration for Castrine was unbounded—as it is now—but I cannot respond to his doctrines today as I did when I was younger——"

"Does Mr. Gordis still uphold his theories?"

"I cannot tell, but I hardly think he does. He has written a book explaining them that reads to me like a book denying them"—this was adroit—"somehow everyone reads Castrine now, just as everyone upbraids him, and when I led the van of demurrers I sent him a letter or letters explaining my position. Gordis fell heir to them and now wishes to publish them. They are confidential, and the idea that they might become public property tortures me. I admire the man so much that I would hate to have the public know that I differed from him in personal affairs." After a pause Mordrook spoke again. "You, Mrs. Burnham, are the only woman Clement Gordis likes or respects; if you urged him to burn those letters, I believe that he would do it. He understands you so well that he would judge you did it as my patron," here Mordrook smiled—a slow smile of anticipated enjoyment.

"I shall do it," Cornelia said without hesitation, "but in my own way, at my own time."

"You are a wonderful woman!" Mordrook exclaimed enthusiastically.

It was pleasant to have a man say to Cor-

nelia Burnham what a woman had said to Anne McNulty.

"Thank God for me!" she replied, following out Jane's letter; then she added in haste, "because I am a friend."

"Dear Mrs. Burnham——" The Englishman leaned back in his chair to think before he spoke again, then he said with an artful quiver in his warm voice—"This has been such an odd—delightfully odd—conversation, that I am going to add to it one final eccentricity. If you ask Gordis to give you those letters, he will make your promise to read them the condition of his gift, and it would pain me inexpressibly to have them read. It has been a point of pride with me to keep the whole sorrowful episode away from the ears of my nearest and dearest."

Cornelia turned her full face to him and nodded cheerfully, before saying with a certain imperiousness that suited her, "Come talk hospital with me, Dr. Dupuis——"

"Let me give you this chair." Mordrook said this, feeling himself dismissed as the Doctor crossed the shining space of flooring, made bright by the one lamp.

"You must be the one to talk hospital," he declared, "you already know so much about it. You are an excellent worker, Mrs.

Burnham, and Harvey is delighted with you."

"I am delighted with him. This winter has humanized him. I have found two things besides disease which interest him: one is a young woman, and the other is my own somewhat fitful philanthropic effort."

"He is pleased," Dupuis said, smiling; his eyes turned in an effort to penetrate the gloom in the direction of Harvey's loud laugh and Emily's gay remonstrances. Then he smiled again with a deeper pleasure and moist eyes (for who will not think kindly of love in spring?), and the possibilities of youthful happiness somehow touched the Doctor more than the presence of maturity's severest pain. He loved beauty of all sorts, and Emily's love was a work of art—partly of Cornelia's artfulness—and it was wholesouled, unconscious, and without a thought for anyone but Harvey and herself. The supreme selfishness that accompanies first love was observable in them both. When Harvey came, an adder were more obliging in the discharge of a listener's duty than was Emily, perhaps to someone whose talk she had previously heard with conspicuous pleasure. Harvey observed decorum to the extent of a few severe nods before playing out his joy at meeting, unmind-

ful of the audience who criticised, but envied also, as severest critics often do.

"It will take separation to make Harvey speak," Cornelia said. "I would give anything to separate them for a week or two. Our country place is so near that they can always manage to be there together, and Emily has *carte blanche* to come to me just as Harvey has. Actually, their uninterrupted opportunity for companionship prevents Harvey's coming to the point. Is it not perplexing?"

"I wouldn't force anything," the Doctor said wisely; "a forced growth fades the soonest. Harvey is one who speaks his mind and not another's. I love him almost as much as you do, and his life is a faultless Paradise just now. After the question has been asked and 'yes' answered there will be much devastating detail: house-hunting, and the adding up of incomes, and a painful choice of economies. Let him be happy now."

"You imply that happiness is unconscious of to-morrow. I believe that too." Cornelia gave a great sigh, that stirred the lace border of her scented fichu. "You have thought a great deal about love," she said, as if gently surprised.

"Everyone does," the Doctor replied simply.

"I hope it will end in their marriage," Cornelia said irrelevantly.

"I can see no reason why it should not."

"Nor I."

Another lamp was lighted and Walcott appeared with the supper tray. Danny appeared also and invited everyone to Berwick Farms; But Cornelia asked Gordis for the next Sunday and he accepted with an unrestrained glance at Mordrook, who continued his self-controlled scrutiny of the last number of *Life*.

Then the singer sang of love and Emily played with her own emotions on the keyboard; and the sweet sounds dovetailed with the spring mood of her town-pent audience, so that they said good-night in subdued fashion and carried away lovely melodies aching in their hearts.

Harvey put Emily into her carriage.

"Shall I give you a lift?" she said.

"No, thank you very much," he answered.

He wanted to walk in the warmth and darkness with stars far above him and the charming feeling that was left from boyhood near at hand, the sense that holidays and happiness come with summer. He was thinking of bright hair and a hand that clasped his with the strength of a man's greeting and a softness that he had never found in man. He

dreamed of perpetual health, of love and laughter, of Emily and Harvey—more particularly of Harvey, for thus are the best men egoists, even when they swear they think of no one but you, Madam, or you, immature Miss, who perhaps believes them. When the carriage was gone he was sorry. "Mercy! I shan't see her until to-morrow," he thought sadly. Like the healthy soul his love had made him, he went straightway to his rooms and shortened the night with sound sleep. But in the morning he woke with one of last evening's songs upon his lips.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH CORNELIA ALTERS THE COURSE OF EVENTS, FINDING PLEASURE IN A COUNTRY LIFE WITH TOWN COMPANIONS.

> The wind's wide sweep and the sun's strong glare,
> The scent of white blossoms that floats in the air,
> The song of gay birds—who demand no fee
> For the wonderful tunes they sing for me—
> The shining fish in the rushing stream
> Make winter hours seem summer's dream.
>
> —*Boskage No. 2.*

The drive at Berwick Farms presented a curious appearance at twelve o'clock on the day but one after Cornelia's last urban assembly of friends. Ten blanketed horses, with Minnie, Thistle, Jamie Boy, Godspeed, Gin, Clysmic, and other names embroidered on their blankets, led a procession otherwise comprising two furniture vans, one omnibus filled with servants, and a pony phaeton in which Cornelia drove old Mr. Burnham and four handbags. On every side the earliest revelation of country green delighted them, while the kitchen garden showed promising sprouts protruding above the brown mold. A lake glittered near at hand, and presently a

brace of dripping dogs fled homeward from its shores, trying, in their hunger for a master's love, to leap into Cornelia's tidy trap. Old Mr. Burnham at once alighted, and fell to throwing sticks for their pleasure, the first act in his summer enslavement to Pet and Pest, two collies for whom his fondness had become a byword.

Cornelia drove on dreamily. This new and rural dispensation, momentarily erasing the pictures of Dupuis and Gordis, displayed before her mind's eye an introspective tableau of little Cornelia whom Harvey teased. The death of a puppy aforetime smote her with the same sadness she had suffered in that period of pigtail and abbreviated petticoat; a shrewd wind—winter's postscript to the first message of spring—made her shiver as she turned the corner and gained the *porte cochère* in a mood of sudden, inexplicable depression.

Luncheon was not yet due, and she moved from room to room with an undefined desire to find fault, almost disappointed to discover the curtains all hung and chairs and tables in their places. A great bowl of daffodils on the desk in her sitting room gave her a start of surprise, as the world seemed gay again; the servants liked her well enough to do little extra things for her, and the pleasure

she derived from them was quite disproportionate to the little labor expended by maids who knew when they were in good hands. Their mistress had momentarily forgotten that the slight woman, Cornelia Burnham by name, in a traveler's robe of unassuming black, was, in reality, Anne McNulty, whose pastime was the molding of men's destinies and the manufacture of cheery futures for industrial womankind.

She drew many parcels of letters from one handbag, together with loose papers and scribblers' what not, transferring them to the desk before turning the key in a firm lock and feeling relieved when the change had been made. She thought the country beautiful but very dull, like a successful débutante; her mind turned suddenly to town pleasures, for the arrival at Berwick Farms had no excitement in it for her. The smooth green surrounding the house was her usual springtide experience, as were the gayly papered walls and tiger skins within doors. Restless, she went upstairs to her bedroom to don a short skirt and "sporting jacket." It was in this guise that old Mr. Burnham loved to see her—and he was the only man at hand to be pleased. She found him in the garden, his town sarcasm and good-humored indiffer-

ence lain aside as he fastened peach trees to a wall with nails and strips of leather. The sun's warmth rejoiced him as it did the budding sprouts. The exercise of paternal care upon his own vine and fig tree was an exhilaration, so that he appeared benignly foolish to Cornelia, who tolerated him as one tolerates a child overstimulated with pleasures. He had exchanged his conventional head-covering for a wide-brimmed straw hat, and his old-gentlemanly frock coat for a blue cloth pilot jacket. Laughing gently as he drove in the nails, he talked to Cornelia of his enjoyment.

"There's a lot of Eden's garden left in the world," he said. "Look at this place of ours and deny it, if you can. The birds in that maple have five fledglings already, and there are fourteen calves in one field and six colts since this time last year. I think I'll have to send our milk to your hospital, Cornelia. They don't know how to use it all down here."

"I wish you would," Cornelia exclaimed. "I'll write to Dr. Dupuis to-day about it."

"It's nice to think that you and Danny will live on here when I'm gone," the old man continued. "I only wish I could foretell those who'll come after you again. It's a beautiful spot here, and I hope to see it grow

still more so before you lay my body to rest in Berwick soil. You're such a good wife, Cornelia; Danny is so proud of you. And he's a dear, nice fellow; a perfect gentleman every way, polite and merry and open-hearted. He's a great addition to any gathering, and I always predicted social success for him ever since his mother got me to go fetch him from the dancing school. He was at his ease with more than a million little girls who danced and chatted better than their mas. You and he are a polished pair, daughter. Aint his knowledge of people phenomenal? He has an anecdote for every name that comes up in conversation."

"But they're not—all true," Cornelia was about to say, but she substituted, "at all ill-natured."

"No," Daniel's proud father replied, "he is unusually kind. What are you going to do with yourself this summer, Cornelia?"

"I think I'll go abroad with you and Danny in the end of July, and until then I mean to study English literature and have people come down for Sundays. Mr. Mordrook and Jane and Mr. Gordis are coming for this Sunday, and the Almans, and perhaps the two boys."

"Aint you going to ride any?"

"Every morning, rain or shine."

The old man looked pleased, continuing to talk of many things, especially Harvey and Emily, until Walcott appeared with good tidings of luncheon spread in the veranda. It was a wholesome country meal to which Mr. Burnham sat down in the pilot jacket and agrarian headcovering, but with clean hands, drinking his own milk and eating his own cheese, lettuce, and hothouse asparagus very critically, with much hardly suppressed pride.

"Tell Dupuis to take the noon train on Saturday, so's he can take in the dairy that evening. He can telegraph what train to meet, if he can't make that one."

Cornelia responded gayly; she was well pleased at the prospect of his early arrival. Since a little distance had sundered her from her companions in city life, she had apprehended Dr. Dupuis' absence with much pain. Her talks with him had been more informal than those with other men—except perhaps Gordis—for after he had advised Danny or the old gentleman in one of their heavy colds he had made his way to Cornelia's study, and had there explained interesting items in medical or social science. In the outlook of country life she felt the Doctor's responsibilities far removed, and certain talks in last winter's rush amplified into discussions in their prospective leisure.

"I think the Doctor is *such* a dear!" she said sentimentally.

"He's the salt of the earth," Mr. Burnham answered quickly. "I've remembered him in my will; it's only a trifle, but will please him, I think."

Walcott interrupted them to say that Mr. Daniel had telephoned from town that Mr. Gordis would spend that night at Berwick Farms, arriving on the first afternoon train. Mr. Daniel could not come until later.

"Will you take him to drive or shall I?" Cornelia inquired rather shyly.

"My dear," Mr. Burnham replied, sniffing at the butter—which he knew to be perfect and therefore always challenged—"I am going to transplant tomato vines."

Cornelia rose from the table and ordered her phaeton and ponies at four o'clock, then she kissed "Grandpa" and tied a handkerchief round his neck to protect it from the sun. Having performed all the domestic duties of which she could think, she again went to her bedroom, where Alice was unpacking a basket trunk.

Lying on her lounge in a flood of sunshine, Cornelia was seized with a desire to know more about her silent, efficient handmaid, who was not one of those smiling servitresses

who promote conversation with their own tactful effort. Taciturn by nature, experience as well as instinct had taught her silence—which is one of the higher branches in the school of life.

"Do you like the country, Alice?" she asked idly.

"Not much, ma'am. I miss my church—"

"What church is it?"

"St. Cecilia's."

This was one of the "high" churches. Mention of it pleased Cornelia, whose sympathies went out to high churches, although she never said so, because Mr. Burnham considered them indecent. He had never seen one, but his imagination was strong, and it had much to feed upon in the accounts of inartistic censors. Adulterated food and "high church," were conversational specialties with Mr. Burnham.

"You can go to town every other Saturday and come back Sunday afternoon, if you care to," Cornelia said, anxious to be alone that she might plan her interview with Gordis. She was pledged to ask for Mordrook's letters, and now that she was, so to speak, on the brink of this demand, she hesitated and was afraid.

Her maid's eyes shone with gratitude. She

turned to look at her mistress, as, kneeling before the trunk, she took from it piles of exquisitely fragrant linen. "There never was such a heart for kindness as yours," she said.

This compliment seemed to sanction Cornelia's coming dealings with Gordis; she was going to be kind. At first she had felt she was going to be interfering, but Alice had cleared her mind on this point; she was going to be kind. "I want to be kind this afternoon," she said, taking Alice into her confidence with a rush. "I want to ask a favor from Mr. Gordis—for someone else, of course. Now, Alice, what is the most becoming thing I can wear to drive with him?"

Alice vouchsafed no verbal reply, but left the room with a look that had in it the gratified brightness of one who acts under an inspiration. She returned with a dress of violet cloth, and laid it with a simple gesture of triumph upon Cornelia's chintz-covered bed.

"I like that dress," Mrs. Burnham said slowly. "Alice, I am too fond of beautiful dresses."

"It is right to love beauty in all things; why else should we dress shrines and embroider vestments?"

"I didn't know we did," Cornelia said under her breath, but it comforted her to be

upheld by some show of argument in predilections and actions that were instinctive and unconquerable. She tried to picture herself with Gordis, constructing phrases with which to gain those letters she had impulsively promised to obtain. "What reason shall I give for wanting them?" she thought. And then an idea came to her with the force of a blow. She looked out again over the innocent green of the spring landscape; the lake was bluer than the eyes of the traditionally pure maiden of knightly romance, the sky was like it, the calves skipped in the orchard and the first blossoming trees stood out against more pure azure like the painted fancy of a Japanese artist.

"Alice!" Cornelia cried, "where there's a will, there's a way."

"Yes. But some ways are past finding out. We pray for a thing and there seems no way to get it and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the way's opened unto us. I prayed to get to church during the summer, and God grants my prayer through an unexpected permission from you."

"Don't! I don't like to feel myself Heaven's mouthpiece." But when Mrs. Burnham said this she told what was far from true. The simple scheme that matured viv-

idly in her restless brain seemed to receive sanction in what Alice had just said. She felt romantically about herself, pausing in an ecstasy of self-worship to wonder if many women plotted and planned for man's happiness as she toiled for it with pen and brain. She felt bound to perform great deeds and to bestow joy where, overnight, doubt had clouded the future's outlook, as in the case of Mr. Mordrook.

"Alice," she said, "I have been wanting to give money to St. Cecilia's for some time. I will give you ten dollars to present to the church without my name, and I shall feel annoyed if you mention the gift, especially in my own household——"

"Mrs. Burnham!" the devotee exclaimed in a choked whisper, while from each eye a tear descended, to be whisked away lest it do damage to the violet frock. Alice left the room to steady herself, while Cornelia stood before her mirror and said in a tone of deepest conviction, "The country is not dull unless one's self is!"

She was soon dressed for the drive. Violet pansies caressed her hair with velvet petals and the violet cloth clung unwrinkled to her supple figure. Her scheme was mature; and, as she pulled on the white gauntlets she wore

to drive her ponies, a great pity disturbed her rejoicing heart. This pang was for Jane Dupuis, who played out her humble rôle in life's drama without the constant change of setting and the rich staging that made it good to be alive and before the public. She drove away with the conviction that life had taken a fresh start in her pulses, that a new vigor had come to her; the pity had passed and Cornelia was again paramount in her own consciousness, and therefore happy.

Her scheme had the daring and the simplicity of most successful stratagems. She could worry the letters from Gordis with the winged words that women use to accomplish their ends, words that seem to fly away in the general lightness of Beauty's conversation, but which, returning, hammer at memory's portal for admittance to the mind. Then, when these dangerous, damaging letters were out of harm's way—as they would be when securely locked in Mrs. Burnham's writing-desk—she would drop one of her pretty notes to Gordis, saying that they were being forwarded in a packet with the aforesaid note and to the address its envelope displayed. Then the post-office people would have trouble and a chance acquaintance with the

ingenious invective of Mr. Gordis, while Mordrook would rejoice that his possible bad reputation had been lost in the mail. Cornelia had but to say to him that Mr. Gordis had promised nothing unless she consented to look at the letters, and later on she might tell him of their loss. An excited flush settled in her cheeks at the thought of fine scenes with both gentlemen. The dramatic situations in even conventional intercourse overwhelmed her with their possibilities.

In taking up her place at the edge of the platform she executed a somewhat boastfully clever turn with the pale ponies—called respectively Gin and Clysmic, from the light-colored appearance they presented—awaiting the arrival of the train with a heart that beat unmercifully. She cleared her throat once or twice to see if her voice were still with her, before the shriek of an advancing engine was heard far away in the valley, when the groom sprang to the horses' heads.

Numbers of farmers, with carpet bags or their wives' many commissions wrapped in brown paper, stepped from the train; and presently Gordis, in blue serge, plaid waistcoat, and with a fine valise, came toward Mrs. Burnham gayly. He gave the impression she disliked, and bore himself as the best-dressed

child at a party, with consciousness and apparent pride.

"You are behind the times," she said, "but no less welcome because the train is late. Do you feel equal to a drive?"

"It's what your husband promised me if I made this early train."

"What news?" Cornelia inquired, as she left the groom to attend to Mr. Gordis' luggage and started up the main street of Berwick Farms proper.

"But you only left town this morning. You brought the news with you."

"True! I am so glad to have you here, but I think you should be told that Mr. Mordrook is to be of our party over Sunday."

"I knew that when you invited me to come. We have no ladies' parlor feud on, we meet each other and exchange a word like other men, and I confess I am less careful about not inflicting myself upon him than I used to be. I think I keep him in order."

"Will you let me say a frankly distrustful thing to you?" Cornelia inquired, flicking Clysmic undeservedly with her whip-lash.

"I will," Gordis replied, drinking in the spring air and feasting with town-bred greed on the stretches of green and the sky line, un-

broken by apartment houses or gas tanks or other urban deformities.

"You know something that is derogatory to Mr. Mordrook, and you know that I cannot, as a just dispenser of hospitality, exclude him from my house on unspecified charges; and yet, in not telling me what is amiss with him, you cause me to conjecture all sorts of things about a guest whom I feel myself bound to receive warmly until definite word reaches me that he is to be shunned. You call yourself my friend: are you? You do not seem to be even his enemy; that is, in a whole-souled, efficient way."

"I could show you some letters that would light up Mordrook's nature rather considerably. I would be glad to have you see them."

"Since you do not show them I am bound to believe that they are worse in your opinion than they would be in mine. You want me to think ill of Mordrook; now why?"

She turned her eyes full upon him and their excited gaze troubled him.

"I will show you the letters, Mrs. Burnham, but you have really been a little rude. Perhaps another man would not tell you this so frankly."

"You have been frank to me in everything

but this about Mordrook," she said. "Have you the letters here?"

"No," he replied, laughing, "I will send them to you. I do not carry incontestable proofs of a fellow-guest's villainy upon my person, like the plot-culminating guardian of the melodrama."

Cornelia was silent. The lights softened and calm evening stole upon them as they drove through the pungent fragrance of spring verdure. Then she set herself to woo Gordis with her most powerful wiles. Seeming weary, she let him drive, and finding her for once docile, he began chiding her for too full a town life. She acknowledged sins of over-occupation, hurried days, and abbreviated nights of troubled rest. "If I might care for you!" was a wish plainly written in his earnest face.

Mrs. Burnham read it there, storing it in her memory to quote on dull days when Danny was at hand and no consolatory company, reciting his social triumphs and ignoring his mistakes.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THERE IS A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS UPON AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART AND CORNELIA AMENDS HER PLOT, PURSUING MANY SCHEMES OF WHICH HER GUESTS ARE OBLIVIOUS.

False Spring! You throw your semblance o'er the things
That hurt us most when summer's flowers fall.
Do you not feel the everlasting stings
That in your months could scarcely smart at all?
My heart is fain to love again, but my spring mood's beyond recall.

—*After the Quarrel.*

Cornelia and Gordis had newcomers to greet in the gay hall, where Jane was making tea with a fuss evoked by the elegance of her host's tea service. The old gentleman greeted everyone with a hospitable delight, relapsing into fatigued silence immediately, as his efforts with the tomato vines had been disproportionate to his strength. Danny, in rural checks and baggy knee-breeches that he regarded as the hall marks of a lord of the soil, chattered loudly of a landed man's responsibilities, and his wife

stiffened with disgust at his excessive gestures and light-headed conceit. With a cordial quiet that he appreciated but could not imitate, Cornelia made their guests welcome with glances and hand-clasps, rather than the crowded expressions of gratification to which poor Danny always resorted. Mordrook stood with his back to the fire in one of his fortunate parlor poses. These were always effective, if somewhat studied, and old Mr. Burnham gazed on him with pride; as he used to gaze on his mahogany belongings arm in arm with his wife; or as he devoured—with his eyes—the first good pictures he had bought.

Cornelia seated herself by Dr. Dupuis and talked with him, automatically sipping tea and congratulating herself upon her manipulation of the affairs of Mordrook. She felt a little ashamed of something as her eyes rested on the Doctor's straight profile or dark kindly eyes, but she made no effort to discover what caused the sudden flushing of her calm face. Perhaps it was a general shame produced by the sudden conviction that she was someone's inferior. Many people felt it as they talked with Dupuis, though it rarely antagonized anyone. Cornelia analyzed her friends; to her own feelings she gave comparatively little thought.

"These sudden ideas will give me heart disease," she said aloud; and indeed her mind continued to move in the groove of Mordrook's emancipation to such an extent that she suddenly thought it would be easier if his letters were lost in their transit from Gordis' to her own hands rather than on their return trip. "In that case I won't have to say anything at all about having read them," she thought, but to the Doctor she added with an amused laugh, "I am a pretty bright woman —by fits and starts!"

"You are a mighty sweet one," he replied with conviction. "Of whom are you thinking now?"

"Terebella!"

"She is looking forward to the autumn, when she says you're to spend an hour with her in evening dress. How came you to think of doing that? It pleased her tremendously."

"I don't quite remember. I think she asked me to. I have to go up to town Tuesday for the Overflow Committee, and if I have time I'll run in on her after luncheon."

"Perhaps I shall see you. I usually go to see her once a week, and generally Tuesday. It is wonderful that she still lives, if one may call it living."

"Do you think Jane would give me luncheon on Tuesday?"

"I know she would, gladly; come and see."

"Jane," Cornelia inquired, her voice hardening a little as she addressed the Doctor's wife, "may I lunch with you on Tuesday?"

"Of course, my dear! I'd love to have you any day."

Diversion was just then caused by the appearance on the drive of a station hack, from which Harvey and Billy Rodwood alighted. They seemed more unlikely brothers for Cornelia than the other—unrelated—men in her presence. Their straight backs, and the effect they gave of being long-waisted short men, belied their close kinship to slight and shapely Mrs. Burnham. Harvey had not entered Cornelia's house in a spirit of criticism for some time, but Billy had arrived in his old-time capacity of censor.

"I never come here that you are not eating or drinking," he said.

"You must eat and drink too," she answered pleasantly. "You're cross, which means you're hungry also."

"That's a rather sensible conclusion for you to come to!" he exclaimed. "Your mind has developed, and I congratulate you."

"She can do better than that under stim-

ulating associations," Harvey said kindly, declining tea with his professional contempt for it.

"You don't drink before witnesses, do you?" Cornelia asked sweetly.

"And now our party is complete," Danny cried, assuming his automatic enthusiasm as Mrs. Alman and Emily alighted from the Burnham station wagon. "I looked for you on our train," he cried, rushing to fling open the glass doors; wringing their hands, removing their wraps, and directing the disposition of their hand baggage with the frenzy of a professed railroad porter.

"Don't exert yourself, you'll break a blood vessel," Mrs. Alman said dryly. "I never knew such kindness," she added in haste, mindful, happily, that she had golden opinions to lose, as Cornelia kissed her with mingled warmth and deference.

"You're a charming woman," she said, "and your summer surroundings suit you perfectly. Alas! I see Emily looking at your piano. Dr. Rodwood! Isn't a fixed idea a sure passport to the lunatic asylum? Emily puts a piano above parents; don't you, dearie?" She concluded suddenly with a sugary epithet that menaced her daughter's gravity, as endearments fell

seldom from the caustic tongue of Mrs. Alman. Emily accepted the situation in the humorous spirit that had made her mistress of so many, thankful that her mother wished to prove herself a doting parent and sweet-natured matron. This change of character—for use in public only—was a source of rejoicing, and color changed the girl's face with an evanescent pink that made Harvey's heart leap as he perceived his nearness to have caused it. He kept her strong fingers a little longer than was reasonable when she gave him her hand, and he sought her eyes with his own, more directly than was quite fair when others were watching to see how their meeting prospered.

Mrs. Alman created an immediate sensation by teasing Jane about the ingratitude of the poor, and Cornelia sat at hand smiling, while both ladies quoted Anne McNulty. Mordrook began to lay siege to Emily; and Billy, Harvey, and Dupuis simultaneously withdrew to the far end of the hall, where Billy put his feet on the head of a white bear that sprawled as a rug over the stone floor. Lighting his pipe, he smoked for a while with his body half out of the window, whence the air came chilly. Two birds were singing love songs in a bush near by, their insistent phrases sug-

gesting them to one's mind as rivals for some coy hen. The three men sat in an unrestrained silence in which perfected friendship spoke plainly, and finally Billy, holding his pipe away from his lips, upon which a really tender smile appeared, looked at Dupuis and then at his brother, when the smile became broader and suggestive of fraternal banter.

"What's the matter with you?" Harvey inquired consciously.

"Oh, *I'm* quite right, thank you; *my* heart's action's first-rate."

"I too enjoy health," Dupuis volunteered slyly.

"You are dead wrong," Harvey said with timidity, after a moment's silence. "Asking pardon of Dupuis, I am obliged to state that I think too badly of matrimony to fetter any woman with it. I admire Miss Alman exceedingly, but——"

"Does she think marriage a failure?" Dupuis asked. "She looks too wholesome for any such nonsense."

"I never asked her."

"There's where you wrong her," Billy exclaimed. "You've been touched by her, you're in love with her. She knows it, and I think she is glad of it. You ought not to act or re-

frain from action, without knowledge of her will on these points. There's a development and educational side to marriage; it is normal and therefore commendable, and it wouldn't hurt you a bit to combine the higher social instincts with scientific activity; would it, Dupuis?"

"You'll be the death of me, Billy Rodwood!" Dr. Dupuis said, laughing; "and I'll just tell you something. If Harvey, or any man, has the real thing, it will force upon him the conditions most favorable to its growth. We ought not to talk to him about it, and if you'd had more human experience, you two encyclopedias would never broach this particular type of cardiac disorder in the presence of a third person. I like you, boys, but when you two talk about higher social instincts, you fill me with a desire to knock your heads together. Harvey may think marriage a mistake, but wait until he watches another man wooing the woman he wants for himself. Then he'll think his own marriage is the one thing needed by the race, consistent with science, and demanded by God!"

"I hadn't thought of that," Harvey said meekly.

"You ass!" Dupuis cried with a burst of laughter. "Strong men marry quite as often

because they have a rival as because they want a wife!"

"That's some damned epigram," Billy announced. "I envy you your general reading, Doctor."

Harvey looked toward the fireplace. Emily's intelligent face was animated with respectful interest, while Mordrook discoursed fluently, using beautiful words and our much-neglected subjunctive. The young doctor looked again, himself the object of Dupuis' amused observation, "I think I'd better get busy," he said, as he sometimes did in the clinic, before moving toward the chimney-piece with a deliberation that was assumed.

"My sister wants me to show you the terrace and the stable before you take your things off. Do you care to see them?"

"Yes, greatly. Will you come, Mr. Mordrook?"

"No, thank you. I am going to my room for forty winks, if Mrs. Burnham permit it."

Old Mr. Burnham confessed a similar intention, as did Mrs. Alman and Cornelia; but Jane, who, in her capacity as watcher over everyone, neither slumbered nor slept, merely ascended the stairs with her hostess, because she would have been alone had she remained

in the hall. They saw that Mrs. Alman had every comfort before adjourning to Cornelia's sitting room to lay aside the violet cloth frock which had been openly admired. A curious ostentation beset Cornelia in Jane's company which never troubled her with other companions. She always wore her most trimmed peignoir, if Jane were staying in the house, and she laid her jewels on the dressing table with greater indifference, if Jane were at hand to mark her sated carelessness of such splendors. Posing was her pastime, and Jane usually called forth her best postures.

"Well, dear friend," Jane began, "I have been counting on country quiet to clarify all the thoughts I want to put in words. I am going to try my hand at serious fiction this summer. Anne McNulty has inspired me. Coming down in the train to-day, Mr. Mordrook was talking to me of the increasing sale and influence of the 'World's Woe.' He evidently knows who Miss McNulty is. It took a decided exertion of my better nature not to receive the confidence I saw that he was ready to make."

"How noble you are!" Cornelia said cordially. "I suppose I must not woo the information from Mordrook and then inform you. Most women would," she added, and having

said this she felt as noble-minded as her companion.

When Jane went away on a renewed plea of letters to write, Mrs. Burnham rang for Alice and sent her to Mordrook's room with the request that he be in the hall at a quarter after seven for a little half-hour's chat before dinner. Then she dressed without her maid, feeling further need for unobserved reflection.

When Cornelia was ready Mordrook was playing tinkling tunes on the piano, two or three lamps were lighted in the hall, while the daylight still lingered on the floor space before the great windows. She was a bewildering sight as she came down the broad stairs in the crosslights of day and of the chandelier on the stairs' landing; the deep black she wore so often lent her a romance of its own mysterious character. Her sweet face betrayed no secret fault of mind, and her brow had the nobility one associates with thoughtfulness.

"You are before me," she said.

"I am ever impatient to be with you——"

"Keep your tune going," she commanded; "it makes our talk seem incidental."

"You have brain as well as heart," he replied, to a sentimental cadence.

"I have accomplished what I promised to

perform. I am not at liberty to give details, but you are free——"

"If you tell me so, I must believe you and rejoice," he answered with a marked effort of disbelief to which Mrs. Burnham gave no heed.

"Tell me"—she commanded again—"what do you know of Anne McNulty?"

"Nothing. I surmise."

Just then Cornelia heard someone tapping on the pane of the French window, and, looking toward it, saw Emily and Harvey rapping for admittance in a gale of laughter.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH CIRCUMSTANCES COERCE CORNELIA.

There's never a plan that we made with care,
But some hidden chance didn't lay it bare;
There's never a secret we buried deep
But burst to our lips in caution's sleep.
—*Les Surprises.*

Before the birds had finished their morning hour practice in singing Cornelia was awakened by the station wagon which was to convey Harvey and Dupuis, Gordis and Mordrook to a day of labor. "It is to-morrow," she thought, closing her eyes to court a last nap that should refresh her for what might befall her schemes. Alice came in, but her mistress did not wish to waste herself upon her women guests. She heard their skirts rustle in the hall and their voices descend the stairs *diminuendo*, with pretty salutations and comments on the glorious day whose wind was like wine, and whose sun was a panacea.

"My head aches so, Alice; just say I'm not fit to come to breakfast, and bring me something up here."

Upon her maid's return Mrs. Burnham was

fresh and smiling, loosely dressed in a robe appropriate to luxurious invalidism, and she had the morning's mail in her hand, having run downstairs unobserved to snatch it from the stable boy, whose approach she saw from her window. She ate heartily and caught—with a keen sense of amusement—the voices of her guests courteously lowered as they passed beneath her bedroom, convoyed to a sun bath on the terrace by Danny and his father, who carried their wraps and books and sewing. Jane was not with them, as her hostess observed from behind a curtain.

She withdrew into her sitting room, satisfied by the symptoms above recorded that all her guests but Jane were to spend the morning in the open air. "I shall be alone," she exclaimed in a tone of thanksgiving, but there came a light rap at her door and her brother Billy entered without waiting for a word of reply.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I believed you in bed, and this room unoccupied."

She shook her head as one whose sufferings led her to dispense with words, and a look of pain crept through her face which gave evidence of her abilities as an actress. "I just wanted to be alone for a little while, but I am glad you came."

But Billy—having seen the contraction of his sister's speaking countenance—had already escaped, closing the door softly behind him. There was no reason for Cornelia's solitude except a desire to be free of all the women in the house, who prevented her musing upon how she should deal with the men. Mordrook's look of disbelief hurt her more to-day in retrospect than when it had fallen upon her, as she sat, conscious of her charm and its power, in the many lights of the great hall below. She remembered it, which was humbling, for she had planned to forget it. Upon Gordis and Dupuis she mused with equal tenderness, but Dupuis appealed to her taste. She thought of his wife and laughed; of herself, and tears fought their way to the rims of her deep eyes, where they were absorbed in a crisp handkerchief. The morning passed for her without much variety in its gorgeous hours. The effort of moving from town to country rendered her languid; her brain rebelled from further plotting. She believed that Gordis would post the packet, as it was improbable that he would spend two successive nights in the country, on account of the *Moderator*, upon which he spent most of his evenings, in one capacity or another.

Danny went to town at about a quarter to

ten, but he satisfied himself as to her condition by means of inquiries rather than a personal interview. His business was lunching with prominent men. It made him seem busy to say, " I lunched to-day with So-and-so and he is full of this or that," and that he might catch the men of affairs, whom he subsequently quoted, he kept an office in a very tall building in which old Mr. Burnham's former partner carried on the button trade.

As the day grew warmer Cornelia decided that she was much too ill to lunch downstairs. Jane came in once to see her, tiptoing with great pains, but her dear friend contracted her brow with an expression of discomfort and closed her eyes as if asleep, so that her visitor departed with gratitude that she had not waked the sufferer. After a hearty luncheon and a nap that was real, Cornelia, dressed in a fresh cotton frock, descended the stairs as the men returned tired from town.

The women kissed her, and everyone seemed to have suffered alarm at the official bulletins of her condition proffered the public by Billy and Jane. Her brother was kindness itself, giving her a white powder as a cure for the headache which she pronounced better, but not yet gone. Shortly after swallowing his prescription her hands grew very cold, and

the evening was spent by Harvey and his brother in wrangling as to whether it is wise to give drugs to a patient whose recovery is almost accomplished by unaided nature. Old Mr. Burnham was tender and concerned about her illness, but still more about the remedy she had been induced to swallow, while Danny fussed about her with a shawl and accounts of what various men and women said they did for a headache. Mrs. Alman sat reading a French biography, while Emily played softly in response to a general request.

Jane, in one of her abstracted moments, wound a bit of twine about her fingers and fed the dogs, neglecting her own opportunities for nutrition. The afternoon mail arrived without bringing Cornelia the packet, and presently Danny called over the stairs to his father as he made his way to his room, "Gordis wants to beat you at checkers to-night. He is taking a night off on purpose to defeat you. He'll be a moment late for dinner, I'm afraid."

Cornelia was vexed. She wanted that packet lost in the mail at once, and the idea that it was to be brought to her by hand gave rise to the other idea that its owner might expect its return in the same manner.

"Headaches," she said to Emily, "are as

great a blessing as they are a bore. A skillfully managed headache may avert catastrophe, alter destiny, and——"

"I can't see any advantage in yours," Emily said pityingly, laying her warm hand over Cornelia's cold one. "You are too dear and sweet—always looking on the bright side."

"This particular indisposition shows me how kind my friends are!" Cornelia said simply.

Everyone was charmed with this speech, and its author—stimulated by the approval of her friends to fresh schemes—slipped into a chair at Jane's side and asked her to spend those days at Berwick Farms in which the letter from Anne McNulty would in all probability be received. Mrs. Dupuis accepted without delay, while her hostess smiled softly at her success.

Gordis experienced a moment of positive repulsion as he drove up to the Burnhams' door. The night had settled down warm and clear, and windows and doors were all open. Tree-toads were audible and the stars were glorious in a blue night sky; also a strolling breeze passed by with a sly caress. But the Jew looked out of the night into Cornelia's home with the feeling that what he found there

might serve as the illustration for a frivolous joke in a society paper. The solemnity of Semitic history rolled over him in a flood, the indestructibility of his dominant race challenged Mrs. Burnham's perfect gown and daintily reflective pose. The sufferings of ages, the triumph of a people long oppressed, turned Gordis, with reflections of a mercilessly cynic flavor, to the contemplation of Cornelia's flunkies and the best brand of *jeune fille* in conjunction with the only perfect make of piano. Such luxury was evanescent; he seemed to see it through the dust and murk of metropolitan needs. The real things of life were death, and debt, and disease, labor and, alas! love. As he stood outside the Burnham's circle he hated himself that he was not as they were, born to friendships that it had taken him busy years to acquire. He had spent sleepless nights over tiny debts that would be but an item in their expenditure, and bills meant no more to these few children of fair fortune than the first of the month. Ambition was a meaningless noun to them, or, at most, part of the equipment of poor men, something that spurs them to riches. To Gordis it was a spur that made toil unremitting.

His bad impressions passed at Cornelia's first word of greeting, and he exerted himself

to atone for them by amusing everyone with his best conversation, playing checkers diligently with his aged host, and telling quaint stories of contributors to the *Moderator*. Dr. Dupuis had not returned, but Cornelia scarcely missed him; she sat detached in restful silence, listening to Emily's music and reading the evening papers. Dinner would have passed dully but for Danny and Gordis—who told other people's adventures, while his entertainer spoke of his own; and as soon as the coffee had been swallowed the two Doctors took Emily to walk on the terrace. The electric light in the *porte cochère* lantern showed them as they passed slowly in the fragrant springtide darkness, youth in their earnest voices and firm steps.

They did not stay out very long, probably because Billy could not be induced to come in alone.

The country had made Mrs. Alman drowsy, and to everyone's surprise she went first to her room. Then old Mr. Burnham, flushed with victory, decided to stop his game to write letters, when everyone but Cornelia and Gordis followed Danny to the billiard room, whence came the click of colliding balls and derisive laughter following wild shots.

"I thought Mordrook expected to return

to-night," Gordis observed, dragging a chair to the chimney-piece, where Cornelia sat smiling, as if no excitement threatened her restfulness and calm.

"I don't believe he was asked to. He is coming to-morrow or next day perhaps, or when he likes. That is the only way to ask people to the country."

"Am I asked in that way?"

"Certainly," she replied, a little annoyed at his directness.

"Yours is a very pleasant house to come to in any way, I fancy. Even your servants seem satisfied, and that is unusual in a house where there is much entertaining."

Cornelia was silent. She wondered if he would introduce Mordrook as a conversational topic without encouragement from her; or if he would never allude to him again, ignoring his promise of the packet. It was a promise gained with so little effort on her part that she could not but feel it would be lightly dealt with on his. "What have you been doing all day?" she asked.

"I was rushed. I had to see three gentlemen with white stovepipe hats and wheat interests in Minnesota about agricultural laborers, foreign and domestic; then I had to chase up someone to do a novelty feature for our

September issue—some article unlike any other; and then I had to buy my office boy an umbrella because I first borrowed and then broke his, which I had given him at Christmas. Then I had to catch the train for Berwick Farms——"

"You do not mention lunch," she said, remembering how important this meal was in the business routine of Danny.

"I didn't have luncheon to-day. I don't eat much in warm weather."

"Who is going to write the novelty feature?"

"Perhaps Mordrook," he said unwillingly, adding very quickly, "or an obdurate, but amusing, college professor who values a vacation more than fame."

"I think you lead an interesting life."

"It would be interesting if so many people weren't so anxious to lead it for me."

"Interference?"

"Not quite. But a continued, concerted attempt to oust me. Every man in active life feels it. It is called competition, and is pronounced stimulating."

"We women know nothing of it."

"Then you are perfect loves—and quite blind."

He leaned back in his chair and spoke softly

to himself as much as to her. "You are quite ideal—in surroundings and in nature. Your luxury and your placidity are both beautiful. I should hate to see you interested in men's affairs like"—he was going to say, like Mrs. Dupuis, but saved himself with the lame substitute "like some women." "I like to see you impersonal, abstracted to everyone but those who are fit companions for you. The Mordrooks and Gordises of this workaday world should be known to you only by hearsay, and it would be better for them if they only dreamed of such women as you. It is unsettling to find dream women in a world of working men."

He had never taken this tone before, and the solemn ticking of the clock impressed itself on Cornelia's consciousness as she waited for him to speak again.

"And your conscientiousness is a surprise to me," he said slowly. "I feel I owe you an apology, but I can frame none graceful enough for your acceptance. I know you to be kind as well as clever, but to see you careful about those to whom you extend your hospitality makes me value it more than I can tell you. If you give your consideration to Mordrook's fitness to be your guest, I reason that you have given like thought to my own. It

doubles my pleasure every time I enter your doors."

"I am glad you appreciate my position toward Mordrook," Mrs. Burnham replied, ignoring his compliments outwardly, but within stimulated to the point of elation. On the strength of them she grew very magnificent in her manner and spoke as if her social position were exalted. "Many young girls come to see me. I like to entertain, and their mammas encourage intercourse with those who entertain. Some of them have fortunes that royalty might hunt. They are unprotected girls and, unless men are frank with me about other men, I am an unprotected woman."

Cornelia delivered these dicta with a calmness that carried conviction with every word she said. At the phrase "unprotected woman," neither her mind nor that of Gordis had turned toward Daniel as a protector. This description of her position sounded truthful to Gordis; he let it pass, as the worldly-wise let most truths pass, without comment.

Mrs. Burnham sat quiet, her head bent and her sweet eyes cast down to the trimming on the edge of her flowing skirt. Either arm of the chair in which she sat supported a dead white hand, decorated with the shining nails

of a manicure's client. She seemed to the faded man at her side perfect within and without. Spirit and physical self he believed well matched: her poses and her principles, her acts, axioms, and aspect were as harmonious as high.

His heart went out to her in passionate appreciation. In the freedom of the friendship she extended to him he found a restfulness this world had not heretofore given. He almost wished her a man, that he might speak a word more of the satisfaction within him; but he was wise and had seen many misunderstandings, and therefore he held his peace.

He took the coveted package from a breast-pocket in his coat.

"Be careful of it," he said slowly. "I had meant to give you copies as less important documents to guard. But time pressed and I brought the originals."

"You have put a confidence in me that I thank you for," Cornelia replied simply, tucking the little parcel under her belt. She felt a tide of triumph surging over her. "It is so easy to get what you want, so very easy," she said.

Her eyes were alight with excitement, her face glowed with a pleasure that was unalloyed. Longing for further conflict, she sug-

gested a game of piquet. Gordis demurred on account of her headache, but as she insisted the fray began. She played well and won, whereupon he suggested a moderate stake. She looked shocked beyond measure, and he apologized with a feeling of reverence for her good taste.

"You are a relief," he said. "I supposed all young married women played a little."

"Generalization is dangerous," she observed in turn, dealing with a pretty motion that soothed him with its supple grace.

They finished their game, and Cornelia rose to find the others feasting in the dining room on crackers and cheese. She smiled good-night at them pleasantly and went upstairs with her treasure.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH DR. RODWOOD ESSAYS VERSIFICATION AND IN WHICH CORNELIA CONTINUES THE MANUFACTURE OF MEN'S DESTINY.

Gild the world for me with kisses,
  Help me toward you with a glance;
Passion's heights and hell's abysses
  Follow on love's vigilance.
Every man that looks must love you;
    Ah! had I the wit to prove you.
—*Veo.*

Late that night Harvey Rodwood sat by a fern-filled fireplace: a prescription pad, a stylograph, and a blotter aiding him in his first versified effusion, not to mention a vision of Emily Alman as she had moved up the stairs a few hours before. The moon was gibbous and aloof from lovers, hanging off on the underworld until near dawn, and Harvey missed it; he thought it might have spurred on his obdurate muse. A belt of golden links, studded with turquoises in its great buckle, lay on the table beside him. It was like the belt that Cornelia often wore and that Emily always admired, and Dr. Rodwood thought its

price scandalous, but the making of verses much worse.

"Now if I lose the idea, I'm gone," he said, writing rapidly on the pad. "If she accepts the belt knowing it comes from me, she will probably accept me, after the demur due to decorum."

Here the Doctor's cheek blazed with carmine, he laughed rather foolishly, wished his verses written, and despaired of ever getting them done.

Then a wonderful pun occurred to him, and he wrote: "Go buckle to," pausing to admire his own facility. After an hour's hard work and much reference to a volume of Herrick, from whom he chose his meter, Harvey produced the following with exclamations akin to groans and, a little later, like to cheers—

> "Go buckle to, embrace, enfold,
> A fairer form than yours of gold."

"Lucky the thing isn't any other metal," he exclaimed.

> "Go clasp the fair I fain would hold,
> And if she does not spurn my proxy,
> She may not me—now aint I foxy?"

This ability to rhyme words of two syllables in a first trial of poetic skill seemed to him

the feat of unparalleled talent. He had called the thing verse before, but now he named it poetry. Regretting the contraction "aint," he yet excused it, for no matter what knowledge the doggerel bard may lack, he is always fully informed of poetic license.

Waking early, he dressed and went to find Alice, to whom he gave the belt neatly wrapped, the package also containing the precious verse. "You need not say who sent it, or how it came, just give it to Miss Alman," he directed; offering at the same time what subsequently enriched the altar fund at St. Cecilia's.

The house was soon astir, for the sky was overcast and the day's promise gloomy. Cornelia had decided to go to town on the early train to see Terebella and to attend a hospital meeting she had designed to omit had the day been fair. Emily and Jane were going too; while Mrs. Alman, who had been awake all night, in reality awake by choice alone, was prepared to sleep all day.. Gordis was going to town by the first train with Danny, the ladies, and the brothers Rodwood, of whom Harvey felt like a child at his first play; he knew that what was about to occur was delightful, but the nature of his pleasure he could only guess. When Emily's bright hair

caught the light from the large window in the hall in her descent to the dining room, Harvey regarded it as a veritable sunrise. He worshiped her, with a queer sense of shame and fear lest she dismiss him when it came to that final question which was all that remained to be said. The whole party breakfasted in silence, and when the omnibus was backing up to the step, Harvey placed himself artfully at Miss Alman's elbow. "Did you receive a parcel this morning?" he asked with boyish impetuosity.

"Yes," she answered a little absently, "but I've not opened it yet. Did you send it? If so, I thank you in advance."

The good doctor was too guileless to guess that the belt was buried in a pile of linen at the back of a drawer, and that each word of his verse was burning in a heart that nothing but one of Tchaikowsky's tragic phrases or Wagner's melodious parentheses had ever touched before.

"Don't sit with your back to an open window, Miss Alman," he cautioned. His voice had lost all ring and his disappointment was pathetically apparent. Emily hesitated for a moment, and then, because she loved him, said very shyly, "I liked the belt, but the verse was—was bewitching."

They were side by side in the omnibus now, and Emily's uncovered hand, full of temptation, lay close to Harvey's own. All eyes but theirs were strained to discover the exact point on the road ahead where Danny's horses once started to run, and for one moment Rodwood dared lay his square fingers against Emily's palm. He saw the lovely color spreading to her brow, and the dim dream of what might be the pleasure of the nameless emotions so lately come to him grew very bright. The birds flew from their homes in the branches with such a rush of melody that the springtide seemed ringing in their ears. Emily could not speak, and the Doctor did not. Danny sat by her in the train, while Harvey merely watched her in speechless anticipation of what the evening would bring about. "I am very much in love," he said in continual amazement. The swift movement of the express made him feel as if he were rushing to some great destiny; he looked again at Emily and wondered how they would feel toward each other in ten years' time.

Just before they reached the Jersey City terminus Cornelia came to tell Danny that she and Gordis were going uptown together in a cab. "Emily is going to take Jane shop-

ping first in her own carriage, and then we're to meet at the hospital."

"All right," Danny answered; "we can all take the five-fifty home."

The strangest idea came to Harvey; he rose from his place and rushed to Mrs. Dupuis. "Will you and Miss Alman lunch with me at twenty minutes to two—in any restaurant you choose?"

Jane had not been invited to this sort of party for a good many years. She chose the Waldorf. Emily assented with a dreamy smile, and the young Doctor's face beamed with satisfaction.

When Gordis had settled Mrs. Burnham in the hansom that boasted a steed of good appearance, he placed himself at her side, and before shouting his directions through the hole in the roof asked her the hour of her meeting.

"Ten-thirty," she said.

"It is now nine-twenty-two. Any engagement before the meeting?"

"None." Here she shook her pretty head from side to side with a distractingly gracious motion. The Jew put his watch in his pocket and then called these directions to the driver. "Go up Eighth Avenue to the Park, and up the West drive all the way, and then go down

the East drive to the administration entrance of the Overflow Hospital."

Cornelia smiled approval, "What a good idea! When is your first engagement?"

"About eleven."

They drove on in silence until Gordis said, with an amused smile, "Is it not odd, Mrs. Burnham, of all the topics you and I have broached, love is as yet undiscussed between us?"

"Women who talk of love encourage men to love them. Being a married woman, silence is more becoming on such subjects than the best speech."

"That is a clearly put fact," Gordis acknowledged.

"With you and Dr. Dupuis," Cornelia continued, "perhaps with one or two others, I am willing to talk of love. You can tell the difference between conversation and coquetry. A married woman has to strive for Mrs. Grundy's good opinion."

"But can't you believe that a man might find the woman he could love most among all women, after she had married, or perhaps after he had married?"

"I don't know, but I am sure people never want to discuss love unless they are a little inclined to love some one or other themselves."

There was a tone of decision in Cornelia's grave voice that Gordis first considered and then disregarded.

"Do you wish to discuss it?" he inquired.

"Not exhaustively. Do you believe that a man or woman loves truly but once in a lifetime?" Cornelia spoke idly, she was thinking of the drives in Parisian cabs that she and Gordis had taken together. They had spoken of specified "affairs" then, of the beautiful women who had tyrannized rulers, of Mrs. Alman's favorites.

"That is an ingenious question. I believe that all men love some women much all the time, and that some one woman, at a special time, they love most. Do you see what I mean?"

"N-n-o; I don't believe I want to. You believe that truth is ugly, so that if you believe the worst you maintain the truth. It may be modern, that premise, but it's not attractive."

Gordis smiled to himself as he looked out upon the green of the park they were about to enter. "Just now," he said, "I cannot believe that any part of life is ugly, can you?"

"Not now, perhaps, but later, when I go to Terebella's, most of life will seem sorrowful, or, what is worse, flavorless."

Then Cornelia told him a good deal about Terebella in her quaint and very simple way, and he was captivated by the details of the sordid surroundings of the old *première* which appeared richly dressed in the extensive vocabulary of clever Mrs. Burnham.

"You talk so well, and your diction is exclusively your own," he said, as she ceased speaking; "almost anyone's conversation is imitative, but yours is so original. When Mordrook makes epigrams or puns even, they seem echoes of the English church service. After one of his sallies, I could hail a grammatical error with the same joy that ultra conventionality has embraced the vaudeville."

Cornelia smiled; she did not wish to interrupt him with any words. "But I shan't talk about Mordrook. What a delight your life must be to you! I keep my mind busy with just that thought whenever I'm at Berwick. I so enjoy it."

She was determined to be silent, and he too became so as the cab passed briskly along through the green brilliance of the pretty park. Cornelia felt disappointment that Gordis had not been more clever or more personal, or more grateful to her for her company in this unconventional airing. But when they reached the Overflow Hospital he said, as he

helped her from the cab: "I thank you, much more than I can say, for the pleasantest morning I have had since we were in Paris."

"How shall I reward such politeness?" Cornelia rejoined.

"By another drive on another morning."

Smiling, she left him, and helped one of the Overflow committee up the steps of the hospital—an old lady rheumatic and opinionated, whose life was spent in almsgiving, backbiting, and doctrinal dicta. She clung covetously to Cornelia's young strength and seemed moved by the automatic graciousness of manner that was her chief charm.

"There should be a plea for your *protégée* to-day," Mrs. Reynolds said as they gained the last step.

"Which one?" Cornelia asked.

"Terebella. She was operated on by Dr. Dupuis and he indorses any expenditure in her behalf. It shall be brought up at the meeting; I have a little speech prepared."

"Anything you advocate will be acted upon." The tactful secretary smiled on her associate with the appreciative glance that had made many a friend. The committee room was half full upon their arrival and Mrs. Ferris, the chairman, sat gazing on the face of her watch with the Testament open also, at

the page from which she meant to read. Cornelia was surprised to find Emily Alman seated at the melodeon ready to play the hymn and doxology which were usually a painful part of the proceedings. At exactly thirty minutes after ten Mrs. Ferris said: "Mrs. Dupuis, may I trouble you to close the door," starting off a portion of St. Luke's Gospel with some diffidence but great dispatch. At its conclusion, she said, "Mrs. Reynolds will offer prayer," in the same brisk way, and thereupon the old lady Cornelia had helped up the steps prayed in lengthy fashion. She told the committee, through the medium of the comments and commendations offered her Creator, just what they were supposed to effect and just what use the surplus in the treasury could and should be put to, ending with the following phrases: "Dear Lord, thou knowest the divine capabilities in the dust from which thou fashionest thine own image. Put such holy ideas and humane intentions into our hearts that we may show forth thy will in our works."

Everyone said "A-men" except Cornelia, who said "Ah-men" quite aloud, and then felt an uncomfortable embarrassment. Miss Alman played "Abide with me," on the melodeon, experimenting with the stops; and

although everyone sang, there was a greater display of individuality than is considered desirable in chorus singing.

"The meeting is open for the secretary's report," Mrs. Ferris announced. Cornelia rose and said that she had acknowledged donations since the last meeting of thirty-two mousetraps, fifteen yards of green cheesecloth, a case of champagne, and a year's subscription to *Scribner's Magazine*. The ladies bowed gravely at this intelligence, and Cornelia added, in her gentle voice, "I want to make a formal appeal, if it is in order at this point in the meeting, in behalf of Terebella, an ex-dancer, whose case is so well known to you all that I shall not impose a description of her tragic mishap on my listeners, but rather a statement of her present condition. She was the most effective type of vaudeville performer, the kind whose talents obtain without much training. Her songs, always witty, were seldom refined; her dances were graceful but unpleasing to the stricter element in her audiences. She made money and won friends,—of a sort,—but she spent much that she earned. To-day she is maimed, and I do not ask you to do anything more for her than to visit and amuse her, although there are many other kind offices which you will dis-

cover, if you but spend half an hour in her company."

Mrs. Reynolds then spoke and persuaded the committee to vote Terebella twenty dollars a month until the autumn, and when at last the meeting broke up, at least half the ladies came to Cornelia with congratulations upon her charity toward the dancer, and Mrs. Burnham saw that Terebella had become the fashion in this rather singular set. "Dr. Dupuis speaks so highly of your work in connection with that dancer," one or two of the women said, and Cornelia was much amused at the source of this commendation of her philanthropic effort. "Dr. Dupuis is largely responsible for it," she made answer.

Jane took her arm as they moved from the committee room, and Dr. Dupuis met them in the hall. "You are coming home to lunch with us, are you not?" he said, holding Cornelia's hand for a second in a grasp that was firm and cordial.

"No, thank you," Mrs. Burnham replied rather stiffly. "Jane agreed to lunch with Harvey and Emily."

Jane turned in swift distress to her friend, whose face wore a somewhat hurt expression. "Do you know, I forgot all about that, Cornelia; what can I do? Where will you

lunch? I never did a more unpardonable thing. Oh, Cornelia, dear, how could I have been so rude—and to you!"

"Oh, never mind!" Mrs. Burnham said lightly, "I have half a hundred errands; a bun and a cup of chocolate must suffice for to-day. You mustn't be distressed; it was a very vague appointment we had together."

Dr. Dupuis said, with decision, "I ordered luncheon at our house especially for you, so, if Jane has her spree, we shall have ours. Come, Mrs. Burnham, let us see which combination has the best time."

"Yes," Jane pleaded; "go with him, Cornelia; I cannot bear to think of your lunching alone."

"You needn't," the Doctor replied, laughing, as Jane and Emily departed together for Harvey's little feast.

"This isn't Tuesday," Cornelia said; "I told Jane that I would lunch with her on Tuesday; so we really had no engagement for to-day."

"She said, 'any day,' which, being interpreted, should read every day," and then the Doctor departed to give last instructions and Mrs. Burnham sat awaiting him on the hall bench.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH MRS. BURNHAM POSTS THE PACKET AT THE END OF AN EVENTFUL DAY, OF WHICH DR. DUPUIS AND TEREBELLA ARE CENTRAL FIGURES.

> It's not one word, or look, or sigh,
> That brews the trouble that will not die.
>
> —*Veo.*

"Shall we walk or drive?"

Mrs. Burnham looked at her shoes, and, finding that they were not yet dusty, decided that it was warm for walking. The cab telephoned for by Dr. Dupuis materialized as a victoria, in which they drove gayly along behind a fresh horse.

"You and Jane are so sweet to me," she exclaimed, as the Doctor sat silent, trying to adjust his mind to general conversation after the technical talk of his own profession. He smiled at her, absorbing the detail in her pretty costume with a sense of gratitude for the fitness of its component parts. He wondered if she were counted a pretty woman, and if the one or two associates to whom he bowed from the hired magnificence of his un-

accustomed cab envied him Mrs. Burnham's company.

"I want to say several profound or witty things to you before we part, but you must permit me this silence as their preface," he said. "I am so full of grisly details and appendicitis patients that I fear their intrusion into my talk. Give me time to change my mind."

"The doctors in our family never take that trouble. They make medical jokes, and puns in chemist's Latin, and indulge in surgical small-talk to chance acquaintances."

"Lots of very lovely ladies do that," Dr. Dupuis observed with distaste.

"I think Harvey has asked Emily to marry him," Cornelia said softly, turning to the Doctor with a smile that was quite radiant.

"I could not imagine a better combination."

"Nor I," Cornelia replied. "Dear fellow, if he can only become absorbed in Emily's goings and comings even a little, he will have gained some knowledge beyond his professional pale. Harvey's ignorance is so cruel —he cannot appreciate social intercourse, or literary achievement, or politics, or women's beauty in general, or art in any form. He holds himself aloof from life and clings to death in every phase."

"He clings to death because he is wrestling with it, Mrs. Burnham."

"However, I want him to lead his own life. I think, if he only loves enough, he'll be a model husband."

"It takes a great deal of love to make a man like your brother think of marrying," the Doctor said after a moment's reflection. "He thinks of marriage as conventionalized impertinence; and after all, unless a man is rolling in money, he has little else to tempt a woman. Why should Jane care a farthing for me? What the dear child gets from marriage is a daily question."

"I can solve it," Cornelia said flirtatiously.

The Doctor laughed and helped her from the carriage. "I flatter myself that Jane is very happy," he added, as they passed up his steps, upon which the abnormal bellboy sat thinking in the noon heat.

"Doctor, there's a hurry call for you at the Jones'," he announced.

"They are just a few streets off, Mrs. Burnham, so if you'll go upstairs and make yourself at home in Jane's room I will be back in time for luncheon."

Cornelia's impulse was to make herself too much at home. There were piles of letters, opened and still unsealed, neatly ranged upon

the desk. There were four or five copies of the "World's Woe" that Jane had bought as presents for "co-workers," a class of people more distasteful—because more disdainful—to Cornelia than any other. There were all sorts of magazines: minor publications like *Peace and Plenty*,—devoted to industrial interests, or "Women's Work,"—and the *Investor*, *Educator*, *Adviser*, *Church-goer*, *Protector*, and a score of others, as well as printed reports from many philanthropic federations.

"What a lack of privacy!" Cornelia thought in pity. "Institutional life and its printed history staring at one's domestic progress from a bedside table."

A queer impulse of coquetry prompted her to remove her hat and descend to meet the Doctor as if she were a permanent inmate of his house. When he returned, gay and smiling, he was full of excitement at the prospect of his unaided discharge of a host's pleasant duties. "Nerves!" he cried, as he came into the little parlor, alluding to his patient's malady, "painful, but unimportant. Is luncheon ready?"

They were placed opposite one another at the broad table, and Cornelia was on fire with fun and the sense of liberty that challenged her to make the most of every pleasure of

company and circumstance that fate afforded. Time was more than swift-winged for them both, and everything that Cornelia said or did was gentle and refined; her laugh grew more mirthful without becoming louder, and her white hands and long, shining nails seemed the apex of high breeding to Dupuis, who, starving for beauty and gentle leisure, had been absorbed into a world of hard thinking and the pressure of continuous competition.

There was an underlying tenderness in his feeling for Mrs. Burnham, but only such as might exist between parent and child. He looked at her as if she were a fine play, he read her as if she were a pretty sonnet, adroitly rhymed, but intense: a thing that supplemented one's educational experience. For she said subtle things, although her behavior was unvarying in its womanly quality and poise. He showed his admiration in frank applause, and the only evidence of her woman's nature that he mistrusted was her appreciation of his latest sayings, his work, his opinions, and everything that was his. Her attitude was too dignified for him to feel anything but pleasure in her efforts to please and amuse him, but his success without effort in amusing and pleasing her startled the progressive character of his friendliness, and cautioned

him to employ formality, the shield and buckler of too charming man.

"Danny says," Cornelia observed after a silence, "that all women are at heart—well, unconventional; but I say that all men are at heart prudes."

The Doctor laughed derisively.

"Which accounts," Cornelia resumed, "for what they say about my sex. But just imagine, say old Mrs. Reynolds, if she could see us now at this meal which Jane begged us to dispatch together."

"I don't see what the first part of your sentence has to do with the rest, unless you mean that Danny would be of the same mind as Mrs. Reynolds about our feasting alone."

The Doctor felt uneasy and hoped no one would come in and find them. A man wouldn't matter; he would envy the Doctor in silence, but a woman would envy Mrs. Burnham—perhaps with very explicit speech.

"Danny wouldn't mind," Cornelia said, laughing, "nor the dear old gentleman, for he thinks you are the best man he knows."

Dupuis shook his head. "There are four better," he rejoined: "Harvey, Billy, Ferris, and Gordis."

"Gordis?"

"He is a very good man. He believes in much latitude for others, but he is stern with himself—too much so."

Cornelia sat very still, considering this statement, then she said slowly, "There is a Semitic vengefulness about him; he manifests it toward Mordrook, and it is horrible." She was silent, having already said too much, but the Doctor was interested.

"I don't blame him!" he cried sharply. "That Englishman has aggravated me lately."

"Why?"

"No reason assigned," he replied sharply; "it's the way I feel."

As Cornelia begged him to smoke, he lighted a cigar and puffed away, while she heard the abnormal bellboy washing dishes in the pantry, wondering if Jane submitted to this domestic symphony every time she chose to linger at her own table. Anxious to avoid personality, the Doctor talked away very steadily, and upon subjects with which she had not believed him familiar—life in women's colleges, and the modern scorn of church, the lack of integrity in American municipal administrators, and the futures of unmarried men were a few of the things he discussed.

It came time for her to start for Terebella's. "Will you not come too?" she asked graciously.

"Not if I am to meet you at the five-fifty train. You know this is Friday, and I am coming down to spend Sunday. I trust you had not forgotten. It is my first holiday for this season. Hail cigars, cool drinks, magazines, attempts to play games I don't understand, and other gala performances."

Cornelia thought this expression of enthusiasm rather silly, but she smiled indulgently as she went again to Jane's room to assume her hat and re-enforce her toilet with parasol and gloves. Pity melted her as she gazed on Jane's faded carpet, once dainty; and on the curtains, thin and coarse with many necessary washings. "Dear Jane," she thought, and with a swift impulse to caress her friend, she laid her jeweled hands on the curtains close by her. "I will make it up to you somehow," she said. "Poor Jane, money means so much, so terribly much to a woman!" Then she realized her own foolishness and laughed heartily, with bright tears gemming the eyelashes of which she was justly proud.

"Good-by," Dr. Dupuis said as he met her at the hall door. "I have enjoyed your visit

tremendously." He gave a sigh of satisfaction that no one had happened in on them.

"Not more than I," Cornelia answered. "Suppose you and Jane and I keep it a secret."

This request was prompted by the same coquettish instinct, the desire to have a secret understanding with Dr. Dupuis, who mistook it for prudence and assented gladly.

"You see Mordrook is with us and Mrs. Alman, and she makes such weighty comments on contemporaneous trifles."

The Doctor wished to dismiss the subject, but a secret understanding is a tyranny. Cornelia continued to explain its necessity until Dupuis exclaimed in a little cessation of her voluble suavity:

"Your prodigality in cabs is appalling. I I am not yet used to it. Perhaps because you are the only rich friend we ever had."

"Then I am sure you prefer poor ones, you always get what you want. If you have rich patients, you can afford poor friends."

The cab started westward. Cornelia was excited and full of schemes. She was piqued; that the tone and trend of her conversation with Gordis were not reproduced in Dr. Dupuis' rambling commentary made her feel defrauded. With Gordis everything she wore

made its impression, all that she said was well remembered, all that she meant, even, was understood without the words that were wearisome to utter when time flew and her mind worked like a shuttle from point to point. But, with Dr. Dupuis, all that she said was much enjoyed and soon forgotten; she supplied him with a pretty picture of life, but not with life itself. No thought of Jane ever occurred to her in connection with her husband, except that he was undervalued by his wife and eligible therefore for the ministration of any chance guide, philosopher, or friend.

Her speedy presence in Terebella's poorer district diverted her thoughts; she observed with a keenness that belongs to those who watch the world that they may write it down in words. The shirt-waist epidemic among girls and women interested her, as the fashion in her own set did; she longed to know these white-faced matrons, apathetic with the first heat, but still afoot with sordid duties and ceaseless cares. She was surprised to learn how warm it becomes in the congregation of men, and she was much amused at the Italian progeny decked individually in a single pinafore.

She kept the cab and ascended Terebella's dark staircase cautiously, hearing a singing

voice in the lamed woman's chamber. The song was what the dancer called a "Vawdevill" ditty, and her visitor listened in disgust, knocking loudly at the door as she divined the imminent vulgarity of the third verse.

"Come in, Mrs. Burnham, I know your knock. I was going over one of my—old successes."

There was an air of hopelessness about the crippled dancer, her smile was forced, and there was a helpless quiver about her white lips that Mrs. Burnham rather resented. She meant to bring joy with her, to dissipate the gloom of her *protegée's* inaction with loving words that were forgotten in the surprise of this apathetic greeting.

"That's a neat get up," Terebella observed listlessly. "Have you seen the Doctor today?"

"My brother spent last evening with us in the country."

Terebella grinned an ugly, mischievous grin that made her face detestable. "You can't fox me," she said. "Now I know you've seen the other one—I mean Dr. Dupuis."

"Yes, I saw him too. He and Dr. Rodwood are always together, and oddly enough his wife and I are most intimate."

"Oh!" Terebella exclaimed in momentary

disappointment, " perhaps I don't understand, after all."

" Very possibly not," Mrs. Burnham answered haughtily.

The little woman caught her benefactress' hand with her one sound member. " I like you much better," she cried.

Cornelia appeared much mystified, which was very clever of her, and then proposed Terebella's coming to Berwick Farms for August. " I shall be away, but there is lots to amuse you there. We'll get a trained nurse for you, a nice one, and you can be wheeled round the garden and drive, and read, and have a quiet country time."

" It sounds kind of lonesome "—Terebella was evidently demurring—" when I can't hear no cars, nor calling carriages, nor anything, in the country. It makes me feel kind of wicked. Too much quiet makes me feel as if I was going to be arrested all the time; not that I ever done anything that wasn't perfectly conscientious."

" Of course," Cornelia said politely, " and don't do anything you don't want to now." Mrs. Burnham sat for over an hour talking of this and that, and planning how Terebella could get to the theater in the next season. The poor little soul pined, remote from foot-

lights and grease paints and the coarse give-and-take that served as conversation between the leading ladies and gentlemen of the "show."

"The stage is different from other professions," she observed sadly. "We performers like to see each other, but ministers don't get no steps from the other preachers, nor lawyers don't take no pattern of another lawyer's delivery. I think of all such things since I'm so broke up here. I have thought of enough such things to fill a book."

"No wonder that you do," Cornelia said sympathetically. "Good-by, dear; I can't feel that I've done you much good to-day."

"No," Terebella answered frankly, "nothing does me good; everybody's happy but me. I've toiled and I've been at the top notch. I've had fame and fortune, and here I am on a water bed, with money in the bank but little else, and not enough of that to last me, if it wasn't for help from people I've never seen."

"Poor Terebella!" Cornelia kissed her little friend tenderly, and renewed the promise about the evening-dress visit. "You ought to go with one of your professional friends to a nice summer hotel. It would cheer you right up, when you are a little better."

"I couldn't get there," Terebella said, her

lips twitched and her eyelids reddened, while Cornelia stooped compassionately and held the little wreck while her sobs lasted. "My dear friend!" she murmured again and again, and as Mrs. Burnham went from shop to shop in search of the beautiful, Terebella's reddening eyelids and quivering mouth were stamped alike on fabrics of cotton or silk, on feathers and flowered finery, on what she bought and what remained to be sold. Her heart ached, and a hideous discouragement beset her lest she should be unable to make the ex-dancer happier. It seemed an outrage that such a picture of quivering misery should be framed in a heart and mind like Cornelia's, gilded with a modern fortune and an imagination that trebled every beauty in its subtle processes of encouragement and sanguine expansion. The inevitable misery of some portion of mankind fastened on her like a shackle, she frowned with vicarious suffering: she thought of Mordrook and forgot one dark destiny in another deliverance, reaching the ferry house in ample time for her train, but with a lifelessness of manner due to the swiftly sequent impressions and emotions that she courted rather than repelled.

Harvey, Emily, and Jane were at the ferry house before her, and there was a happiness

evident in the three that irritated Cornelia afresh. She was in no way its promoter, and a woman like Cornelia very frequently finds herself annoyed by her friends' enjoyment of pleasures not of her own planning. She could pardon Harvey and Emily, for their delight was owing to her in that she "threw them together," with an idea that she now regarded as an inspiration, the prophetic forethought of their ultimate union. But that Jane's face should be alike radiant seemed like an obscure but unmistakable affront to Cornelia, who was absent, while yet her friend Jane was happy beyond her ordinary moods of contentment. She felt savage, and although disappointed with herself for to-day's display of a unlimited capacity for crude emotions, she yet allowed her vexation its vent.

Jane advanced the wrong pawn by assuming a deprecatory manner and apologizing to Cornelia for her own displeasure.

"Perhaps," she said after a few moments of contrite generalization, "I should not have suggested your lunching alone with the Doctor. You make me feel, dear, as if it had been a little awkward for you."

"I enjoyed the Doctor as I always do," Mrs. Burnham observed languidly, "but if I hadn't known that a woman does not care to

have her disposition of her husband disturbed, I should have declined point-blank to lunch with him. Suppose some patient or family friend had called? What would they have said?"

"Oh, Cornelia, everyone knows how intimate you and I are!"

"Yes, but they might have pretended to know how intimate the Doctor and I are!"

Jane looked shocked and fearfully upset at the thought of placing her friend in any position that stimulated the gossiping propensity of too active tongues.

"Oh, Cornelia," she cried again, "do you really think so? did I really put you in such a position? Nobody did call, did they? Frank asked you just as much as I did. Why didn't you refuse?"

"I knew you had engaged to lunch with Harvey and Emily, and I wanted neither their pleasure nor yours disturbed."

"Frank never felt a moment's awkwardness, I dare swear."

"He never showed a moment's awkwardness, but I think he must have felt one or more," Cornelia retorted dryly.

"How selfish I am!" Jane observed sadly. "I have done nothing but forget you and

your comfort all day long, and you have done nothing but consider mine all this winter."

This was not a tactful form of confession, as it brought a plain truth into painful prominence: Cornelia had been a secondary consideration. But she remembered that outward tranquillity was an unchanging charm and accepted Jane's apology with an absent-minded smile.

Dr. Dupuis sat with his hostess on the train while she told him how depressed Terebella seemed, mentioning just before they reached Berwick Station that there was much wasted milk at the farms, which she was planning to utilize for the hospital. She knew that this scheme would chain the Doctor to her side until its details were perfected. Harvey, Emily, and Jane talked together incessantly, the young Doctor facing the ladies with his back to the engine. Emily, outwardly calm, had all the sensations of one who travels afar and in a foreign land. She felt gushes of inexhaustible gratitude that the man she loved had chosen her, and the happy prospect of her matrimonial destiny gave her a sense of triumph over spinsters and unhappy matrons. Her relation to everyone was changed; the men she once dreaded as matrimonial possibilities she now laughed to scorn in the por-

tentous acceptance of the suitable suitor. She was also aware of a pardonable nervousness and an apprehensive curiosity as to what Harvey would say when they spoke together and alone.

Cornelia drove the Doctor from the train in her own trap, while Harvey, Emily, and Jane still kept together in the depot wagon, with Danny in addition. The beautiful light of a spring afternoon bewitched fields and hedges and touched the bushes of white flowers with a hint of gold. The handsome house faced them with its opulent façade and a full promise of the serene comfort that Dr. Dupuis so loved. Mrs. Alman had been making tea on the veranda in the warm stream of western sun, dispensing it with Mordrook's aid. Old Mr. Burnham had asked him to stay on at Berwick, as he had proved himself an indefatigable and rather skillful gardener. Smiling at him, Cornelia kept Dr. Dupuis at her side. Her composure was restored fourfold as she realized that in this place she was indeed mistress. Old Mr. Burnham talked a great deal except when he listened to Danny, whose conversational style was exclusively narrative, relating to crowned heads who had found their life work in the bicycle, and Emily thought and said, in an undertone to Jane,

that he talked like the supplement of a Sunday newspaper; while Cornelia scarcely noticed that he spoke at all: so much, at least, had a continuous disregard of him effected for her comfort. At last he moved away, and Emily with him, while Jane insisted that she must write letters.

"Oh, write one for me," Cornelia cried.

"Of course I will," Jane responded.

"Then write a line to Mr. Gordis at the Albion Club and tell him that I forward with the note—your note, *voyez-vous*—the three letters he gave me to read. And Jane, dear, they are upstairs in my room on the desk, all put up in a pack and directed. Will you put them both in the mail bag?

Mordrook was walking to and fro on the terrace out of earshot and Jane assented briskly, after which Cornelia called her loving names which were repeated when, at dinner time, she saw Mrs. Dupuis consign many envelopes to the mail bag. Making some excuse about a forgotten note of her own, she asked them all to go in to dinner without her, and when, a moment later, she re-entered the lower hall, went to the mail bag and took from it the little packet, which she placed safely in the pocket of her flowing gown.

When the postboy came in, she heard him;

turning from her *tête-à-tête* colloquy with Dupuis, she addressed all her guests with a comprehensive smile and these words: "Let us drink Mr. Mordrook's health. He proposed mine last evening, and I wish to return the compliment."

"Many happy days," sounded in full-throated and cordial chorus.

But Harvey's eyes sought Emily's above his raised glass.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH DR. HARVEY RODWOOD BECOMES NORMAL.

> Oh, moods of men and maidens;
> Oh, glory from on high!
> Is the whole world a fairer place?
> Or mine a truer eye?
>
> —*Veo.*

There was a restlessness about the young Doctor for which his sister's intuitive sense found a true explanation. He hurled one or two contradictions at the imperturbably narrative Danny, who resented them as interruptions, only resuming his tale where he had been obliged to disjoint it; while Emily assented to all statements directly addressed to her, and if questions were asked, she replied with a vagueness that made her an object of interest to Mrs. Alman, if to no one else. Everyone was well pleased when the meal ended and Emily was free to talk with her hostess in the wide hall. Two lamps hung from chains fastened in the paneled ceiling and beneath these there was a restful divan, upon which maid and matron were soon seated; Cornelia

making a gesture of welcome to the girl at her side, which held a fuller invitation than the mere bidding to half an hour of womanly chatter.

"You had a pleasant day?" Mrs. Burnham inquired, examining the veined back of her white hand.

"Lovely!" Emily responded, with a subsequently shocked gasp as she realized with what vehemence the one word had escaped her.

"If you are happy, I know someone else who was doubly glad." Cornelia traced a tributary vein to the purple ridge of its source. Then the two sat in silence, while Mordrook's artificial laughter rang out in carefully studied cadence. There was no verbal expression possible for either woman; and, as yet, nothing specific to discuss, but Cornelia meant to be as near the girl in this crisis as Jane had been. If all the little jokes and friendly understandings springing up between Jane, Emily, and Harvey in a day of town pleasure were unavailable to Cornelia, she would establish a deeper sympathy with the lovers that could rout the lesser claims of the Doctor's wife. Her hand stole into Emily's, and was tight locked there in a convulsively appreciative pressure. They remained silent, but

still communing in the softly lighted hall, struggling with elementary emotions in the last decade of a century of artifices. Their white, softly ruffled skirts met in frothing union on the wide divan, and their glossy hair, damask necks, jewels, and other accessories bespoke the tastefully used wealth that is the best setting for womanly beauty, the only antidote for a lack of it. Harvey admired it for the first time. Hitherto, his consciousness had been stocked with principles, not peopled with men and women, and he was realizing in a series of shocks that one woman very often holds a man's whole happiness in one word that has to be uttered as a signal to the great sunrise whose dawn clouds are the little pink blushes that reach even to the whitest brow of the one woman aforesaid. He was learning that her "Yes" meant an empire.

They looked at him as he approached, Emily only to look again and Cornelia to study him; to see how love comports itself under surveillance of the central figure of the heart's history. "Do amuse Emily," she said. "I want to talk with her mother. I have missed her wit all day."

She moved to the fireplace at the far end of the hall when Harvey took her place beside

Miss Alman, who was automatically fingering a spirited cadenza upon her right knee. Fright gripped her, and what had been merry in the day's intercourse faded away, leaving a crucial interview with one solemn query, to be endured. There was a smiling vista of matrimonial future, to be sure, but even that was darkened by memories of the dissatisfied utterances of matrons. "Matrimony is a refrigerator," was the dictum of Mrs. Alman. "In it everything cools, humanity is at the glacial period, Cupid remaining prehistoric."

Harvey had no misgivings; with the one woman beside him, he felt oblivious of all men. The voices of those in the dining room were toneless to him, and without part in the harmony of souls in which his own note seemed to create a dissonance for the moment. Glancing at Emily's profile, her bright hair chained his gaze, the radiance of love burst on him, but he was still silent in the midst of its glory, as he thought of their joined hands in that miraculous drive to the station no later than the morning. And then he thought of addressing her by her Christian name, but rejected the idea with dissatisfaction. Emily was what everyone called her, and his surprising affection cried out to her in a thousand sweet words that have their own sanctity, and

are employed automatically in the vocabularies of all wooers. Emily herself was behaving according to the childish rule, "do not speak until spoken to." That fearful uncertainty gripped her and would hold fast until the Doctor conquered his mood and spoke. She felt like one who pauses in a dark room until a promised light be kindled.

"Come out on the terrace," Harvey said at last, and his sister's eyes shone as they passed out under the stars and among the jesting breezes of spring. They stood together at the edge of the terrace; their silence continuing, for they were spellbound, peeping, as it were, at Paradise through a keyhole. Nothing short of Harvey's declaration could open the doors of the wonder world they both longed to enter, but he was happy now on presumption, and a whole-souled but secret joy flooded Emily's troubled consciousness as a reflection of the happiness in his. She put her chiffon cape about her shoulders, and the end of its ribbon fastening fluttered to Harvey's face; he kissed it as a boon from heaven, in that the wind brought it.

"Will you let me love you?" he said. "I mean, could you love me in return and marry me?"

His voice was husky and he tried to speak

indifferently, as if her answer didn't matter very much, but Emily understood it and presently was sobbing on his shoulder, while he paused, amazed at the nature of a woman's love. He had not expected it. The immediate abandon, the tender compliment of her clinging arms, the hand that folded into his as if wearied of a separation that recent union had made appreciable, touched him inexpressibly. He held her close and set his awed lips to her bright hair; her touch was a refining intoxicant, and her wet eyes the highest revelation.

At last, as they paced the terrace, Emily realized that she had been neither coquettish nor hard to win, nor any of the affected things that women imagine they will become, in the face of the one man when he asks the only question whose answer seems of immediate importance in the ordinary affairs of life. She was satisfied to find her hand on his arm, and there was greater ecstasy in the memory of his kisses than in their enactment. Pausing under the electric lamp, they attempted coherent speech—only to lapse into those spells of lucid quiet that fall upon the talk of new-pledged love.

"Let us be married in a fortnight," Harvey said, and Emily laughed at him. The world

had turned into an elaborate rhapsody for her: lace, bonnets, furniture, jewels, cookery, had become things of tender significance, while to the man at her side, who gave them all new meaning, happiness had but one definition, *i. e.*, Emily—Rodwood.

They lingered away from the bright light and the careless voices within doors. Harvey was to announce the engagement, after he had talked with Mrs. Alman, and at this suggestion of practical things Emily snatched the Doctor's watch from his pocket, observing with regret that their absence had already been prolonged beyond ordinary limits. The sense that something really important had occurred between Emily and his wife's brother checked the flippancy of Danny's usual style, but the descent from vows that were to endure through all subsequent ages to the discussion, not always kindly, of mutual friends, was a cross to Miss Alman in her high-strung mood. Cornelia maneuvered and obtained a place at the girl's side, slipping a hand that had welcome in its pressure, into Emily's larger grasp.

"I am so glad and thankful," she said under her breath, while her younger guest smiled shyly and twisted the wedding ring of Harvey's sister with a wondering sense of a

strange significance in hitherto trivial symbols. Harvey found temporary diversion in an intricate dissertation on tracheal irritations, delivered in a voice that was excited and with an unwonted swiftness of utterance. Old Mr. Burnham asked for a little music on behalf of Dr. Dupuis, who had been learning cribbage and was fatigued, and Emily, after her hands had flown to and fro on the keyboard in liquid arpeggi that impressed the amateur, played Schumann's "Widmung" in a style that brought her rapturous appreciation.

"I can't play any more," she said, "I am tired," and kissing Cornelia, she went upstairs without a glance at Harvey, who became the victim of Mordrook's eloquence in an arraignment of English game laws.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH ONE ENCOUNTERS THE PACKET AND SOME PREVIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

> From every fetter be deterred
> And stay both pen and tongue;
> The bondage of the written word
> Is chief all thralls among.
>
> —*A Practical Man.*

The announcement that Gordis had not received the return packet of Mordrook's letters made but little impression on Cornelia, coming as it did when her mind was occupied with the greater announcement that Emily and Harvey were to pass hand in hand into future days and years. Her searching inquiries at the Berwick post office made the culpability of its officials apparent even in their own eyes, because her questions were put with an almost elfish cleverness, and Jane, who loved controversy and the punishment of abuses, gave her moral and actual support. "I put it in the bag," she said through the stamp window to the postmaster, "and many members of Mrs. Burnham's party saw me do it."

The man asked if it could have fallen from the bag and was assured to the contrary. "So

many parcels have come in from your place this season that I aint kep' no particular track of 'em," he added.

"Indeed you haven't," Cornelia said in a flash of well-acted annoyance.

Mordrook guessed the nature of the missing packet and his spirits were high upon his departure for the Southwest, where he was to lecture during May. Things had so befallen that no shadow of suspicion could darken his reputation or dim his welcome in the Burnham household. He saw that it amused Cornelia to have him condole with her over the loss of the parcel and he accordingly did so frequently, counseling her in future to have her name written legibly on all articles of value consigned to the mail; finally presenting her with a rubber stamp of her name and address to be used in preventing further loss. He believed that his patroness had obtained the mere promise from Gordis, his word that he would not make the three letters public within a certain period, probably the time in which Mordrook was to lecture in American cities. Such an arrangement was the best for which he had dared to hope. He knew that Cornelia had been given the letters to read, and he looked at the loss in the mail as a lucky accident not humanly contrived.

Although Gordis was terribly upset by the affair, he controlled his annoyance in writing to Cornelia. His letters showed how much he cared by their almost daily record of fresh efforts to regain his weapons against Mordrook, whom he knew to be his rival guest at Berwick, if nothing more. He acknowledged Cornelia to be the most winning and lovable of Eve's daughters, feeding his quick mind on her subtle phrases, and his eyes, with their Semitic appreciation of luxurious detail, on the richness of her hair, the fabrics of her skillfully arranged dress, and the jewels that stood out like stars in the dark gowns she wore. He could not believe her capable of any trick, deception, or evasion. Her appearance of directness, of terse frankness, was itself an instinctive trick which he worshiped as a characteristic truthfulness impossible to his own less high nature. His was the misfortune of many of the finer men of his mold: he took the people he liked more seriously than he had ever taken himself.

Dr. Dupuis meanwhile spent all the time he could spare at Berwick Farms, and Mrs. Burnham drove him through the pretty country lanes and ugly villages. Talking with him, she told him of herself such items as a desire

to please would surely dictate. She did not spoil her own rendering of her accomplishments and adventures for a lack of facts, but represented herself as subtly experienced in many ways, while Dr. Dupuis treasured a frank friendship for her, whose growth was only checked by her own ill-advised efforts at coquetry. Jane at first viewed this increasing intimacy with surprise, then with an attempt at tolerance as part of her husband's professional intercourse with which she must not meddle. But the decision that he found Cornelia very good company forced itself home, and she looked to the day in which she begged her friend to lunch with her husband as the first word of their present continuous conversation. She knew quite well that the Doctor only enjoyed Cornelia as he might a good book, but she felt that she had misrepresented to him the amount of time he might spend in Mrs. Burnham's company without hurting his wife's feelings, when she had insisted that they spend two unwitnessed hours together, while she gadded. This became the sore spot in her loneliness, a self-imposed grief, a mistake that led to no wrong done her, but to a general misapprehension in which she had no right to feel herself slighted, the while she surely suffered.

If one thing could have enhanced Danny's appreciation of Cornelia's social efficiency it was having a "solid" man attracted to her, and he well-nigh burst with pride when his wife—not without malice—explained the Doctor's views of life to Jane, who suffered in their recital, because, poor lady, they were new to her. She listened, anguished that he had never spoken so to her; the moral effect of physical pain was a topic upon which she had yet to hear him talk, and Cornelia said that he spoke upon it freely. "Who is your fishman now?" or "Are the cook's varicose veins still better, dear?" were the things he said to his wife in his spare moments.

Every moment at Berwick someone wanted him as well as his wife. The kitchen-maid cut herself, and Dr. Dupuis attended her with assiduity and the assistance of his attractive hostess. Old Mr. Burnham claimed him for walks, at whose finish he would declare, as he hung up his hat on its special peg in the vestibule, "Queer thing, this science; the Doctor amazes me with his statements. They've got their Creator's methods down fine, these doctors."

Danny always concurred—with an anecdote—in this observation. His spring hobbies, for they changed with the seasons, were

appendicitis and golf. One portion of the lawn was pockmarked with his lofter shots, and the natural eminence at its side was further pitted with the brassie strokes he had missed. He went there each afternoon in a mood as gay as his plaid stockings, humming Scotch tunes and murmuring words strange to Cornelia's ears. "*Dormie* two" sounded as if it might be the Spanish for "sleep thou," and "stymie" was a vague and two-syllabled terror to her. It made Danny seem so doubly silly to play such a game when he had no calves to his legs, and she felt mortified to have their visitors see him in his emphatically checked knickerbockers, a club held fast in his small hands, almost crying with vexation when he swayed his body only to miss the ball.

"If I could only interest him in collecting butterflies it would be so appropriate," Cornelia said to Dupuis, who felt pity grow apace for this ill-mated but interesting matron.

All Danny's friends who did not play golf apparently abstained because they had appendicitis. One victim was the eldest Ferris girl, to whom Cornelia sent the milk from a special cow each day. Old Mr. Burnham laughed at the "newfangled fake," as he called it, and they all told stories about people who had been threatened with it, and had refused the

operation. In old Mr. Burnham's stories the people recovered, but in Danny's they died, generally in the saddest imaginable circumstances. One vermiform hero left twelve children, all hungry, because his wife would not allow Dr. Ferris to operate, but unfortunately Emily laughed at this tale, and Danny was forced to more cheerful anecdotes in the future.

Jane was recalled to town to wind up the season's philanthropic endeavor, and Cornelia went to Terebella in evening dress and really helped the poor soul with her gay appearance and the sight of her gorgeous jewels. They talked together, rather aimlessly, of women's attire, and Terebella bemoaned her unwedded state very pathetically. "My husband's grief over this fall would be such a comfort to me!" she observed. "You and Dr. Dupuis grieve because you've good hearts, but I want someone to sorrow over me because I belong to 'em."

Dr. Dupuis himself came in shortly after this speech. He knew Cornelia was to be there, and he felt a desire to see her in Terebella's mean room adorned with the jewels she had taken from her safe deposit vault at the dictate of a sick woman's whim. Just as some utterly inartistic soul will be caught by

a fancy for the season's picture, visiting the gallery in which it hangs as the pious man his shrine; so Dr. Dupuis—without gift or taste for intercourse with women—felt drawn toward Cornelia, with quiet pulses and with an appreciation whose critical quality was ever present.

She now busied herself making cocoa over the spirit lamp, for Terebella's nurse had taken advantage of a visitor and had gone out for exercise. Her splendid substitute stirred the mixture in the level sunlight streaming from the west; a light that drew fire from the hearts of her gems and that colored Cornelia's rather too pale cheeks and neck, while it showed their flawlessness. She was gay by intention to cheer the little dancer, lighting her cigarettes while she scolded her for using them in one breath, with laughter at the futility of such cautions. Dr. Dupuis sat gravely on the edge of his chair, sipping his cocoa and admiring Cornelia as she moved to and fro. As she considered black depressing for the nerves of Terebella, she wore white, her gown falling in a thousand clever folds from shoulder to skirt hem, belted with a band of mauve and fastening—where? The fastenings puzzled the Doctor's practical eye, breaking the spell of unreasoning enjoyment which had fallen upon

him. He rose to put down his cup. "How you women get into those clothes baffles me," he observed, bending to examine a spray of diamonds in Cornelia's shoulder knot.

Someone knocked at the door and the dancer said, "Come in!" languidly. Jane entered, observing rather dryly, "I am fifteen minutes late, Cornelia, but you don't seem ready to come away."

Jane's tone, that had in it a tinge of accusation, brought the color to Cornelia's face, who felt her blush to be a strategic misstep. She smiled and said rather faintly, "Jane feels herself so remiss toward me lately, it quite embarrasses me. She is always apologizing for being late or something."

"Yes," the Doctor said quietly. "Don't destroy the feeling that two friends like you need make no apologies. It is such a comfortable understanding, Jane."

When Cornelia had donned her long white coat, she kissed the dancer as was her custom, while Jane looked on with an eye well accustomed to the details of poverty, and which disapproved every material thing that her friend had bought to adorn Terebella's maimed existence. To be sure, they were not well chosen, although as well meant as most charitable contributions. The glint of

envy showed in the dancer's eyes as she fingered Cornelia's jewels in farewell. As Jane had prophesied this in her own mind, she felt elation that the event justified her instinct. She was vexed, however, at the animation in the Doctor's talk and bearing, ever present if Cornelia were also with him, and Mrs. Dupuis likened herself to a man who owns a good horse, but does not know how to drive him. Mrs. Burnham made the Doctor seem brilliant, but with his wife he was always the man of heavy cares and few pleasures, relapsing into the city doctor, while at Berwick he was a man of social possibilities, a fund of unique anecdote and gentle humor.

Jane thought of this as Cornelia sat quietly beside her in the carriage. She also thought that all the material things the Burnhams gave her were as feathers in the scale against her husband's consideration. He had given all the love he had to give, although a woman of many suitors would have scorned it, being at best but a tolerant loyalty and an unacknowledged admiration for her quick mind. It was almost an aggravation to her to find Cornelia so sweet and unembarrassed, so appreciative of Frank's good mind and professional success.

"If they were the sort of people to carry

this sort of thing too far, I would be justified in speaking of it, but they won't," she thought, as her friend dwelt upon the Doctor's tact in dealing with Terebella's depression.

Cornelia spoke somewhat carefully of the Doctor to his wife. Seeing Jane's growing irritation, she failed to guess that it was a keener smart than the sting of a trivial jealousy. She could not bear the sight of real pain or she would never have told lies for a political free-lance like Mordrook, or given her favorite cloak away to a woman of no better bearing than Jane. Aware of her own kind heart, she excused all eccentricities on her part by one acknowledgment, one fault confessed that also implied a great virtue. "I am too pitying, too sympathetic," was her only public or private avowal.

It had been agreed that Cornelia and her maid were to spend the night with Mrs. Dupuis, whose annoyance received a fillip with the first course at dinner. Her husband told stories that were new to her, said things that she heretofore believed him incapable of conceiving, and exhibited a gentle humor that charmed her in itself, but grieved her in its provocation. He lingered at the table until Mrs. Burnham said, "Doesn't Jane let you smoke?"

"Jane has nothing to say about it!" Mrs. Dupuis observed tartly, moving to her big writing table. There was no great need for her letters just then, but she wanted to be apart, to analyze the hateful heartache she had brought upon herself. She meant to listen to Cornelia's talk and to use her speech as a pattern. "If it is the way she looks that pleases him, I can't compete," the poor soul thought, as she looked out upon the dreary backs of the abutting houses with their depressing yards, upon whose fences hopeless cats took their stealthy constitutionals. In the front street the inevitable piano organ delivered itself of heartless tunes.

"I don't think you speak fairly of Mordrook," Cornelia was saying. "He has his good points—all of which you forget. Don't stir up the mud at the bottom of the puddle; leave it alone, and it reflects the sky."

"You are the most sensible cynical person I know," the Doctor exclaimed.

"No cynic believes as I do—in Heaven," Cornelia said, smiling. Since she had given money to St. Cecilia's she had found her inclination toward religion and piety on the increase.

"Heaven might be any neighborhood that escapes taxation and infection," the Doctor observed gravely.

"The entrance fee is excessive!" Mrs. Burnham replied, with an amusing air of one who had suffered for the faith.

Jane drew a sheet of paper from her portfolio and wrote steadily without pausing for a word:

"DEAR MISS MCNULTY:

"I am in perhaps unreasonably great trouble—and although it may seem a slight thing to you, in your life of wider scope than mine—nay, than of most lives—I crave your counsel; and if it be not an undignified request, your sympathy. In one of my friends my husband has found a companion, which I have never had the good fortune to be to him. She is a lovely woman and as I said my intimate friend, with a mind that is receptive and with a wit that adorns any topic upon which she speaks. She monopolizes the Doctor and he rejoices in her society. They are above reproach, they are both ideally good people, and yet I feel so hurt and sore at their tacit exclusion of me from their plans and conversation that I can scarcely speak to my dear Cornelia pleasantly, to the woman who heretofore, in this season's intercourse, has given me pleasure untold and otherwise beyond my reach. She goes con-

stantly to see a maimed dancer, who is also a patient of the Doctor's and to whom he introduced her. She asked me to call for her in a cab to-day as she was going to cheer this unfortunate little thing, uniquely, you may think, by a visit in evening dress, for the dancer still adores finery. Upon my arrival I found the Doctor there also, sipping cocoa and looking as if he had never been there on professional terms at all. They were so absorbed that they never offered me a chair, or any cocoa. But it is all my fault, for I insisted upon my friend's lunching alone with the Doctor one day, when I wanted to take my pleasure elsewhere, and it was then that this intimacy came about. My husband could not be disloyal or my friend undignified, but I suffer from my own folly and their consequent liberty to ignore me. Pray advise me and forgive so strange a letter, but I look upon you as such a good friend.

"Faithfully yours,

"JANE EVEREST DUPUIS."

Cornelia's voice was hardly audible in Jane's ears while she wrote, but, in concluding her letter, she caught Mrs. Burnham's deep sigh, turning her chair that she might observe her.

"True love *is* a *rara avis*," Cornelia said.

"It flies fast," the Doctor responded.

Jane's heart beat rather wildly as she stamped her letter and put it where the sickly page could find it on the morrow. She knew that if her husband wished to discuss love intimately with a woman other than his wife, he would hardly do so in his wife's presence, for fear of interruption, to say the least of it, but she felt that to discuss it at all was a change from the ordinary conduct of his life; also the lackadaisical style of sweetness lately assumed by Cornelia tormented her hostess, and the clinging handclasp bestowed on her, as she took her place again at the dining table from which they had made no effort to move away, was hardly compensation for her continued exclusion from their conversation.

The little group broke up soon after the introduction of a third figure: Jane and the Doctor going upstairs, while Cornelia promised to put out the desk lamp after writing a note. It was a line to the gardener at Berwick, which she completed speedily, but, on searching for a stamp, she saw Jane's letter to the authoress, lying address uppermost.

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet," she observed under her breath, and then, as her life's practice had been to take what she wanted, she seized the letter, saying with-

in herself that it was surely hers, while yet an uncomfortable feeling stole through her.

The adjoining room was quite dark, and of the room in which she stood but one lamp shone. She thought of being encompassed with clouds of spirit-witnesses, and midnight misgivings consequently beset her, but she was brave and carried the letter to her room, where she first designed to steam it open by the agency of hot water. But on reflecting that the letter was her own, and that no one but Rathbone's clerk and herself would ever see it, she broke it open and then decided not to send it at all, but answer it in fifteen days' time, as she did its fellows, without permitting it to take the sea-trips made by the others.

As she read, a contempt for herself, because her courtesy to Jane had lessened as interest in her husband was augmented, grew in her—combined with pity for Jane. "The idea of my not giving the poor thing any cocoa!" she thought again and again, until Alice came and was dispatched with the note to Berwick's gardener.

"I can say that I posted Jane's note with it," she arranged at one of those counsels of expediency and her own desires that were so often held in her mind, seemingly occupied with the mental fashions of the hour, the verse,

prose-books, horses, and charities of a busy place in which the Burnhams had a home, but no great influence. And Jane's sleep that night was a thing of snatches. Not since her girlhood, when her night had been broken with watching her mother's progressing malady, had such vivid pictures of alarm and catastrophe flamed in the darkness, kindled by a restless mind and a nameless trouble.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH THE BURNHAMS (MALE) PROVE TO BE OBSERVANT, AND IN WHICH OLD MR. BURNHAM TRIES TO REASON WITH A WOMAN.

> Who lays deep schemes shall early find
> Them countered in some other mind.
>
> —*Veo.*

Cornelia observed to herself, as she dressed next morning, that she might be a personified post office, for the tremendous concern she had with letters. There were those obtained from Gordis and relating to Mordrook, there were those she received as Cornelia and as Anne, and now there was one which an unexpectedly early delivery had made valuable by giving her a tight grip on matters already in hand. She felt a decided contempt for Jane, but her feeling for the Doctor was undefinable, except in wishing the liking for her which Gordis displayed were coexistent in his mind also. With him her conversation had to be specifically wise or witty, she made conscious effort to please him, she assumed scientific diction, and had to

be careful lest some tyro's slip mar the excellent sense that she derived from his own sound mind, returning it enhanced tenfold, in ornamental epigrams that, honest soul as he was, he could not help introducing as his own in subsequent conversations with colleagues. She once said to him,—making excuses for the weakness of her sex,—" Ignorance is the cornerstone of a woman's shortcomings. The snares of life are names to her, but man knows their nature." This was Dr. Dupuis' theory tersely said; and at the nurses' graduating exercises in the Mary Magdalen Free Hospital he quoted Anne McNulty unwittingly by repeating the above sentence, for which he was applauded heartily by the nurses and their friends.

He looked to Cornelia now as one skilled in formulating ideas. She hit off all the doctors at the Overflow with a word or two; this one greeted a speedy convalescent with " a burst of the kindest profanity," and another " used his tongue for a probe and his eye for a gimlet," while a third had " only sense enough to send in his bills." And the Doctor was beginning to be regarded as a wit in consequence of these her sayings. Although Jane recognized them as flowers of Cornelia's rhetoric, she had sufficient tact to greet them

as original with her husband; and, even viewed as the glittering products of a rival's brain, she acknowledged that some of them were good in themselves.

The Doctor and his wife were already seated at the breakfast table when Cornelia greeted them. "Good-morning, Jane, dear," she said, "Alice posted that letter of yours for England last night; was that right?"

"Just right."

There was but one letter for Mrs. Burnham, which was from Gordis and about the lost letters. Cornelia read it to her friend and went over the loss of the packet again. "I feel so fearfully about it," she said, seemingly depressed.

"Do you know," Jane burst out, "if I hadn't put that packet in the bag myself and if Mr. Mordrook had not preceded me into the dining room, remaining there until after the postboy left, I should believe that he took it himself."

"If my telling you that those letters might have been used against Mr. Mordrook has made you suspect him, I shall very much regret having said anything about them."

"No, I say that the circumstances make it impossible for him to have touched them."

"I am glad you feel so," Cornelia responded heartily, "but I feel the blame rests on us, because it was our house and our postbag."

"Or on me," Jane replied, laughing, "because I posted it."

This was the last conversation Cornelia had about the lost letters. From time to time Danny or the old gentleman would wonder what had become of them, but Gordis was careful not to speak of his loss, for Cornelia had seemed to him very distressed and sensitive at its least mention, and to pain Cornelia was to lessen the opportunities for a companionship he loved. Danny jarred her serenity constantly, as the Jew observed. He had lately acquired some five-line nonsense verses, which Emily found amusing and that Harvey consequently deemed desirable. No household happening, or diurnal episode, could escape characterization in some one line of these odious verses, and the young lady of Pekin, the child of Stamboul, and the entire *dramatis personæ* of these rhymes grew hateful to her. A friend of Danny's wrote one about a man named Harris, who came home from Paris and asked what a bar is, and this man was asked down for a Sunday with the biographical poet. During their stay

Cornelia found no relief except with the elder Ferris girl and Mordrook, who turned up most unexpectedly for a Sunday and read the "World's Woe" aloud to them on Sunday afternoon. Cornelia saw that there was a strong sympathy between these guests and did her utmost to separate them, fearing disapproval from the Ferris parents. Danny noticed it, too, but he had lately become absorbed in and proud of Cornelia because she attracted the men whose names carry weight. He used to say to the many friends who came to spend a day or two in lively plaids and intermittent attempts to annihilate more turf with golf sticks: "Take care of my wife, she manages a lot of men beside me." And old Mr. Burnham had his little joke about it. "Mr. Gordis likes you almost as well as he does me," he would say to Cornelia with his kindly chuckle.

The time slipped away with life simplified to mere rural incident—the drive, the mail-boy, the first outdoor rose, the earliest strawberry; truly "a green thought in a green shade," which quotation Cornelia used quite often in the letters she wrote. She had been requested—as Anne McNulty—to lecture to the tailoress hands of Sparrock-Staughton, Hants, on the spread of improvidence in the skilled

trades, but she wrote a lovely letter to Lady Atwink, who invited her, saying that she had only taken to the pen as a means of expression because her throat was so weak that the doctors forbade her to use it except *en tête-à tête*. She received a "lovely" response from Lady Atwink, who thought she might chance to be her old schoolmate, Avice Gluff, "who couldn't speak above a whisper, but was all for reform." No high-spirited woman could resist replying to this letter and saying that she believed Avice Gluff to be a myth, as she was forever hearing about her, but never obtaining even a chance glimpse of the lady.

Such small things composed her life until the end of May, the eve of Jane's return to Berwick. She had not been able to secure her on the date of her reception of Anne McNulty's letter, but she had begged her to bring it with her. Gordis had come down for the night, and his hostess observed that neither father nor son were as cordial in their greetings to him as heretofore. It was the first time she had observed a coolness in Danny, and the self-consciousness that afflicted her under the elder Burnham's laboriously courteous conversation with a man

who sought her society primarily in a house that was essentially her husband's father's, made her knit her brows and ponder. Gordis showed her domination of his mind very plainly at dinner by his tendency to smile and in an overindulgence of glances toward Mrs. Burnham, who struggled against an atmosphere she could not dispel. Any father who has laid in a goodly supply of fireworks for a Fourth of July which proves rainy can understand the emotions of Gordis as he listened to Danny and old Mr. Burnham without interest or the attempt at it. The evening lagged. Emily and Harvey were spending a few days at the Ferris country place on Long Island and Cornelia, mindful of them, played the "Lohengrin" wedding march while the men smoked. Then she read Carlyle, in preparation for her next talk with Dr. Dupuis, with whom Carlylian nouns such as "whiskerage" and "gigmanity" were novelties and successes. Gordis presently joined her, proposing to play duets, but she did not wish to proclaim herself a halting reader, so she asked about Mordrook. He declined any conversation. "I think dear old Mr. Burnham would rather hear us play than have us talk."

"Ridiculous!" Cornelia exclaimed.

"If I am disliked by them, I cannot come here often," he said too simply.

Cornelia was very angry, not at the Jew, who looked at her with a strangely soft glance when one observed the fire in his eyes, but at Danny, and even at the old man, that they should dare restrict her friendship or limit her intercourse.

"One may always drive in the park," she observed archly.

"But one cannot enjoy a drive as—two can," he replied.

"Your point is well taken. Let us chat at length."

Thus, while Danny smoked and read the evening papers, and long after old Mr. Burnham was sleeping off his farming fatigue, Mrs. Burnham and Mr. Gordis talked together. The report of a stenographer, alert and at hand, could not condemn their thoughts or phrases; but the recording angel, with full cognizance of Cornelia's rebellious heart, probably made a black entry in the book that will one day be considered the best reading in the universe by those who love the truth and a terse style.

"Good-night," Cornelia said, when the clock struck eleven. "The whiskey is on the table—pledge to-morrow in it."

"To-morrow is a foregone conclusion, a cheerless day. I shall not see you in the morning, as I leave by the first train."

She put her white hand for a moment within the tender strength of his, and the consciousness of pleasure in it confused her as she moved gracefully over the skins spread on the floor of shining boards. As she passed Danny she smiled reassuringly, while yet the hand-clasp of Gordis had evoked the face of Dupuis and started a sweet thought that made her face girlish and her bearing buoyant. She was too excited to prepare for her bed. Everything about Gordis had impressed her in her last interview with him. She expected him to fence with her suggestion that they drive together and again in the park, but his caution seemed to evaporate, leaving a residuary determination that, because of its force, had charm. She did not know what some women—who are called sensible—learn instinctively: that man will follow close once he is sure that pursuit pleases the pursued, and if he himself set store by the pleasures of the chase.

Jane was to arrive the following day, and it was time that the letter Anne McNulty had received in the Dupuis dining room should have its answer. When Cornelia awoke next

morning her mind turned to this, she was about to dash off a trial sentence, when Alice told her that old Mr. Burnham wanted her to breakfast with him on the piazza. She finished dressing with a certain trepidation that made pins very difficult things to handle and strings very painful to tie. Nothing was quite right, and an uncertainty hung in the air as sensibly as an odor. She was glad to get out of her room to the more public precinct of the corridor and large hall, and old Mr. Burnham kissed her affectionately, but, the morning being fresh, insisted that she breakfast in a wrap, which she found suffocating, and which served as fuel to the flaming temper that threatened an outbreak momentarily.

The dear old man, cheery and clean-shaven, poured out her coffee with portentous care, and the entire meal was dispatched to an accompaniment of trivial but forced comment more galling than silence, and a part of the family life of small and great.

"Effingham has a new cart," Cornelia observed, as she saw the dairy man upon the kitchen driveway.

"Perhaps that's the reason he neglects the butter—takes his friends to drive, no doubt."

Every chance sentence she made had a sad ending, and by this symptom she was able

to gauge a coming storm as surely as the mariner with his falling glass. When the servants had gone and the strawberries only awaited consumption, Mr. Burnham cleared his throat with fearful impressiveness, while—although her heart beat like a force-pump—Cornelia gazed absently toward the stables.

"Daughter," the old gentleman said, "you are a beautiful and accomplished lady, you dress in the most elegant styles, you entertain magnificently, you have more friends than a princess, you have a first-rate life; now haven't you?"

"Indeed I have," Cornelia replied prettily.

"Well, now, don't you go and spoil it all."

"How could I?" she cried, as if the sting of such a thought were sudden and from some cause she could not guess.

"That Gordis is as much in love with you as if you were in the market——"

"Mr. Burnham!" Cornelia cried loudly. She had not used his name formally since Danny had first introduced his family to his *fiancée*. It hurt the old man, even while it seemed to him that such dignified protest showed that his son's wife could not entertain the idea of the Jew's preference, nor, consequently, the reality.

"Dear girl, I am only warning you. I

know that most fellows look shabby alongside Danny. I can see by the liberty you give him that you and I agree about his being just right. But liberty's no friend to a woman, dear, and I aint a-goin' to have you independent in the sense that a man can be free, because of your freedom, to show how he feels toward your wit and your good looks. Being trusted by your husband has no similarity to being a widow. A nice man wouldn't do it, daughter; it aint the thing."

"I don't want to dispute with you, grandpa," she answered quietly, "but I cannot believe that Mr. Gordis has any feeling for me beyond the generous interest he has for Danny's wife and for a woman who loves reading. The reason that I cannot believe it is just this: Men do not show a preference, if it be strong, unless the woman for whom it is felt encourages it. I do not encourage Mr. Gordis."

"No, daughter, so you don't; but he might think you do. I know it's to make up for the loss of those infernal letters,—I wish to God they'd never been written,—but we don't know how he reasons."

"There is no need to have him here again," she said violently.

"That's just right," old Mr. Burnham de-

clared. "Never do, and don't waste a thought on what he'll think about it. If he guesses the truth, he'll be more careful next winter."

"That's true," Cornelia said, yawning; "but I'll never forgive you for being worried about me."

"He wrote so many letters to you, and we always connect those fat English envelopes with his interests too."

"Who are we?" Cornelia demanded haughtily.

The old gentleman, having made a false step, for "we" was too visibly himself and Danny, decided to give Cornelia the next move, which she allowed to be thrust upon her, being inexperienced in such things.

"Do not trouble to inform me of the result of your next debates. I do not know when I have been so much annoyed."

She then went hastily upstairs, outwardly calm and tearless, but a fiery furnace within. The old man appealed to her artistic side: his love for foolish Danny was so perfect an emotion, so poetic an impulse, that she envied her insignificant spouse its possession; but neither anger nor appreciation of old Mr. Burnham's typical qualities could cripple the faculties of which she was proudly aware.

"DEAR FRIEND [she wrote]: Your last letter astonished me, and I can only tell you, and from experience, that unless you go at once to your friend and tell of your discomfort and her discourtesy you will lose your love for her and perhaps your husband's for you. Just say to her what you have said to me. Do not write it, for a word with a pen takes on another value than the spoken word. I myself am passing through deep waters just now, and I can only spare a little time to write to you, the dearest of my unseen correspondents. But never forget, dear girl ["That will tickle her to death," Cornelia observed to the typewriting machine], that no human mind is great enough to be the abiding place of all truth. Therefore have patience with your neighbor's opinions, for what seems to you to be undignified may occur to her mind as ennobling. The realities of existence differ like tones in a scale; we need some for our melody, but another theme, perchance as grand as ours, grows from the notes we did not use.

"Your friend,
"ANNE MCNULTY."

Cornelia's irritation continued through the day, and she feared further interviews with her

father, if Jane exhibited any jealousy of her or if Dr. Dupuis showed surprise at her forthcoming exclusive devotion to Jane. The one word "check" summed up her situation, but it is not always the player who at first calls check who at last wins the game.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHICH IS MERELY INCIDENTAL AND SYMPTOMATIC.

The straw which showed the way the wind would blow
Is well remembered when the storm winds grow
And ruin that fair garden, where we thought
The sunshine evermore would surely glow.
—*Souvenances d'Omar.*

"Adaptability is perfected cleverness."

Cornelia said this to Jane, who sat sipping sherry in the little study while she looked out on the beautiful trees and wondered what this statement of Mrs. Burnham's meant.

"For instance, your idol, Anne McNulty, may be apt with words and just in thought, but she cannot be as clever as the woman who has many friends of different qualities, with whom she is alike in intimacy but different in personality, *le sais-tu?*"

A look of solemn enjoyment settled upon Jane's face. She loved to defend Anne McNulty and to argue vaguely with people upon points that could not be defined; to say things sententiously, to roll cleverly sounding phrases under her tongue. She unpinned her

traveling hat, and rolled up her spotted veil and second-best gloves, that her mind might be free from the distraction of domestic cares while framing a reply.

Cornelia had, of course, been thinking of her own adaptibility and referring to it in self-praise, but Jane knew not to what she herself referred. The desire to talk, to express herself and impress herself, laid hold upon her.

"I think I understand what you mean, but I cannot agree with you. The gift of consecutive narrative, the epigrammatic touch, the ability to make a peepshow with the pen, is more valuable to modern society than mere adaptability to this visitor or that."

"Oh, Jane! you look at what helps society. I look at what aids the individual woman, every time."

Jane rose to search for her trunk key, always the cause of panic to women who travel rarely—and touched Cornelia's pretty hair with her lips. "I hate to hear you speak so, my dear friend. If you could come under the spell of Anne McNulty's spirit, you would find the truth in the opinion she holds."

Mrs. Dupuis had dreaded this visit, putting it off as long as she dared and shirking a realization of her reasons for deferring it, lest any new acknowledgment of Cornelia's power

add bitterness to the resentment she could not help. But she had been greeted in Cornelia's first cordial fashion and carried off to her study, where the Early Birds were inquired after with tenderness; and a discussion, which Jane characterized as stimulating, was at once begun.

"I wronged her," Jane thought, as she stroked Mrs. Burnham's hand and resumed the caresses that occur upon so little pretext if there is a real personal liking. "I wronged her. I was cross, so she took to Frank."

Her hostess, smiling at her with ample cordiality, read her thought as easily as if it were italicized print. She declined to leave her alone, devouring Anne McNulty's letters with a relish that pleased Jane.

"Wouldn't you love to see her handwriting?" Cornelia asked.

"I try not to concern myself about those things. They only make me eager to know her identity, and the veiled sybil forbids that."

"You have such conscience!" Cornelia observed patronizingly.

Dr. Dupuis neither missed nor desired the chance to speak with his hostess alone. She dressed charmingly, looked radiant, and said as much that was bright when she talked with many people, as

when she spoke with him alone. He made no effort to intensify their intercourse, but, accepting it as it came, hardly noticed her increased attentions to Jane, being himself occupied with a full enjoyment of the luxury of Berwick. Thus Cornelia, his picture of womanhood, was as beautiful in the competition of a crowded gallery as when she had been the only painted fancy upon the red-draped wall of the picture-dealer.

The visit was unusually successful, as Jane obtained her hostess as an active member of the Early Birds and the Doctor finished reading the proofs of his article on the "Definitive Symptoms of Cancers and their Probable Causes." Cornelia helped him to verify quotations and sickened at the instances cited to prove or exemplify various points in the treatise. Skillfully pressing Jane into the service, the two women spent all of Sunday with technical French, German, and English medical books for which the Doctor had sent to town, when he found that industry was possible. They really helped him, and Jane had but a few pangs of the old resentment when Dr. Dupuis praised Cornelia for thinking to serve science in such fashion.

Their hostess was left lonely when they departed, as she hardly dared propose another

friendly invasion of Berwick. Mr. Burnham, Sr., had lately rebelled, longing articulately and in the presence of his daughter-in-law, for one Sunday without visitors. Danny had gone to a golf tournament, where he could murmur "dormie two" and "you're away" as much as he liked, without driving Cornelia out of earshot. Jane had written many other letters to Anne McNulty about Cornelia Burnham, but she had not mentioned her annoyance at another woman's devising a way to lighten the Doctor's labors. She had rather praised her, illustrating to Cornelia's other self the dear delight of a vent such as this unrestrained writing to an unseen but friendly soul. Cornelia recognized with the clear vision that aided her complicated trickery that Jane had become her friend through a tendency to express herself, just as Anne McNulty had become more dear when a medium of personal correspondence had been established. Jane must assert herself without stint before she could be truly happy. Cornelia spent the last dreamy days of May in thought upon these themes; the Doctor was ever foremost in her mind and she used to wonder what he would be like if he felt toward her as did Gordis, or if he were under a serious obligation to her as was Mordrook.

The morning of June first dawned with terrible heat, and far off in Berwick valley the mists rose like wraiths and hid the road that scarred the plain's level green from end to end. Cornelia, awakened very early by the oppression of a coming and unbearable day, rose and slipped on a loose wrapper. Danny was to return home that night, his wife remembered; she felt ill and lonely in this unfamiliar hour when all God's creatures except the cook and the chickens seemed sleeping and at home. The first sunlight turned the gilded moldings of her mirror into liquid flame, and the clinking pans in the kitchen wing suggested that she ring for her coffee. When Alice brought it, half dressed and alarmed at her mistress' early rising, there was a telegram on the tray that Cornelia fancied must come from Danny. When she at last opened it, she found it signed "Jane," while it read: "Please spend Thursday night with us. Theater."

Her coffee revived Mrs. Burnham's spirit of adventure. She wondered when Jane had become a playgoer at her own charges and rejoiced in the fact that Danny would have found conversational vent in reciting the incidents of his sojourn to old Mr. Burnham before she returned from town. "Poor, good-natured, little, second fiddle!" she exclaimed

aloud at the thought of him. His plaids seemed so pitiful, his golf practice so vain! As a factor in her life he was completely dwarfed, and by the important parts she played herself, masked and with great authority.

Danny's doting parent was very much shocked at Cornelia's going to town on the eve of "Sonny's" return. But she told him, of course, that she had long promised to go with Jane.

"Besides," she added in her sensible way, "the Dupuis are not rich, and they cannot afford parties as we can. I think it would be wicked if I were to break such an engagement with them, but I would put off richer people without a qualm——"

"That shows the heart of a real lady," old Mr. Burnham exclaimed, while Cornelia prepared for her departure with a light heart and an imaginative foretaste of the excitement to come. She was convinced that the theater was a secondary thing and that the real cause of Jane's invitation was the receipt of Anne McNulty's letter, counseling her to call her friend to account for the charm she had exercised too potently. She had not been sure that the Doctor's wife would accept Anne McNulty's advice in the matter, because she

had received two subsequent letters from Jane in which Cornelia Burnham won some praise. But, for all that, the old fear peeped from between the lines dictated by a belated caution that was no more than a reaction from too much rashness.

The afternoon accommodation train crept over the green fields while Cornelia sat within it upright, irreproachable in mien and dress, and conning over every point of vantage that she held against Jane. She was consciously correct in matters of dress, as much so as was Danny, and excitement lent a color and animation to her face, whose power she could gauge with the instinctive reasoning that belongs in part to all women, in perfection to very few. Alice had been told to follow by a later train, and Cornelia had not as yet acknowledged to herself the reason of this arrangement. But just as she reached the depôt and had dismissed the carriage, she sent a telegram to Gordis at the *Moderator's* Editorial Rooms: "Meet me at 23d Str. Train arrives 5.10. Burnham."

As her appetite for excitement was insatiable she began to grow restive and to reflect upon the moment when Gordis would take her hand within his hearty grasp and lead her to the hansom, in which they would discuss

the things Danny had not the wit to ponder nor Dr. Dupuis the will. She did not criticise her own determination in wiring Gordis any more than she censured her lack of love for Jane, in trying to capture a larger part of the Doctor's fancy than his wife could spare with comfort. Hers was the unreasoning persistence, the defined ambition, intention and desire, that makes success, inherent and predestined. She alighted from the train upon the greasy wooden platform with a feeling of triumph at the well-managed circumstances that led her to rational conversational pleasure in a hansom—a diversion that Danny and Mr. Burnham would deny her because they had no experience of intellectual companionship in the whole cheap history of their tinsel lives. She was magnificently scornful toward Danny, but her father-in-law held the tenderest place in her heart against all comers.

She passed out through the gates, one of the throng of farmers, peddlers, and rag-pickers; of women with children or vulgarian suitors, or bundles of wares held high upon their kerchiefed heads. These were her sisters who imitated her, with cheap editions of her stately boa and well-cut coat; but there was not one like her, and this fact she noted, standing aloof on the boat in the few mo-

ments of atmospheric freshness afforded by the ferry between the heats of train and town.

She assumed a meditative air as the boat bumped against its slip, striving to control the excitement within her by a simulated thoughtfulness and serenity. A certain coquetry underlay this pose, for she did not wish to seem alert to meet Gordis, letting the stream of humanity pour itself into the town while she held back that a moment's disappointment, a protracted waiting, might brighten the joy of her coming. Entering the ferry house she heard the familiar voice of Danny at her elbow.

"Cornelia!" he said. "How did you know when to meet me?"

"A little bird told me you would hardly stop to dine in town in this heat, and my instinct said you would take a morning train from Garrismore, and as I had long promised Jane that I would go to the theater with them to-night, I told Alice to take the later train, as I couldn't drag her up here in this frightful weather for the mere fancy I had that I should catch a glimpse of you——"

"That was awfully sweet of you, dear." Danny looked worried and thin, and Cornelia's heart went out to him.

"Is anything the matter, Danny?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "Gordis asked me that just now. I met him here a moment ago. He was going to Helmsford by a special train at five-five, for a tea-fight of literary lights. He is going to the theater with Mrs. Dupuis, too. Why didn't she ask me?"

"She did," Cornelia answered with her unscrupulously merciful tendency, "but father thought you wouldn't be home, so I regretted for you." She knew how it hurt him to be left out of any party whatever. "He couldn't understand my coming up in the heat, especially on this train, and I was afraid to tell him I expected to find you, because he would have insisted on coming too, and the best of us grow a little old for such jaunts."

Cornelia was thinking and talking fast. She was so pleased at the address of Gordis, and diverted at the unsuspecting attitude of Danny, that she forgot her first shock at his appearance. They talked together for five minutes more and then went to the train gate, which was not yet opened. A man was bawling out the names of various quiet country places, stations on the line, and the horrid noise he made aroused an unreasoning wrath

in Danny that Cornelia had not seen in him before.

"Damn that fellow!" he exclaimed. "I wish that either he were dead or I. I hate that noise."

Cornelia could not laugh at him, for the little man's face wore an expression of deep pain. His eyes had seemingly receded, and their sockets were underlined with a half ring of black, like the eyes of a nervous woman.

"I hope he's not worried about *me*," Cornelia thought as she went forth to find a hansom.

Now that she was alone her mind chose a new topic. She wanted to tell people that she and Anne McNulty were one; that Cornelia Burnham was the socialistic sage, the maker of reformatory epigrams, the scourge of the oppressor, the suave savior of the heavy-laden. "How wonderful I am!" was the burden of her thoughts, and she longed to tell Dr. Dupuis and Gordis and Jane, who patronized her moral tone as of an inferior brand to Anne McNulty's godliness. But a certain correspondence locked away in the Chippendale desk at Berwick told her that, if she made a bid for literary honors, she bade farewell to the friends who pleased her most. "Jane would never forgive me, and the Doctor would be an awful person to meet after an

announcement of my double identity. Alas! he has no humor and he thinks that Jane's philanthropy is effective. I must enjoy my fame by myself."

She went to Terebella's on the chance of finding the Doctor, but he had been gone from there for an hour, and Cornelia chatted with the lonely little wreck for fifteen minutes, giving her various accounts of foreign theaters and music halls, and describing the prevalent mode in summer dresses in a way that cheered Terebella immensely.

When she arrived at Jane's she had forgotten all about the heat and was touched at the preparations her hostess had made to mitigate it. Iced tea was given her at the drawing-room door, and her entertainers rejoiced that she seemed unconscious of the high temperature and lack of breeze. She read aloud an English review of the "World's Woe," which she laid to Mordrook's kindness, and Jane refuted some of its depreciatory comment with considerable justice.

For one moment Cornelia was tempted to claim her own and tell all she knew of Anne McNulty, but her mood changed when she saw that Jane was embarrassed, and engrossed in finding the entering wedge of the interview that Miss McNulty had advised her

to secure with the rich friend whom her husband admired. Cornelia did not expect her to conduct this with any finesse or cleverness, and she was therefore surprised when Jane said very firmly:

"I have had much in mind what you said to me about yourself and Frank on the day you lunched with him. Cornelia, dear, I want to apologize afresh for what I now see had every reason to be unpleasant to you; the more so, in that I was its cause. As Frank is my husband and you are my friend, I am going to tell you how deeply I appreciate your continued and augmented companionship with me now that you are also intimate with the Doctor. Frank admires you immensely, and I should feel myself a stupid, ignorant woman if I failed to say that I feared the worldly comment on your meetings at Terebella's should their frequency become known. You are both so magnetic, so clever, and so prominent that I was delighted to find that your intercourse included, nay, demanded my presence as its complement. You have made me inexpressibly happy, Cornelia."

"I have thought of everything of which you have just spoken, Jane, dear, and I am so glad we can talk together like this. You dear, loving soul! how cleverly you put

things! How wise of you to speak so and put me at my ease in every way! I enjoy your husband as I do you, and I want to enjoy you together, not apart. And now, dear, let me tell you of my poor Danny. He has come back from Garrismore looking wretched!"

Cornelia ran on about her anxiety for Danny until dinner was announced, and Jane sympathized with her and assured her that Frank always looked as if he were about to die himself every time he lost a patient.

"Danny probably lost at golf," she said reassuringly.

"I am sure he did, if he played at all!" Cornelia rejoined with a wicked smile.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE IMPORTANT HAPPENING SEEMS TO BE DANNY'S ILLNESS, BUT IS REALLY CORNELIA'S OBSCURE UNION OF THE LETTERS OF JANE AND MORDROOK IN ONE PACKET.

> The broken stay, the missing pin,
> May wreck the game we stood to win,
> For many a man has lost his race
> From the thing he forgot, not his horse's pace.
>
> —*Ryan Cocksure.*

Gordis arrived late at the play; and, as Jane's party was composed of four people only, the place designed for him was at the side of his hostess. Cornelia hardly noticed him, as the plot and incident of the drama before her absorbed her mind, drawing it away from the problems and people in her own life, and resting it with a change of food and a new set of considerations. She had dined alone with the Doctor and his wife, as she had many times before, but in a new spirit to-night; using her tact to accentuate Jane's opinions and saying many clever things prefixed with "as Jane says." When, in the final moment

of the play's end, the wronged wife had effected a chain-lightning reformation of her stage husband, Gordis found himself at Cornelia's elbow in leaving the theater.

"It was nice of you to ask me to meet you this afternoon," he said, "but I had to go to a tea-fight. I hope your husband told you——"

"Was it a *bona fide* tea-fight?"

"Not entirely—at least there was such an entertainment, but I had no intention of going to it until I met your husband at the station. I thought at first the telegram was from him, and only natural caution kept me from mentioning it."

"I think I did wrong to wire you to meet me." Cornelia heaved a pretty sigh, expecting immediate contradiction.

"So do I," Gordis replied slowly, "quite wrong. I am your friend, but not your family. I might like to be, but I can't, and I'm not the soul to usurp any other man's rights."

"You surprise me," Cornelia said coldly.

"As I surprise myself."

It was characteristic of Cornelia that no indignation moved her to forget the pain of this rebuke. What he said was true, but she believed there was nothing to do but bear an opinion that she could not controvert. Her

cheeks burned, but she took up the position of Gordis against herself, almost crying with the thought of her own stupidity and forwardness. A new truth appeared to her: "A man only condones the unconventional behavior that he has himself suggested," and in that reflection she had the key to many a bad reputation.

They had an ice in one of the hotels, and Jane and the Doctor and Gordis were gay and said bright things to Cornelia, who listened and laughed with well-trained promptitude, but no spontaneity.

"This evening is a boon to me, I am so nervous about Danny. If I were at home," she said reasonably, "he would not let me nurse him, and here I am diverted!"

Jane sympathized unceasingly with her friend's apprehension, and said and did numbers of loving things that comforted her complex visitor for the rebuke of Gordis, which still stung more than his rather too blunt assurances of personal liking could charm her. As a breeze had sprung up and Cornelia admired the window boxes and street gardening, they walked to the Dupuis', talking about nothing at all very persistently until the two women were together in Cornelia's room.

The city was growing silent, but when a

truck or cab did pass its noise was deafening. The back fences were covered in some instances with vines, of whose ornamental effect Mrs. Burnham was thinking when she noticed a certain nervousness in Jane, an indescribable aspect of uncertainty in her appearance that drew her attention.

"She has a last word to be uttered about her husband," Cornelia decided instantly.

Alice constrained them to rather cautious communings while she brushed her mistress' hair. Jane spoke of the play with apparent effort, and Danny's tired face appeared to his wife again and again with its new expression of annoyance. She wondered if he had committed some solecism so great that he had been able to recognize it as a mistake. Her cheeks burned for him, and she gave a little uneasy jerk that drew the hair out of Alice's grasp.

"I am worried," she exclaimed; "I can't help it!"

Jane, after attempting to lessen her guest's alarm, said an affectionate good-night, and Cornelia was in bed and on the verge of sleep when a deprecating tap at the door aroused her. Jane came to her bedside, crumpling the counterpane's fringed border with nervous fingers.

"You know, Cornelia," she said, "that you called me a wise woman this afternoon when we had our reassuring little talk together. I treasure up all your words of praise, but I don't deserve that one——"

"Why not, dear?"

"The idea of speaking frankly with you about the Doctor was not my own, Cornelia. I hope you won't be vexed, but I wrote Anne McNulty all about it and it was upon her advice I acted when I spoke with you."

Cornelia sat up and gave a little scream of enthusiasm. "What exquisite honesty!" she exclaimed, putting an arm round Jane. "Vexed? I defy anyone to be vexed with a woman of your indefatigable conscience."

They kissed and Jane subsequently slept the sleep of the light-hearted. She felt that Anne McNulty's hand had pushed aside some great curtain lately hung before the world's brightness, and the good qualities of life glowed once more in extra warmth and glory. But Cornelia was mortified afresh. She had not foreseen the impulsive rectitude of Jane, it had not come to her mind as a possible occurrence; and her own part seemed very mean in comparison. She began to make proverbs to herself, saying them over in the darkness, but they all turned against her as fast as she made them.

"Better a white soul than a bright eye," was one of them, and another was suggested by a self-righteous recurrence to her philanthropic efforts of the past winter: "To do good one must be good." As a child she had always constructed proverbs in a crisis, often finding it a comfort to be smart if she could not bring herself to be saintly. The night wore on, withholding sleep from her, and once she turned her face on the pillow and wept in pure appreciation of Jane's worth. Toward morning she dozed and dreamed of editing Jane's biography; one chapter was named "Above Rubies," and this heading woke her, bringing her back by a short cut, as it were, to the fact of Jane's recent exhibition of great honesty.

It was very warm in her bedroom and she heard the milkman whistling "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," as he used under her windows on dark winter mornings. She longed for her view of Berwick lawns and lake, for the sweeter air of a country morning, when another thought—of Danny—called her home with a strong voice. Sometimes the grooms went to "funerals" of an evening, returning from town by a 6:40 A. M. accommodation train that ran to Parax Junction, where they changed to the trolley and then to shank's

mare about a mile from the Burnhams' house. It was twenty minutes to six when Cornelia had finished scribbling a note to Jane, saying that Danny's unusual appearance had so upset her that she had decided to go home before breakfast. She did not know upon which floor Alice slept and was accordingly obliged to dress herself, a feat she accomplished with neatness and dispatch. Shaking with unnamed fears, she turned the big door key in a house not her own with the compunction of a burglar who has misgivings as to his vocation. The street car was full of workmen who stared at her until she bit her lips in embarrassment, and she felt that a day must end badly that began early with street cars. But her pity was alive for Danny, and she prided herself on the promptness wherewith she responded to pity. Her watch was fast, so that she made the train boat without hurry, taking her seat in a half-filled car. There were peddlers anxious to take the road in good season, and one of the saleswomen in a milliner's shop she sometimes patronized smiled at her. Cornelia slipped into the seat at her side, with a sense of thankfulness at sight of a familiar face.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"There's a wedding at Wrenston, and I've

got to fix the lady's veil on her. There's a hairdresser on the train somewhere——"

"I wish mine were so agreeable an errand. My husband is ill, and I take the first train to nurse him."

"I'm sorry," the woman said sweetly, while Cornelia felt drawn to her and told her how worried she was, and how much interested she had become in working women, and how influential she was in hospitals, and a great many things besides.

The milliner's station came before Cornelia's, and after she had said good-by she came along the platform to the open window by Cornelia's place. "Here's a book to pass the time for you," she said very shyly.

"How dear of you!" Mrs. Burnham cried as the train moved away, but the book lay unopened upon her lap. In the trolley she was at first occupied with her surroundings, for the car slipped along through tasseled chestnut trees and brown acres of early vegetables, that showed like green "polka" dots in the rich mold. But when she looked at the title of her book it was only to cast it aside. "The World's Woe" glared at her in a paper cover, with an extract from her own review in the *Moderator* italicized on the title page: "This sketch of the lives of working wo-

men goes from the heart of one of them to the heart of all the others; it is a faithful portrayal of what very few people have any opportunity to observe for themselves."

The conductor, noting her rejection of the book, came in for her fare, taking the "World's Woe" wtih him to the platform.

"Are you through with it?" he asked.

"I hope so," Cornelia rejoined. She would have liked to believe herself rid of it, especially since Jane's midnight confession.

It was after eight o'clock when young Mrs. Burnham left the car at Burnhams' corner. She felt apprehensive and tearful as she started along the dusty road, too tired to notice the beauty above and around her, and too frightened to argue with her fears or to hope for their contradiction. Danny had evidently done something foolish; she could only hope that he had not been caught fibbing about his golf scores. She had not gone far when one of the stable boys, with Clysmic and the buggy, appeared upon the road. He stopped and said, "Old Mr. Burnham sent me to meet you——"

"How did he know I was coming?"

"Young Mr. Burnham feels poorly and they telephoned for Dr. Dupuis. He said you

seen him yesterday and was worried, and had started for home by the trolley."

"Drive fast," Cornelia said in a weak voice.

She did not ask another question because Danny seemed so weak to her, so unable to stand any physical ill whatever, that she expected to hear of his death at the threshold of the Burnham homestead, and it was not Danny that her heart mourned, it was the grief of Danny's father who, at her approach, was sitting in the shade and his wicker rocking chair. At the first glance she saw that he thought of her grief before his own, and they both had the apprehension of death that attains full growth at the first news of serious illness.

Cornelia clung to the old man. "What is it?" she said.

"I don't know," he answered, and his old, blue eyes seemed paler with the tears in them, and the loving hand on Cornelia's shook with his whole body at the one sob that escaped with speech.

It was hard for Cornelia to face death again. It had robbed her of what might have made Danny more wise and herself less a creature of wiles. She realized that the smallest cross in the Berwick cemetery meant the burial of more than a little child; it included

the death of the best part of Cornelia and the extinction of old Mr. Burnham's paternal instincts in his son.

Her whole body felt weak as she opened the door to Danny's room and found him stretched on the bed in a glare of sunlight. His breakfast was untouched on the table beside him, and she noticed the sweat on his temples with the feeling that no physician could avail after the display of that symptom. This conclusion was derived from novels, and in spite of it Cornelia spoke cheerfully, kissing her husband with a tenderness he seemed to enjoy.

"Are you in pain, dear?" she asked.

"Something awful," he exclaimed in a tone that was allied to enthusiasm, more startling to Cornelia than tears or groans. "It's appendicitis," he added, "and I shall be all right after the operation. I'm so glad it's nothing incurable."

"So am I," his wife replied, tacitly accepting his view of the matter, "but still it is horrible suffering"—here the little man's face actually lit up with pride—"and, darling, you must let me stay and try to nurse you until the Doctor comes."

"Read to me," he said.

She chose one of the novels near at hand

and her patient nodded cheerfully as she told him the title, but before she had found the chapter he wanted he groaned so terribly that she flew for his father, in the fear that he was dying.

They watched him through his attack, but he declined brandy. "Better not take anything until the Doctor sees me," he said.

His wife alternately read aloud a detestable French story badly translated and watched the attacks of pain that spent the poor little man's strength pitiably. Mr. Burnham, Sr., felt very unhappy, suggesting one treatment after another, but Danny declined everything with a fortitude that was amazing to Cornelia, who would herself have caught at any remedy that had one sound of sense in its recommendation.

"The operation is the one possible cure," he said, with a dignity that Cornelia would have ridiculed had his condition been less alarming.

When the country doctor arrived Mrs. Burnham withdrew to look the situation in the face. Danny's death was a foregone conclusion with her, and she really suffered to think of him as compelled to live a higher life—for she believed in no existence more trivial than

his—when he was so satisfied with fops and golf sticks, new hotels, and other people's births, deaths, and marriages.

"Dear Danny!" she said with a half sob. "Death is so inappropriate to Danny! Poor little man; my little toy husband!"

Her pity was not so overwhelming that she forgot to look at her mail, which lay in the bag on her study table. There was a package from Spees & Perry containing a letter from Jane. With a remembrance of what correlative import the check book is to modern illness, she went to her desk where the letters of Mrs. Dupuis lay cheek by jowl with those of Mordrook, abstracting her bank books from what remained in the drawer. The elastic about the sizable file of Jane's effusions snapped and broke, so that Cornelia thrust them within the band of Mordrook's loan collection, locking the drawer and putting the key in a little green bag that held newspaper cuttings.

Hearing Dr. Dupuis' voice in the hall, she unlocked her door. The man before her was a shock after her amused and amusing host of last evening's diversion. He wore a sack coat and discreetly somber tie, and as he took her hand in his he seemed to add strength to her poise, although he said without one word

of sympathy, "I hate to bother you, but have you a strong kitchen table?"

Two nurses in Baptist General calico flanked Dr. Dupuis, who set them to dragging down the curtains in her study and rolling up the rugs on her floor. Her desk was banished; valises, from which appeared subsequent necessities, were piled in a corner, and one of the little women boiled instruments in a kettle and flew from task to task in a sort of systematized scurry that had its fascination. Then she took up her station at the telephone and demanded things that made Cornelia's blood run cold, and at the end of her interview with the unseen drug clerk she said, "And *hurry*, won't you?"

"May I stay with Danny until he takes the ether?" Cornelia asked.

"Is that my patient? I think you can. I'll ask Dr. Dupuis."

The smaller nurse nodded from the top of her stepladder, so that Cornelia went to her husband while the angels in calico tore down her Florentine hangings with noisy rips.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH CORNELIA BEGINS TO LIVE ALONE, TO THE WORLD'S THINKING.

And one by one, at either dusk or dawn,
The souls of men to other worlds are drawn,
And some go sighing, while some laugh aloud,
Of sins repent, or of good deeds are proud.
And those who watch the change can scarcely tell,
If it be ill with them, or else if it be well.

—*Veo.*

During Danny's operation old Mr. Burnham sat by the study door and cried. Cornelia cried, too, while Jane, who had come to help her through the miserable hours when doctors and death are the two conscious thoughts of a household, crept toward her and fondled her hand with a shyness such as one feels with a new friend; and indeed Cornelia sorrowing was another being from Cornelia well amused. Every time that Danny snored as the etherized alone snore, or at each groan —and there were many—his wife suffered, although she knew that he did not; but she grieved that old Mr. Burnham was going every inch of the way with his son. Cornelia

had been with her husband until the last moment of his consciousness, and he had spoken proudly of her talents and his acquaintances, and then, with a triumphant certainty, had dwelt on his own speedy convalescence.

An hour and a half lagged along before one of the nurses opened the door. "So far, so good," she said with a kindly nod, and there were many steps and much movement in the denuded study after this, and presently Dr. Dupuis stood before them like a big child, clad in a Holland apron whose fastenings he was powerless to untie. One of the nurses aided him, and he, too, nodded gravely. The other doctors remained with Danny, who lay on a cot now, unconscious, inaccessible; a riddle that the best doctor could not answer with the one word "life," as had been old Mr. Burnham's expectation.

All through the hour that had crawled into the past, heavy with the burden of a father's anxiety and deep depression, the old man had repeated a formula of his own manufacture which had cheered him. "If they can cut, they can cure," he would say, even to Harvey, who arrived with loving Emily, whose eyes were brimful of tears at every glance she cast at Cornelia or Danny's father.

The house was kept very quiet, and the sick

man's groans and cries of discomfort could be heard in the hall, where songs and laughter were more usual than any sounds of sorrow. The instant one of the doctors showed his face, someone surely hissed "How is he?" in a penetrating whisper from an odd corner where he had waited for the coming of one in authority. "We have great hopes," was the most encouraging thing the nurses said to Cornelia, but the third nurse, who arrived after the operation, admitted that they were much worried.

Cornelia hid her husband's golf sticks and suppressed his notional topcoats, as too frivolous adjuncts to his departure for the rarefied regions of the domain spiritual. She tried to render him fitter for the crucial moment of departure by eradicating the symptoms of his worldly pleasures from the place that was to know him no more. As for her father-in-law, he made friends with the Bible as people about to be bereaved often do, and the ever gentle Emily was his audience as the solemn old voice broke over the promises of sunny meetings for the years to come in a place where troubles are visions of the past. The old man believed it all now that he had need of the belief, and he repeated it to Cornelia, who wandered aimlessly from hall to lawn, to her

own room and then to the door of Danny's. When the sun was low Harvey made her drive with him, and when she fastened on her hat before the mirror she was shocked at the dramatic whiteness of her lips and the weary lines in her face. The breeze and the noble clearness of the tinted western sky soothed her as they shot through the lanes, but her depression grew to panic as they turned away from the sunset into the gray of the encroaching dusk. There was absolute quiet in the house, the piano, usually to be heard at this hour, was of course still, and their normal way of life seemed doubly dear now that it was to pass away with Danny. She longed for her tea as for a homely thing removed from suffering and death and the grief of Danny's father.

There were telegrams in the hall from Gordis and Mrs. Ferris. Jane poured out tea with a shaking hand.

" He is sinking," she said in response to the horrified query in Cornelia's eyes, and then she added, " The doctors cannot think that he will rally. He was in a fearful condition when they operated."

In after life Cornelia never permitted her mind to dwell on that night following, for Danny's buoyant little soul went forth to

meet the morning, and the disorder of his departure was as hateful to her as the thought of death. Blurred eyes were everywhere and parenthetical snatches of food by the overtaxed nurses, demoralized servants, and a telephone that was always in demand, and above it all the masterful consciousness that a little familiar soul was passing through an experience of unguessed import. "He is a little weaker," was the only opinion the doctors or nurses dared give, and after each visit to the sick room old Mr. Burnham seemed less erect and Cornelia utterly bewildered. Her imagination roved uncontrolled over all the possibilities of a future life and she felt for Danny, who clung to the nothings of his aimless career with such tenacious grip. She sorrowed truly for him, ordered to a state where all are serious-minded, when she recalled his passion for the five-line nonsense verses.

After a moment's agonizing good-by, when his eyelids flickered in what Cornelia hoped was recognition, the nurses sent her away. Harvey made her take a sip of raw brandy, for she shook as if chilled, and her hands were icy in spite of the hot night. All day long the summer sun had seemed unable to warm a house which death had entered, and at every

saying of her husband's that the nurses retailed, the horror of what must come stole nearer to her.

She lay down on one of the hall sofas, her eyes half closed, and presently Thug came down the stairs from Danny's room. Cornelia seldom saw the dog, and she wondered that he left the upper story, which was essentially his precinct. She understood his desire to get away when Dr. Dupuis came to her, saying in his gentle fashion, "He has gone, very peacefully."

Then Jane and Emily came to her with more brandy and the words of comfort that are glibly spoken in another's trial. Cornelia cried when they did, and her rioting fancy plagued her with a thousand unnecessary impressions. She wondered if St. John, and Dante, and Wagner were snubbing Danny in the spirit world as so many celebrities had snubbed him in the flesh.

The next day was a chaos of dressmakers and telegrams, with quiet moments spent in a vain search for the foibles of the living Danny in the face of the dead. When Cornelia first read the sententious philosophy of his death mask she was grateful for its impassive strength; his eyes had moved her so with their unwonted prominence and darker color,

it was a relief to have them closed. The woman who had come to the country a day since to deck a bride came to Cornelia with a widow's bonnet. Her advent stirred Alice, who showed her Danny as he lay with the high brass candlesticks ranged near him. It sanctified the dead in her mind to have them surrounded by effective candlesticks. She prayed by him and placed white flowers in his nicotine-stained, waxy hands, while old Mr. Burnham stood aside and let life pass him, only desiring to mourn without interruption.

A special train came out from town to the funeral, bringing dark-robed mourners once bright-hued guests, and Cornelia saw Miss Ferris and Mordrook walking together, feeling a pang that she herself was not in the field when she observed Gordis arriving with a young woman whom Danny had always found charming. The situation was surveyed from behind bowed shutters in a room heavy with the odor of mortuary flora, of white roses and lilacs, stephanotis and waxy jasmines, with whose scent the foreboding whiffs of ether still mingled. For some minds an interest in human affairs cannot possibly be suspended.

The funeral began with a hopeful hymn rendered by an expensive and accomplished quartet, whose soprano sang Danny's favorite

airs with sacred text whenever the service afforded opportunity. Billy Rodwood sat behind his sister and disagreed perceptibly with the resurrection promises in the burial office; his conception of science made him uncomfortable while they were being read. He wanted to ask Harvey the particulars of the illness and of Cornelia's financial prospect. Feeling his restlessness she clung to old Mr. Burnham, who was touched by her dependence. From time to time she sobbed helplessly, finally escaping to the piazza, whither Emily followed.

Cornelia's nervousness grew until she became so upset that old Mr. Burnham was forgotten in the efforts made to tranquilize Danny's widow. She could not go to the grave, but sat with Harvey and Emily on the terrace, watching the depressing train of hearse and carriages wind through the heat and dust to the not distant burial place. Alice, who had made a festival of death, was easily distinguished in the distance by the wreaths she carried on her arm. In the hall of the house the servants were clapping camp chairs together and piling them up to be removed to Berwick. Danny had had his day.

"I have had so much sorrow," Cornelia

said at last, " I will not go nearer than this to any grave but my own."

Her eyes were closed, she was faint and fatigued. The groups were breaking up in the cemetery, and her companions were absorbed in their dispersement. Only Danny's father remained until the last shovelful of earth was placed. Then he bent his stiff knees and prayed, trying to say to the King of Danny's new country the things that would benefit his son. It was what he had always done for him on earth where he had any influence.

When he returned home he found that Cornelia had been sent to bed, ill with fatigue and the uncertainty of life. Her nerve had left her, she locked herself in Danny's room and wept. She was afraid. Her schemes troubled her, she was lonely, for no one on earth really knew her. It would have been a comfort to be discovered and reviled, but that she knew how moods change and that to-day's confession is the frequent cause of to-morrow's deeper repentance. Keeping silence, she longed to speak.

CHAPER XXI.

IN WHICH MRS. BURNHAM ENCOURAGES MR. GORDIS, MAKING HALF-CONFIDENCES TO DR. DUPUIS AND HEARING MUCH FROM MRS. FERRIS.

> With hope and love the world is rife
> Sorrow is but a part of life.
>
> —*Andrea.*

It is said that sorrow soon leaves the eye of an attractive widow, but the shock of death prostrated Cornelia for a time. The clapping together of camp chairs re-echoed in her consciousness as she lay day after day on her lounge thinking of herself, and being seized with realizations of the power of death; which, to her mind, seemed as if the final monster were thinking of her. She lived her wedding day over and over, looked back on her courtship and found it lamentable; surveying her maried life, she called it detestable and herself ill-mated from the start. It was a point of pride with her that she could not keep step with her spouse; the thought of her brothers was sweeter than in the past, and she rejoiced in consideration of Harvey's choice, attribu-

table to tactful coercion. As a wife she had exhibited a gentle dignity in all discussions, and by means of stifling every inquiry about Danny's daily adventures and habitual pastimes, prevented the hundred rubs and disagreements that would surely accrue to the ill-mated woman whose wifely interest was the outcome of a sense of duty. Her clear sight remained with her: she believed Danny at fault at the beginning of their separation, but owned herself the instrument of its progression. "But we never quarreled!" was the reflection which ended this recurrent reverie.

"And now," she said one day to Alice, "the worst of Mr. Burnham's death is that it leaves me so weak."

Her vitality had spent itself in a host of successive excitements, climaxes in the many schemes whose making absorbed her, and the natural crises that came unexpectedly, found her nerve undermined by secret emotional processes that meant life to her. She was tired and had a slight fever now and then, a fact that cost old Mr. Burnham ceaseless worry and watchfulness. But Cornelia rested in quiet, her one desire was to sleep, to be silent and alone. No book, no pen, no opportunity to exercise authority in other people's affairs could tempt her activity until her

rest was complete. Dr. Dupuis was alarmed about her, fearing a chronic nervous depression that would sap her strength as surely as physical disease, and young Mrs. Burnham, reading his apprehension in his many visits, never seemed any better and did her best to maintain a mysterious malady, but like every invalid who strives for her physician's time and personal interest, she rather overdid the symptoms, giving them too much variety and changing them very often, when she could have made herself out more ill by the constant display of one. Jane came to her once or twice a week, spending much of her time in making an Anne McNulty excerpt book with different sayings for different sorrows. Cornelia's gratitude upon its presentation was excessive, for she felt that life had not lost all its amusing situations. Jane told the Doctor that dear Cornelia had so many material things that she overrated any little friendly service done her that entailed thought and time alone.

"That cannot be said of many people," her husband answered. He looked upon Cornelia as a woman of faultless nature, his opinion strengthening in every talk with old Mr. Burnham, who often said that not an angel in heaven was fitter to be there than his daugh-

ter. The poor old man sought to be consistently cheerful, reading aloud and telling long and very witty stories and occasionally giving way to childish tears as an end to his conscientious laughter, showing his age in this lack of control in a way that filled Cornelia's eyes also.

July Fourth was a warm day, but Clement Gordis took an afternoon train to Berwick that he might pay his consolatory call at some length, and see for himself if the woman he had judged to be so restive in her matrimonial bondage, so errant in fancy, and so inflexible in principle, were ill from grief; or if her energy were temporarily suspended from the shock of fatal illness. Cornelia did not dine downstairs, but old Mr. Burnham talked ceaselessly of enlarged photographs of Danny and what people thought of him; reading many incidental press notices aloud to his guest, who instinctively drew nearer, as the shaky old voice read the nothings that ingenious reporters had compiled and called a "sketch" of Dan's "career." Then the old man "set off" fireworks for the servants' children as his son had always done and attempted a speech, but wept at the first words and Gordis finished the spree by sending two hissing

snakes to climb the dark sky before the children ran home in dread lest Danny's soul snatch at them from behind some bush. Then, in the heat and smell of burnt gunpowder, the old and young man addressed themselves to long drinks.

"It is wicked," old Mr. Burnham observed, "but I do get satisfaction from the thought that Cornelia will never get over Sonny's death. My misery is no more than a mosquito bite to what I see her suffer."

The Jew was pleased at Cornelia's sense of decorum; he said nothing, but watched the village rockets cleave the night and heard the clapping of hands in the distance, like the noise of fame in his boyish dreams. Great dreams stirred him now, and he permitted himself the hopes of Mrs. Burnham that would have threatened his habit of concentration on his paper with mental struggles against their existence, for his mind was honor's very self. He had tried to enjoy her as a subject might enjoy a good queen, and the horror of unguarded words or glances smote him with tragic possibilities after they had driven in the park. Work and play were alike serious when Cornelia pervaded everything, and he feared lest a betrayal of any part of his emo-

tion should call down sudden censure on Mrs. Burnham for a feeling he could not avoid. Blame is distributed on that principle by long-tongued ladies with crosses on their watch guards, who worship in bevies on weekdays and whose motto is "watch and prey." He knew himself to be congenitally romantic, born to high hopes and thoughts of perfect love. His nature was importunate, demanding the best in life and believing that the simpler things are alone worth having. Male confidants had told him of complicated friendships with women whose love they had stolen, but for whom they entertained the liveliest respect, and these enterprises were distasteful to Gordis; they had no middle and no end, they were merely beginnings, and he had no mind to plunge Cornelia in a series of emotional situations that could have no vent in vows and earthly union.

Once or twice he had been foolish, retreating instantly when their intercourse became too interesting. He remembered Danny's disapproval with shame, and thought of his own future with the peerless woman whose decorum now simulated grief for a little fop—with a wild access of hope that is only possible to men who live much alone and believe that unmixed happiness is found in successful hu-

man companionship. He had surveyed the beauties of Cornelia's sheltered class as if he were star-gazing; they were things shining but afar! and now he was about to obtain a hitherto remote glory, to call one of the world's wonders by his own name. There was no doubt in his mind as to his chances; he expected to win Cornelia and to give her his name, as a botanist names the flower he found; or, he thought with a smile, the surgeon his malady.

In the midst of these reflections, while yet the old man spoke of his son, Cornelia stole to the piazza for a little air. Hers was an operatic entrance, for her dress was white and as she passed she gripped the tops of the rattan chairs to steady her steps, like the soprani in their death scenes. It pleased Gordis; it was effective as well as necessary.

" I am not ill," she said.

He had not seen her before; and, as he sat silent, he was, as it were, making the rounds of her excellences: observing her soft hair, her refined hands, the grace of her tall figure, and the languishing glance that was more natural to her than animation.

" It was such a shock! " she said again, having some fear that Gordis might believe that she and Danny were suited to one another

after all. She did not want him to respect her grief too much or to abandon the feeling she read in him and found gratifying and complimentary.

"Believe me, Mrs. Burnham," the Jew said simply, "it *is* the shock that prostrates you." He held her cold hand strongly and searched the darkness for a glance from her eyes, which were persistently downcast, then he added, "There is much of life still unlived for you and much of love that you have not guessed."

His voice shook as he whispered this, standing painfully erect beside his chair and watching for fear the old gentleman should catch his words, but Cornelia answered with dignified directness, and what she said made him feel that she put another meaning than his into his speech.

"What you say is true," she answered, "and I thank you for it."

This little scene revived her somewhat, and although Gordis was in New York the next morning before her eyes were opened, she thought of it as the only pleasant thing since the first days of fated June. The old gentleman had driven to Bonville—a town twenty miles distant—to look at some land offered him in lieu of money for an old debt, and Cornelia felt stimulated in his absence, and by her

short interview with the Jew, to ring Dr. Dupuis up on the telephone, delivering some interesting message whose nature she had not yet determined. In one of those intuitive flashes that sometimes attend the minds of women when they consider the susceptibilities of men, Cornelia saw the simultaneous arrival of Mordrook and Miss Ferris at Danny's funeral, and a matrimonial significance stole upon the remembered scene, so that she determined to ask Dr. Dupuis if Miss Ferris and the reformatory thinker were engaged.

"Is this Dr. Dupuis?" she inquired, as a husky hello came to her ear after many attempts at connection.

"Yes, Mrs. Burnham; all well?"

"I think so, but I feel a little worried."

"About what?"

"Mr. Mordrook and Miss Ferris. They met at our house."

"Her mother is rather upset about her. Jane had a letter from her yesterday asking if we thought Mr. Gordis really knew anything for or against him."

"I don't believe it will come to anything. Miss Ferris is so sensible."

"But she has money, and Mr. Mordrook—determination."

"Good-by. Love to Jane."

"Is that all you wanted? Good-by."

If Dr. Dupuis had not been particularly pleased, and in the humor of Cornelia's abrupt dealings, he might have considered such telephonic queries as impertinences. As it was, he took it as a matter of course and a proof of the Burnhams' friendly feeling for them, and continued family favor is what a physician finds most beneficial to his bank account.

Cornelia "rang off," going to her study to think over the many questions of expediency raised by Mordrook's devotion to Miss Ferris, combined with her possession of his letters. But she found old Mr. Burnham returned from Bonville and awaiting her with evident interest.

"I have a letter here from Mrs. Ferris," he said, "that I want to read you. She speaks handsomely of my gumption, daughter. I feel real sorry for her, as I don't care much for Mr. Mordrook myself. She writes to get my impression of him. The queer part of it is that I wouldn't say anything against him if I knew it. It aint business to go writing things against people in black ink. If Mrs. Ferris' daughter don't take him, she'll use her own mind, not mine; and if she does, some day

she'll blame me for not dissuading her, no matter how strong I should put it to her now. Don't you know she will?"

"Yes," Cornelia said wearily, "but Gordis knows about him, if only his proof were not lost. Those letters they lost in the mail were proof of Mr. Mordrook's political crookedness."

"Is that so?" Old Mr. Burnham eyed Cornelia sharply; then he replaced his glasses, saying before he read the letter, "I notice you haven't had him here much lately."

"It doesn't matter now," Cornelia answered. "Mordrook's the kind that drifts away from women who are not entertaining at all."

"But Miss Ferris met him through us."

Cornelia looked so harassed at the thought of this that old Mr. Burnham hastily began on the letter:

"'My Dear Mr. Burnham:

"'I am very sorry to disturb you with affairs of mine just at this time, but we feel such concern for my daughter's growing friendship with Mr. Mordrook that I write to ask you what you know of him. Your active life has given you so many chances to observe men, and your natural acumen is so noted, that any

impression you have received of Mr. Mordrook would be apt to be a correct one. Mr. Gordis has refused to say anything, except that he no longer has proof of a story that made residence in London unattractive to Mr. Mordrook.

"'The poor doctor is much annoyed, as the newspapers are coupling my daughter's name with Mr. M.'s. Please give my dearest love to Cornelia and tell her how much we think and speak of you both.'

"Handsome letter, aint it? She is such a hearty friend. This is my reply."

Cornelia took from him a few lines of writing, which ran in this way:

"DEAR MRS. FERRIS:

"Cornelia sends—as I do—much love, and we are sorry that you and the Doctor should get upset over anything. I can testify that Mr. Mordrook is a first-rate gardener and agreeable guest. He is known to be a lecturer on social subjects and his lectures pay well. No daughter of yours can fail to engage our hearty interest.

"Yours truly,

"DAN'L BURNHAM."

"I hold the key to this situation," Cornelia said under her breath. Her old spirit was rising, and she prepared to arrange the lives of others with her wonted zest.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH CORNELIA IS FRIGHTENED, BUT FULL OF EXPEDIENTS.

"The bird flies wild who quits the cage."
—*Veo.*

Cornelia went to town the next day expecting to spend the night with Jane, who had returned from visiting Emily Alman's mother. Alice went with her, and the two women drove from tailor to modiste in a state of exhaustion that made them an easy prey to the taste and will of the costumer. Cornelia felt really ill, and as her head continued aching and her fatigue increased she went to the Hotel Uraguay, where she had often stayed, sending a note to Mrs. Dupuis to ask for the Doctor's advice, and to say that she believed herself in no fit state to invade another's household. Alice did what she could to help her mistress, but Cornelia was brooding over Miss Ferris and Mordrook. She saw herself the unwitting promoter of a mistaken marriage; and she seemed to see the Englishman from the standpoint of Gordis, finding him the glib

time-server, the party-seller, and the meretricious man who rises to an artificial eminence by turns of phrase and fortune. There was no innate strength in him, merely a tergiversatory energy, by which he went in and out among great minds; stealing much privately expressed thunder which he let off in big cities to largely feminine audiences. His life was disgusting to Cornelia in her present contemplation. He seemed so mean when, in her mind, he stood in the shadow of Gordis and Dupuis. When she thought of the Doctor her calmness left her for tears, for he seemed richly charitable, but habitually sincere; with nothing to hide but the secrets of his friends, and nothing to gain but enlarged opportunity to relieve physical suffering.

She saw her admiration for him as the provoking cause of her tender visits to Terebella, and her conscience smote her the mighty buffets that conscience can, in intervals of depleted physical strength. Ill-balanced and insincere, she ranged herself beside Mordrook with passionate regret, but an appreciation of their similarity in mind and character. And then, together upon a moral plane, Dupuis and Gordis passed through her imaginings, crowned with their own worth; their lips, not quivering with lies, but parted in smiling ap-

proval of her, of whom they had not guessed the truth.

"I have seemed fortunate until now," she thought, "but I shall gain even less than average happiness. My nature troubles me as much as other people's circumstances ever trouble them. There is the same amount of rain and shine for us all; only sometimes the storm comes from one quarter and sometimes from another."

About an hour after her note had been dispatched to Jane, the card of Mrs. Ferris was brought to her, and the line scratched on it with a faint pencil stabbed poor Cornelia with a sharp sense of coming trouble: "I need to see you very much. Will you pardon me if I disturb you?"

Cornelia still lay upon her sofa when Mrs. Ferris entered. The two women kissed, and during the prefatory silence that precedes an important recital as much in life as in grand opera, the elder woman forgot her own anxiety in observation of what she believed to be the ravages of a widow's mourning in a face that had so bloomed as a wife's.

"I feel very selfish," Mrs. Ferris said at last, "to disturb you with my daughter's affairs when you have so much grief of your own."

"The only way I can help my own troubles is by helping other people's."

"Well," Mrs. Ferris answered, "I do feel bound to prevent the breaking up of our family and"—here the poor woman began to cry—"Mr. Mordrook seems bound to break it up, if he is able."

"Tell me all you can," Cornelia said excitedly. "I am much to blame in having Mordrook so much with me. I found him amusing, no more; and I ought not to have vouched for the man by entertaining him so constantly."

Mrs. Ferris sat without speaking, not knowing where to begin, but at last, to break the silence in which she suffered more than in speech, she said, "You were deceived—like the rest of us. I will try to tell you everything. It appears that Mr. Mordrook took a fancy to our eldest at the first meeting and she got fascinated completely by him, but the Doctor, he discouraged his coming around with the other callers, because he believes in America for the Americans. And the roving Englishman, Mrs. Burnham, isn't a good graft on any stock, because those men aren't roving for any good reason except that society pushed them off their own island. Now experience shows that! It isn't any more than

any good Doctor could do, but our Doctor has taken the appendix from a prince and has done operations on dukes and lords, besides knowing a gentleman because he's one himself, and he came to me and said that Mordrook was a more risky suitor than many a man with a record that was known not to be very good. Because, you see, he's covered his trail, and that shows there's something funny in his past, although you can't tell just what it is."

Her voice was misery to Cornelia in this continuous narrative, and she passed from point to point in an ever vibrant crescendo that could not be interrupted; it was too convincing to be set aside.

"Then, Mrs. Burnham, I asked your brother Harvey to get Mrs. Alman to write her friend, Lady Bulkconer, who goes with philanthropists and that set. She inquired of her about Mr. Mordrook's family and if he had ever been brought up any way well, and she got back a letter saying that she never knew Mr. Mordrook had any family, but that something had occurred in his dealings with socialists that hurt his chances for political life. Now, mind you, he had told us his mother was a Dudley and own cousin to this one who made a good law, or that one who gave a great party. On top of that, when the

Doctor was called in to see the poor Englishman who hurt his hip hunting in Westchester, he spoke to him about Mr. Mordrook's refined extraction.

" 'It's about on a par with the extraction of teeth,' the poor boy said to him, ' and he owes whom he knows,' and then when the Doctor let on he knew Mr. Mordrook pretty well, he tried to take it all back, and say that he didn't really know about it himself and that he might be wrong. But Mr. Mordrook said mean things about Mr. Gordis, and Dr. Dupuis and my Doctor think him the finest Hebrew in New York, but the strange thing was that for a long time Mr. Gordis wouldn't say anything against him until one day he told the Doctor that he believed Mordrook was a pretty poor specimen, but that he must wait until some letters were returned to him before he could prove it to other people. When he told us that the letters had been lost in the mail, my daughter accused him of trying to take away an innocent man's reputation and he said that the letters had been sent to you and lost when you returned them. Now here comes the worst of the story, Mrs. Burnham! My girl kept him, Mr. Mordrook, posted as to what we heard, and at first we thought the letters were lost on their way to you and then he de-

clared there had never been any correspondence of his that could tell against him. But when it was known how the letters disappeared, if he didn't turn round and say that Gordis was jealous of him as a guest in your house and had sent you letters that fitted in with a story of his own manufacture. He said that your husband had known the truth and had made you return the letters, although you inclined toward belief in Mr. Gordis. Then he tells us—Mr. Mordrook, mind you—that he is as anxious to get back the letters as anyone, because he tells us you are so under the influence of Mr. Gordis that you might marry him——"

"He shall get back the letters," Cornelia cried. "He is lying, and although we thought them lost, they were returned to Danny by some post-office person the very moment that he was taken so ill, and he stripped off the wrappers and gave them to me, and I put them away and forgot them in all I have suffered since. Oh, Mrs. Ferris, I was going to send them away on the day of the funeral, but I was so upset that I could not think. I have introduced Mr. Mordrook to those whose favor has enlarged his income! I have given dinners to start his lectures, and he requites it by giving me a Jew suitor before my hus-

band is cold in his grave. I will send the letters, and good-by. I am too weak to talk any more, but I am very glad you came to me."

Cornelia saw blame in Mrs. Ferris' eye, and censure on her lip in the good-by that was colder than her greeting. She knew that her admission of the finding of the letters was insane almost, considering that Gordis had come to Berwick after the date she had chosen as that of the letters' return. She wrote on her deeply grieved black-bordered card "Come to me at the Uraguay at once," and sent it away by a messenger to Gordis. She saw in quick, sequent glimpses the precautions she must take to defend her position; precautions that she now lacked the spirit to devise. Mr. Burnham must never tell that he had consulted with her when Mrs. Ferris wrote to him of Mordrook. She relied on the feeling Gordis had for her, and on her own weak state, to keep her mistress of the situation with him, and she knew that if he were satisfied with any explanation she chose to make, that other people would have to be so, too. Horror lest her trick be discovered stole over her in chills and she saw the old man's face if—his eyes still moist for Danny—his mouth were curved in scorn of her.

Suppose they said she had kept Mordrook's letters because she loved him? How, in that event, Gordis would despise her! loathing what had once been to him a dawn-tinted goddess, too sacred for his touch, too rare for the full glance of his eyes. Jane, whose eyes expressed a doglike confidence when they met Cornelia's, might well look askance for another reason if this last trick were known.

But then a curious idea came to her: forgetfulness was to play its part as a symptom of ill health; and, as a rock of deliverance, she remembered some memoranda of Danny's, purposely suppressed lest they make the old man dispense to his son's friends the pins and crops, canes and watches, that were all time could leave him of the son whom he loved. She saw that she must indicate the importance Danny attached to these memoranda, and that she must remember it when Dr. Dupuis was with her and able to vouch for her having remembered it, after a long period of well-attested oblivion. Her old belief in herself returned, and she no longer started when they knocked on the doors in her corridor. Alice gave her quinine and whiskey and attempted to soothe her with maddening reminiscences of Danny's fondness, and temperate forecasts of celestial joys for his widow, at the glowing

end of a life of charity, and when she was about to order dinner the Doctor himself was announced.

"You ought not to have come to town," he cried, looking reproachfully at her white cheeks and drooping eyelids. "You should stay at Berwick and content yourself with resting."

"I am so much happier here," she said. "Every inch of Berwick is an association. Who planted our flower garden? who planned our house? Oh, Doctor! we don't realize what factors certain people are in our lives until they are gone."

Dr. Dupuis took her hand and dispatched Alice for the bromide. He praised Danny all the time she was crying with her face hidden; and when, as a preliminary to the sore subject of her forgetfulness, she said that she believed her mind was going, he smiled a reassuring, derisive smile, as if such a conclusion were impossible to one versed in science, but Cornelia knew that he had given heed.

"Do you remember those lost letters of Mr. Gordis?" she said.

"Yes, indeed! I wish they would turn up."

"They did, the morning of the operation. Danny tore off the wrapper and gave them to me to send to Mr. Gordis, but I never had a

minute. And I meant to save the wrapper to show that my direction was right, but the nurses threw it away, and to save mislaying the letters themselves I locked them in a drawer of my desk, never dreaming that you would operate in the study. And I never thought of them again until this morning. When Mr. Gordis came to Berwick for the Fourth, I never thought of them, even."

"I can understand that," Dr. Dupuis said, evidently interested.

"But that is not the worst," she replied unsteadily, "I am now afraid that I have hallucinations. I seem to remember to-day what has never before occurred to me in all the days since Danny's death. I seem to remember his laying great stress on memoranda he had made of what things he wished given to his friends, and I cannot help thinking that he gave such a paper to me. But if he did, where is it? and if he did not, why should I seem to remember it?"

"He probably did—and if you will rack your brains fearlessly you may possibly remember all about it."

Mrs. Burnham raised herself and sat up, visibly thinking. Then a bright look stole over her face, having as its climax a well-acted smile of relief.

"There is a tin box under my desk where I put it, and there—in the desk—are the Mordrook-Gordis letters in a separate packet. I remember! I will see to it all to-morrow." Closing her eyes, she compelled the few smarting tears that tormented her to traverse her cheeks. As she felt them fall she said "Thank God," in a broken whisper that touched Dupuis inexpressibly.

"You have lost something very dear to you, I know," he said kindly, "but not your mind. That is rather a large thing to mislay——" The Doctor stopped short, he felt that he had implied Danny's littleness and was ashamed. He had meant a compliment—welcome to womankind in any crisis.

Mr. Gordis was announced, but it was decided that Cornelia was unfit to see him, and Dupuis himself went to tell the tale of the missing packet. She felt that this was best, for if science could account for forgetfulness it was surest aid in her present situation of defense.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH CORNELIA IS INTERVIEWED AND THE FERRIS FAMILY EXCITED.

> 'Tis sometimes but the closest shave
> 'Twixt what we want and what we have,
> One little thought wide worlds might save!
> —*Moments Speciales.*

Sometimes at the theater two vivid scenes of love and life are separated by a moment of Egyptian darkness, in which one may hear the piano moved " down R." or perchance catch the noise of the thatched cottage that comes nightly before the public on castors and " enters L." So, in Cornelia's artificial sleep, the makings of to-morrow's fate, the accessories of the next dramatic step, stole to her mind down ways which sleep had not sealed. The desk at Berwick flew through the air like the proverbial tables of the spirit-rappers, and the night passed swiftly, a rest in darkness between lightning flashes that might strike home. After her sleep the world seemed to possess more fortunate chances than she had reckoned up overnight, but she felt too ill to

get beyond her sofa and telephoned Mr. Burnham to come to her next day at the Uruguay. Having remembered the importance of Danny's memoranda, she must advise her father-in-law of it immediately. About nine o'clock Dr. Dupuis' card was brought to her, upon which was written, " Do not go to Berwick until I see you. This awful Ferris-Mordrook fuss prevents my coming until about noon. This morning's *Sunburst* has the truest statement."

Alice rang for the newspaper, while the strength that had come to Cornelia in sleep ebbed in excitement. At first it seemed as if Mordrook must have stolen money, or perhaps repudiated Miss Ferris because her father made a big income, but had little capital. She racked her mind for his probable misdeed as one guesses the signature of one's correspondent from the direction on the envelope. She knew Mordrook's nature, and tried to deduce his present mistake from it without accurate knowledge of the circumstances. The papers arriving, she snatched from Alice the daily mentioned by the Doctor, making over the others to the maid with a strict injunction to master the tale as it appeared in them, while she devoured the account recommended by the faculty.

It appeared that Mr. Mordrook had dined at the inn near the Ferris country place, going by trolley to visit it about eight o'clock. He left orders for a closed station wagon to meet him at its entrance at eleven o'clock, but not to drive in, which order excited the hack driver, who had once been a hand in the Ferris stable. Cornelia was surprised to learn that this had occurred the night before she came to town and that Mrs. Ferris must have known of it as she sat talking with her yesterday. At the end of Mr. Mordrook's visit he set off on foot, as the Ferris family believed for the inn, but in reality to wait until Miss Ferris had "kissed good-night," as the newspapers phrased it—when she was to follow him to a clump of trees on the driveway, where he had her coat and hat and valise. He was then to conduct her to a Mrs. Morgan, a friend of theirs, to whom Dr. Ferris' injustice and the nagging qualities of his wife had been well represented, and they were to be married at her house the next morning. But the cabman, recognizing Miss Ferris, and observing her state of excitement and the similar condition of her companion, drove round the Ferris farm and up to the back door, where, as the servants were not yet in bed, a warm welcome was given Miss Ferris. The Doctor promised

the driver a hundred dollars on the spot, and as the man's name was Fox the newspapers could pun and compliment together, with nice allusions to vulpine intelligences and the like.

"Poor Mrs. Ferris!" Alice said from time to time, and she might well say it, for the *Universe* had published the portraits of the principals in the affair, with the added assurance that Miss Ferris was determined to marry Mr. Mordrook at any cost. Mrs. Morgan was a little woman of large means, whose interest in Mordrook was owing to Cornelia's influence. She had been in Lucy Ferris' class at college, and had now been led by that dominant young spirit into a rather bad light before the world. Her country place was two stations below the Ferris place, and Lucy would have arrived there before eleven o'clock. But the cabman was the hero of the affair and the papers rang with him. One of the Ferris servants had told a reporter the whole story, and one of Mrs. Morgan's maids had added details about the plot's inception, and the willful denial of the Ferris parents of such a common joy as matrimony to the best of daughters.

Although weak and faint, Cornelia managed to dress and, much the worse for her effort, struggled into the sitting room, whose windows command a view of the avenue. The

morning was cool, and the cries of two boys who were selling flowers drew her attention to the street corner, where she saw a meeting between Clement Gordis and Dr. Ferris. They shook hands and entered the hotel together, and in a distracted second Cornelia divined that they were coming to see her. It was not ill health alone that turned her pale and shook her as the wind shakes the willows; she shivered and her teeth chattered, because she was afraid of the end of it all. Her schemes and her mistaken kindnesses seemed, by their terrible consequences, to be driving her to expedients not unlike those of the Medicean meddlers; perhaps it had been their misplaced consideration for those dear to them that had tainted the political fabric of two nations. She could dwell calmly on this point even while she read the cards of Dr. Ferris and Mr. Clement Gordis.

"Bring them here immediately."

When the door opened to admit them she was standing, and in a glance at the Doctor's weary, brave face she took her cue and advanced with tears of pity in her eyes and a hand whose clasp was disarming and cordial.

"I am so much to blame!" she cried. "I have more to be forgiven than you would think of laying at my door, because I vouched

for that fearful person. Even when Mr. Gordis showed me the letters I attached an insignificant meaning to them. I did not understand what importance men attach to such behavior, or how defined their code of honor is, until Danny told me, and he only spoke of it—as he was leaving us. Ah, Mr. Gordis, forgive me! I did you a wrong when I refused the guidance of your opinions; and forgive me, Dr. Ferris, for the consequences of it all have hurt your home. This knowledge, added to my own sorrow, combines into a very strong trouble, I can assure you."

Of course Danny had never spoken in anything but admiration of Mr. Mordrook, but his widow guessed rightly when she chose an allusion to him as her most effective weapon against the possible disapprobation of Dr. Ferris. But the good soul had been talking with Dupuis, and he looked upon Mrs. Burnham's forgetfulness as a symptom of a serious nature and as a menace to her mental status. He therefore approached her with gentleness and thought of her with a sort of reverence, as one to whom sorrow had brought more than ordinary bereavement, and she was quick to guess his attitude.

"My dear girl," he said, "there is nothing to forgive. Plenty of other women were de-

ceived in him besides you. My Lucy is ordinarily the shrewdest Ferris I ever saw, and that says much—if you know the Ferris family. It is very necessary just now for you to rest mentally. It is very, very necessary now for me to stir you up with this wretched business; so try not to be excited about us. Just, you dear, afflicted girl, try to be selfish about it, and give us no sympathy, but a little attention, for a very few moments."

Gordis was smiling at her, in a hopelessly loving fashion very displeasing to her, but she appreciated the honesty and strength in his face for the first time. She had been searching for cleverness heretofore.

"This dear fellow here," Dr. Ferris continued, patting Clement's shoulder, "came to us late last evening and told Lucy that if she would wait until six this afternoon he would read her the three letters that Mordrook had first denied and then 'explained.' Damn him—and forgive me the word, Mrs. Burnham, but he's the man the world is waiting for to explain the origin of evil; he can explain everything. Give him a minute's time and he can explain—himself; and he is the most complicated ne'er-do-well that ever came into my knowledge."

"What did you mean by, 'if Lucy would

wait until six o'clock'?" Cornelia asked this of Gordis.

"I meant wait until then to send him a final answer about her marriage. I don't believe she will want him when she learns how he has lied. But the question is, can Alice go to Berwick or can I, or can anyone but poor tired Mrs. Burnham, and get those letters, because nothing but they can serve to stop the thing. Mordrook loves Lucy as much as such a specimen is capable of loving anything."

"Certainly, Jane Dupuis could go."

"She's out at my house," Dr. Ferris said, "but the Doctor would go. He's going down anyway because Mr. Burnham telegraphed him to ask after you, and he sent word back that you were better in town than at Berwick, so that you could see to things slowly and take your time, and that he wanted to come down for a drive this afternoon. I was so glad to hear those letters had turned up. He told me just now, but Gordis heard last night from Mrs. Ferris."

"Will you see him? or no, he is coming here at twelve. Dr. Ferris, you have been as generous as your wife, in regard to all this trouble, and if I had only been able to retain my memory after the awful shock we had, the

whole thing might have been averted. The disturbing element just now to me is not so much what I have remembered as previously forgotten, but what may still be forgotten that I ought to remember."

"Dear girl," Dr. Ferris spoke, "my interview with you here this morning has removed any doubt from my mind that your condition of forgetfulness was not merely temporary and subsequent to a prostration as natural as it was complete."

"I will tell the Doctor where to find the key to my desk, and if you will come here at half-past four I will get him to send the papers up by Walcott, and then you can have them to take with you on the five o'clock for Dr. Ferris' abode," Cornelia said. She had thanked Ferris for his assurance, by putting her hand in his.

Gordis lingered after the Doctor had gone.

"The Doctor doesn't seem half as much upset over this as Mrs. Ferris," Cornelia said.

"You should have seen him yesterday! But he feels so encouraged, and nothing seems bad after saving her from a marriage with that impostor. She is hard to fight and has developed into a petticoated Napoleon, with a tremendous amount of strategy and monumental effrontery. And now, good-by."

He took her hand and held it. He had meant to say something appreciative, caressing, but the words vanished and the idea that remained prompted the pressure he bestowed upon her fingers, one of which was encircled with Danny's wedding ring. "Good-by," he said again and left her.

Any reminder of her personal, powerful charm reclothed the world for Cornelia in its first pink color and helped her to regain the lightness of heart that had been normal before death came to her house and before she began to care so terribly about the opinion of old Mr. Burnham and of Dr. Dupuis. She sat in a low chair with the window awnings down, and out of reach of the shaft of noon light that lay like a square of gold cloth before her. She was weakened by excitement to the verge of sentimentality, and Dr. Dupuis appealed to her in this mood more strongly than in any other. He was, in the first place, so noble. Of all her acquaintance he was the only man who would not have used her visits to Terebella as a medium for his own enjoyment of her conversation and society, granting that the other men admired her as the Doctor did. He never took advantage of her openhanded hospitality, he had not tried to make her work for him as some doctors made

their influential patients work, in advising him for this friend and that. And then his appearance was so interesting, so proper. If he took his hand from his pocket and placed it on the table she was aware of it, she knew the progress of his eyes as they traveled from face to face in a room, and his words had been whispered to her before she entered this present life, for they, one and all, had the familiar ring of old, unforgettable truths in a new and resonant voice. There was nothing like him: his patience with Jane, his cleverness at his practice, his place among men, were all admirable, all excellent. She was proud of him, and proud to have him mingle in her affairs, glad that he should go to her desk with the hand and key of authority. She knew and appreciated him, he knew and appreciated her, and that made happiness.

She wanted her breakfast now and Alice ordered her a good one, tempting her as if she were a child with what was "good," and what was "good for her." The pleasant sense of being well cared for soothed her, and when Dr. Dupuis came she sent Alice out to get her some "things," in the full determination to be happy and to put worries to one side.

"Ah, this is better! You look more like

yourself. Well, I saw Gordis and the Doctor, and have come to you for my instructions."

"You are such a comfort!" She took his hand and held it as Gordis had held hers. "You are the dearest friend we ever had."

Dr. Dupuis enjoyed that, and said so with an embarrassed laugh that Cornelia enjoyed also. They sat in silence and then she remembered that their hand-clasp had endured for a little longer than was quite necessary, and she therefore ended it.

"The key is in a little bag that hangs on my desk," she said, "and there the packet is, in the front of my desk, with an elastic round the three letters which I never even had time to do up again and direct. You can't mistake it, because it is right on top, and you mustn't disturb anything"—here Jane's correspondence with Anne McNulty gave her a doubtful moment—"because so many of the things are connected with Danny."

"I understand," the Doctor said, "and you may trust me to touch only what I need. Lucy Ferris is a sensible girl really, and I think she will be convinced Mordrook is not a proper husband."

"I hope so."

"And I. Walcott is to bring these back for you to give Mr. Gordis? Very well then,

good-by. I may spend the night at Berwick."

"Good-by."

The Doctor was gone, but Cornelia had enjoyed him, and presently a boy came upstairs with the current *Century* and *Scribner's* and his card with them.

"Well, that was nice of him!" Cornelia cried, and a comfortable warmth pervaded her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH CORNELIA ESSAYS INSPIRED IMPROVISATION.

> The most important thoughts take wing
> To leave behind some lesser thing
> That's scarcely worth remembering.
>
> —*Veo.*

Cornelia relied absolutely on the Doctor's statement that he would not touch what he did not need in her desk, and she knew how careful she had always been to put Jane's letters to Miss McNulty out of sight below any others that might be sent to Mrs. Burnham. There was a check from Spees & Perry that worried her a little, as she could not remember where she had put it; but she trusted to luck and remained tranquil and unworried, entirely oblivious of the fateful union of packets on the day of her return from town. Jane came in about five o'clock, saying that she could be of no use to Mrs. Ferris in the country and had come to town to attend to the moving of her husband and servants to some place on the Maine coast.

"I wish you could come with us," she said.

"I know it would do you more good than England or France."

"Old Mr. Burnham needs more consideration than I, and he has formed the large hotel habit. He enjoys eating with the herd, and he ought to have his least whim satisfied, dear old man!"

"Your unselfishness is always a surprise to me," Jane said slowly. "It is not in keeping with your surroundings; you have always had such lots done for you. I often wonder what it would be like to have your bank account and your social ability. Think of being able to buy things just because you fancy them! I always have to wait until I need a thing and then go buy the cheapest of its kind. Now, Cornelia, take your mourning—" here Mrs. Burnham winced artfully—"how few women could think of things and send for them without seeing them and asking the price. When I went to Tiffany's to buy you a black enamel watch I felt like a princess. I never had taken a hundred and fifty dollars from my pocket before—and had any left."

Cornelia sighed. "Well," she said, "I have been in mourning so much that I have all the staple ingredients of a bereaved wardrobe. I can afford nice touches, don't you see?"

"That's the first thing you've said that sounded like yourself for I don't know how long."

"Yes, I feel better, as if there were more things than death in this world. But why, Jane, are you suddenly impressed with wealth?"

"Because I've had a taste of it. It is so nice to have people to dinner and give them the best of everything, and the finest flowers. They enjoy it."

"Well, all that has gone by for me—forever."

Cornelia was too recently widowed to allow of contradiction on this point, but Jane denied it inwardly and thought of the feasts and lavish musicales Mrs. Burnham would be giving when the silver lining of the cloud that shadowed her began to show its edge. Her friend's fascination grew apace as the Burnham millions seemed the more subject to her single will and disposition; it was unique, admirable, and romantic for a woman without college training, and with no knowledge of business methods, to own blocks of houses and those "gilt-edged" securities about which Mr. Burnham and Danny had spoken so often in the past winter.

"I think it does you good to be here by

yourself," Jane observed after a moment's pause. She was wondering how protracted loneliness would suit Cornelia; whether she would not have to marry again, and if so, whom?

"I think it does me good, too," Cornelia responded, smiling, "but, Jane, the people upon whom I may spend my love seem so few and far between now; there are you, and Emily, and Harvey—Billy I rarely see. Then there are dear old Mr. Burnham and the servants; who else?"

"Well, Mr. Gordis, for instance."

"He doesn't count, but there's Terebella, and Miss Ferris, poor girl!"

"I feel sorry to see her waste such good emotion on such a poor object. Love is too fine to throw away."

Cornelia's eyes filled with tears as this observation stung her, she having made the Ferris family's trouble by indorsing Mordrook.

"You are tired," Jane said instantly. "I shall be in town all day to-morrow, and if you want an object for your walk or drive, come in to see me."

Mrs. Burnham was faintly pleased with the many kisses Jane bestowed on her before she closed the door softly and was gone.

It had grown chilly, as it sometimes will in

summer when a rain is coming, and there was a dusty odor in the air that is the sure herald of storm. The world was full of possibilities for Jane as she stepped lightly along toward home, as it was full of possibilities for Cornelia as she sat writing old Mr. Burnham of Danny's important memoranda. It seemed to her as if she had been dethroned—and reinstated; as if her ruling power had returned to her strengthened in absence, and ready to compel men and worldly matters to their places in the designs her mind arranged swiftly for the advancement of those upon whom her favoring glances fell. Like most schemers, she forgot that there exist in other people's minds the suspicions, and the desire to combine circumstances into a fortunate environment for selfish aims, that were paramount in her own. She believed in her unique equipment: she was the one woman who had compelled life to come to terms with her will, she was a maker of destiny and mistress of the future. But the two packets encircled by one band were not the detail that her Omnipotence could best forget.

In due time Walcott arrived with Mordrook's letters tied with a bit of string instead of the rubber ring; and, as they only came to her, she never spent a thought on the Mc-

Nulty correspondence. Gordis, who had arrived almost at the same instant with Walcott, was lamenting the impossibility of tracing the letters in their absence from the Burnhams and himself, since the postmarked wrapper had been mislaid. Cornelia could recall nothing but that Danny had said the address was correct.

"What a providential thing it was that we recovered them!" Gordis exclaimed piously, as he put the letters in his inner pocket.

"We are prone to believe in Providence when the instrument for a friend's correction is placed within our reach," Cornelia said rather tartly. This was an Anne McNulty rebuke, delivered severely and because she hated to see those letters within the grasp of Gordis. To hear a Jew mindful of God in the hour of his private vengeance flavored of the Old Testament régime in a way that reminded her of how few new things there are under the sun. He had to dispose of fifteen minutes before going to his train, and he spoke of many things in the quarter of an hour that passed by like the one pretty scene you viewed from an express in flying through a bald country. For him it was a momentary contact with the loveliest and best in life, but it was a crawling

dullness to Cornelia. The emotions she liked to watch in Gordis were temporarily restrained by respect for her widowed state, and she missed them and was displeased by their enforced departure, even though she rebuked their slightest evidence. He looked a little shiny and new in his spotless serge and cheerful yellow shoes; his correct linen and washable tie were of an ostentatious cleanliness suggestive of Oriental display; and his sleeve buttons circled with jewels—that very word seemed derived from the favor of his race—were actually repulsive to Cornelia, who was wondering why she could not achieve the same subjugation of Dr. Dupuis as of this Hebrew, whom she liked a good deal less.

Presently the storm seemed to crack the sky with thunder-bursts, and lightning showed dim corners of the room in a blue, infernal flicker. Mr. Gordis went before the worst crash, and fleeing figures in the drenched street and the rush of heavy drops on the window panes were all that she had of diversion until Alice came in with the evening papers. In them the Ferris trouble was told afresh, and all the sisters and cousins of the people concerned had given their opinions of everybody else, and one outlying connection by marriage had introduced her convictions on

female suffrage to a delighted reporter, who had made an admirably laughable sketch of her. All this had Cornelia brought to them! She shuddered and read on, now and then wondering if anything in her desk could have betrayed her dual entity to Dr. Dupuis. She also wondered, in the new strength that had returned to her as the consequence of a day of quiet, why she had not insisted that she herself go to Berwick for the papers. "But still," she thought, and the reflection calmed her misgivings, "I always put Jane's letters way under the household bills, because they are such a huge pile. And then no one would dare rummage in a friend's desk."

About nine o'clock she received a telegram from Mr. Gordis, saying that the letters from Mordrook's own hand had convinced Miss Ferris that his explanations had a certain unfortunate diversity. The situation seemed safe and Cornelia was grateful; the storm, continuing in heavy rain, obscured the glare of the street lights and depressed Cornelia, so that she was glad to sleep again. She thought of sleep as her best refuge, dreading the day when her mind and interests should be as keen as ever, although no one seemed to consider it proper for her to care what happened to other people when so much had re-

cently happened to her. Her life had been greatly altered, but not as they thought, and she knew she should chafe under the restraint of other people's conventions. And this made her feel she had wronged Danny when she had put him aside because he could not mourn their child as she did. She thought of this until bedtime.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and the resumed bustle of a town that has been torpid with heat infected impressionable Cornelia with a desire to be up and doing. A box of pink roses and mignonette from the Ferris place began the day pleasantly, and the desire to be as alert as those about her made her call a hansom and set off for Jane Dupuis', where she arrived at ten o'clock, being admitted by the Doctor, who looked at her gravely as though she were a stranger. "Come into the office," he said. "I am alone."

She felt the fear that had filled many childish moments when jam thefts had been made public, and could not guess the cause of the Doctor's displeasure, but could not fail to recognize his gravity as an expression of anger, when she observed the hand that never moved toward hers and the eyes that kept their own council by a systematic aversion from her

white face. Shaking with apprehension, she yet remembered that she must not speak first.

Her eyes sought his in timid interrogation which he answered with words. "I have told Jane the whole trick; it was a cruel one," was what he said.

"You must tell me, too," she replied with a calm she struggled to maintain, "because I don't understand you." She needed all her self-possession until she was told whether the Doctor had discovered the nature of her dealings with Gordis or with his own wife.

"Your forgetfulness is our salvation," he said sharply. "Without it, it were hard to say where the thing would have ended. You evidently forgot that the letters you told me to look for were bound up with the last things on earth you would wish me to light on."

He threw Jane's sizable packet of letters on the writing table, while the past moment of their union with those of Mordrook came to her with a clearness that made her cry out. How unnecessary it seemed, and how unjust, that a great schemer should stumble over no larger thing than that which trips up the simple. Her forgetfulness was cruel and she thought of it bitterly and in silence, while the sun fell upon her with its horrible illuminating power and the Doctor gazed at her steadily

and her veil was not over her face. She was next conscious of her own irregular sobbing.

Through her flooding tears she saw the Doctor, nobly scornful and strong in his unmerciful contempt for her meanness. There was no way of escape: lies were unavailing had she had the time to mature any, but she could not twist the facts when she was not sure what they were. She summoned her departing balance. Suddenly an inspiration came to her mind like a shaft of the sunlight that lay around her. She wet her lips with her facile tongue and looked at the Doctor reproachfully.

"If you will remember," she said in an anxious voice, "the first person I proposed to get those letters was Jane, because I wanted her to know about it all. I put those packets together purposely. I wanted you both to know all about it. The joke had gone too far, and I could not bear to let Jane know that I had advised her against her own jealousies and heartburnings. I thought to obviate an interview like this, when I chose the other way of letting her discover her letters in my keeping."

The Doctor sat for some seconds in silent consideration of what Cornelia had said. "I

don't believe you," he observed at last, with a deliberation that was insupportable.

Rising from her chair, Cornelia advanced to the Doctor with such a look of unfeigned fury that he came to the hasty conclusion that she had spoken the truth. She did not stop to reason; he had said an ugly thing, that stung her to angry madness for the first time in her life. No sulkiness bade her scheme for revenge now; she burst out like an honest soul affronted with false accusation, and Dupuis quailed in his turn when she said in a loud voice: "Never dare speak to me again; send someone for the amount of our indebtedness to you this afternoon, and never by word or look indicate any further acquaintance with me."

Telling lies was such a different experience from being told of them.

The door opened timidly and Jane, tear-stained and fearful, stood before them and in the way of Cornelia's exit, who came straight on, strong with the sting of Dupuis' last words and conscious of having said her ultimatum without stuttering or absurdity. The fact that she had lied made no difference to her; she would not receive such ugly conclusions from her own lips, much less from another's.

"I knew," Jane wailed, "that there was

some explanation; something that Cornelia would say, Frank."

"Excuse me, Jane, dear," Cornelia said gently. "The first explanation must come from your husband for his unwarrantable conclusions and villainous language."

The Doctor looked frightened now, for he had enjoyed unenviable notoriety at one time from swearing in a rage. He could not clear his mind sufficiently to reply, or even to remember what he had said, and although Jane had been listening at the door and knew that her husband's language had been correct, her heart was with Cornelia, and in a second's space it came to her what their life would be without the Burnhams. The butter from Berwick would be discontinued, the promised gift of Cornelia's colored clothes withheld, and the Burnham brougham would be a wraithlike memory on those biting January days when one likes to come to the homes of people who give dinners and who often fancy their children are ill, with a nose of normal color and a handkerchief that is not overworked. Such little things in life tell at its crises. Therefore Jane flew to Cornelia, crying, "Don't blame Frank; only remember that, although I know there is some explanation, he is so skeptical that he cannot, until

he has heard it and thought it all over. Men are so different from us!"

"Not all men." Cornelia said this in a whisper before crying loudly, "Danny, Danny! no man would call me a liar if you were here to resent it!" She put her hands before her face and the streaming tears ran over her glacé gloves. The hysterical strength of her last utterance impressed the Doctor in spite of himself, smiting him with a sense of awful cowardice in his dealings with women. Putting a hand on her arm, which she shook off with horror, he said humbly: "I am anxious to hear your defense, Mrs. Burnham. For myself, I ask your forgiveness if I have said anything amiss."

"You must be wonderfully prejudiced in your own favor if you can look back on what you've said with anything but shame," Cornelia observed sternly, and as Jane saw her friend was implacable, she united her wifely influence to her friend's cause, that the Doctor might be routed. His life might be complete with tumors and cancers and potted progeny, but hers would be a blank, were organized charity, as of yore, to be the one consoler of the empty hours of her childless life. Cornelia's clothes were as fine as Anne McNulty's aim in life, her servants were

many, her fortune vast. This deceiving episode was a vagary of genius: a woman who could stir the Early Birds' sister societies to the great work of liberating dressmakers' girls was incapable of really mean dealing with a friend.

She approached Cornelia timidly, laying a clinging arm about her shoulders. "Dearest," she said, "Frank is as sorry as you are for what he said, but tell me why you did what seems so unlike both Anne McNulty and Cornelia Burnham."

Both these ladies sobbed on in the strong sunshine, Cornelia finding an infinite comfort in Jane's championship and fearing the Doctor more than they had ever feared anything before. Cornelia was consciously fighting for a place in his esteem, not perhaps her first high position, but some lesser hold on him she must maintain; he was so interesting, so different from the others, and as she dwelt on his many excellences, she feared to raise her eyes to him as he stood before her in puzzled anger and involuntary, forcible contempt.

"Only Danny and I knew of it," she said in the heartbroken, empty voice that she knew to be a reproach to the Doctor, "and when Jane began about my lack of philanthropic effort and moral inferiority to this wonder-

ful writer, Danny resented it and wanted me to tell her in some way that would tease her a little. But Harvey and Billy hate art in any form, and novels so especially that I hesitated to announce myself, and when Jane's letter was forwarded me from London I thought I would answer it as Anne McNulty, never dreaming that she would be jealous of me in any way or doubt Cornelia's love and loyalty to you both. Danny thought it an excellent joke, and how the dear soul ever kept it to himself is a nine-days' wonder."

Here Cornelia wiped her eyes, and the touch of humanity in her last speech had its effect; it brought Danny vividly to mind and made everything she said seem true, so lively was their momentary vision of leaky Dan. And now that she had embarked on this tale and explanation it was not unpleasant to her, the forces of her mind suggested many expedients, and she acted her part with a buoyancy that was convincing. "And then, when Jane wrote me about my friendship for you, Dr. Dupuis," here Cornelia looked at the Doctor with bland dignity, "Danny and I were immensely diverted. It simply showed what conclusions the world suggests to the purest mind. I told Jane as an unknown, unprejudiced adviser, to come to my other self

in all honesty, demanding a less absorbed manner when with her husband. And then I planned to show her that I had written as Anne McNulty and as Cornelia Burnham, too; that she had outraged me with her suspicious surveillance in positions which she had herself imposed on me, in order that she might enjoy her friendship with Emily Alman, of whom I felt jealous. But when I saw Danny at the station, and read his coming illness in all he said, in every look and gesture, I didn't care to explain; I didn't care for anything except to get home. And then I forgot about it all until Mrs. Ferris reminded me of it by speaking of Mordrook's letters. Then I remembered having put them with Jane's when Danny was so ill and of my intention to send Jane to look for them that she might find her own."

"And remember," Jane cried to the Doctor with what was easily perceived to be complete defiance, "if Cornelia seemed to trick me, she can say that I did a more than imprudent thing when I placed what I believed to be the secret of your life within the knowledge of a stranger. In asking you to forgive me, I demand justice for her. Technically she did no wrong." This was a new aspect of the case to Cornelia. She gripped her de-

fender's hand gratefully, while the Doctor said, "You are very frank, Mrs. Burnham."

"I certainly meant no harm," she sobbed.

"It is a relief to me to feel that your husband knew of it; it puts things in a better light, and when I spoke to you as I did when you came in, you must see from my standpoint that your conduct looked black. I saw you in your friendly pose,—fascinating, kindly,—loading us with favors, and then I saw you as a schemer—tickled to death with mere duplicity. And there are many such women, Mrs. Burnham, and experience of life makes one quick to believe in them. I tell you very frankly," here a slow flush mounted to the doctor's forehead, "I saw you tying me to your chariot wheels, having informed yourself of the rate and distance permitted you in driving me, by means of your correspondence with Jane. Forgive me, but it is better that I should tell you how I felt; it excuses me somewhat."

For Mrs. Burnham had again moved toward the door and her former furious expression had overspread her now swollen face. She was anxious to be gone and out of reach of further interrogation, but Jane would not let her go alone, and she ran upstairs to get a hat. She meant to cling to the goose that

laid the golden egg. Returning presently with water and a fine towel, she bathed Cornelia's eyes and soothed her with many loving observations and tender names. The doctor administered valerian in his kindest manner, and for a moment Cornelia felt that all was right between them, but she met his eyes at parting and saw her mistake.

Her tears and improvisations were vain, she no longer seemed to him the picture of what was best in life, for she had been damaged in the world's workshop and "restored" by a mistaken hand, less skillful than that of the Creator. Yet, Doctor Dupuis reflected, her husband was a fool and the trick like him; and in thinking of Cornelia's grief for him, the Doctor was quite deceived. He laughed to recall his bitterness in lamenting her ill-mated state, and then, deep within him, he felt a man's sorrow that she had cared for such a trifle as little Danny. There were men at hand even while she mourned him, but her sight was tear-blurred and dim!

Mrs. Burnham sat hand in hand with Jane as they drove to the Uraguay. Life could not shine again as it had in her first dreams of intricate power and anonymous guidance of the lives about her. Her present estimate of herself was ugly: some of the holes in her

armor made by the thrusts of Dr. Dupuis gaped open to the day, and if too cleverly mended for the glance of strangers to detect them, they would be known to Cornelia for all time. For the first time in her heart's history she turned to Danny with a tender impulse—although dead he had proved such a tower of strength in the worst hour she could fancy. She almost fainted in recollecting the the Doctor's voice in his terrible declaration of disbelief. She could not live in the same land with him: her cheeks flushed with a shame that would return.

"I think we sail for England next Saturday," she said.

"How we shall miss you!" Jane exclaimed effusively.

"But you have the Doctor," Cornelia cried, and afterward was silent lest she had said too much.

EPILOGUE.

THE SUMMING UP.

The rose you speak of has its thorn
And every prince to pain is born.
Cold death is but a part of sorrow,
Who weeps to-day may smile to-morrow.
For great God gave of earthly things
The same to commoners as kings,
For lowly birth may make great exit,
While those in pomp have care to vex it.

—*Veo.*

Within and about us the ceaseless balance between pain and pleasure continues indestructible, and if one is born to look on life hopefully one says that each dark cloud is lined with silver, and if the sense of individual bile exceeds the realization of God's mercy, "every sweet must have its sour," is the proverb employed. The experience of a philosopher cannot determine his philosophy; his mental bias is congenital, unalterable, like the color of his eyes.

Even so with Cornelia. Loneliness assailed her and drove her to the making of new books; but now that Harvey was humanized and on the highroad to matri-

mony, and the chief reason for the keeping of her *nom de plume* inviolate removed by that last hour with Dr. Dupuis, she told her private name and personal history to the papers, and brightened her glory in interviews with reporters in London and New York.

Old Mr. Burnham rejoiced daily "that Danny had known of Cornelia's authorship," and his dead son's wife was ever patient and loving, reading to him all she wrote, while the old man's lips parted in wonder and his eyes, aged and dim, grew momentarily aglow with pride. But, at times, under the soft, colorless English sky, with a damp Channel wind running athwart the Downs, the confidence and trustful love she had lost would come upon her suddenly, and she would stand face to face with her own deceit. Jane sometimes wrote to her in quite the old strain of loving trust, and the awe felt by the Doctor's wife for Anne McNulty never grew less. But Dr. Dupuis sent no word of greeting, and his contempt for Mrs. Burnham dogged all her joys. With Gordis she had entered into an informal compact that she meant to fulfill. They had written regularly to one another; and, as the Hebrew grew in social power and financial standing, Cornelia forgot his race and looked toward him as the com-

panion for her future days with a sense of relief. His mind was a foot rule by which he measured the right and wrong of things; he could apply it to her intended actions and save her the world of woe that had come upon her with deceit. He was an adviser in whom she trusted, and in his morality there seemed a rest for the wicked. Cornelia was less happy perhaps than any of her companions whose fortunes have been followed with hers, but she looked to her resumed life in America and to regaining the friendship of Dr. Dupuis as possible joys worth much struggle and mortification.

It was the anniversary of Danny's death; the inefficient English sun shone pale on grass of vivid green, and old Mr. Burnham's tears ran into his cup when he vainly tried to consume the tea that Cornelia had just poured out for him. Galley proofs lay on the broad arm of her easy chair and a letter from Gordis showed an edge under her belt. They had rented a large, typically English place until Mr. Burnham felt able to face Berwick once more.

When the tea tray was carried off Cornelia set herself to the regular task of each evening. Nothing pleased the old man like the imaginary conversations that she constructed

between herself and Danny, delivering them with so much sentiment and such striking presentment of Danny's best qualities that every one was charming and referred to again and again.

"Cornelia, dear," he said, "tell me about Danny's presentiment against Mr. Mordrook."

Remembering that Cornelia was born to improvisation we will leave her to the performance of a congenial task, also remembering that her gift turned mischievous in loneliness and the lack of sympathetically social intercourse.

THE END.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.

BOOKS BY CY WARMAN.

Snow on the Headlight.

A Story of the Great Burlington Strike. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"Mr. Warman holds a unique position among our tellers of tales, since he alone is a practical railroad man, who knows the work, and has done it, in all its details."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Plenty of close-range photographs, interior views, of the great Burlington strike are to be found in Cy Warman's book."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"It has the great virtue of being a plain story plainly told by one who knows. Whatever other impression it may convey to the reader, it conveys most strongly the impression of truth. And this plain truth, told in a plain way, is a terrible thing. One can feel all the way through that half the tale—and perhaps the worst half—is left untold, yet such as stands in print is sufficient, and to the reader who cares for something more than the superficial adventurous incident of the book it will not be without its instructive influence."—*Denver Republican.*

"Told with all the freshness and vividness of an eyewitness."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Will be read with interest by all railroad men."—*Galesburg (Ill.) Mail.*

The Story of the Railroad.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"Far more interesting than the average novel. . . . Mr. Warman's volume makes us hear and feel the rush of modern civilization. It gives us also the human side of the picture—the struggles of the frontiersman and his family, the dismay and cruel wrath of the retreating savage, the heroism of the advance guard of the railway builders, and the cutthroat struggles of competing lines. He does not deal greatly with statistics, but the figures he uses help make up the stunning effect of gigantic enterprise. There is not a dull page in the book."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Intensely interesting—a history that reads like a romance, and compared with whose marvelous story indeed most modern romances will seem spiritless and tame."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"Worthy to stand on the same shelf with Hough's Story of the Cowboy."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A DOUBLE THREAD. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"The excellence of her writing makes . . . her book delightful reading. She is genial and sympathetic without being futile, and witty without being cynical."—*Literature, London, Eng.*

"Will attract a host of readers. . . . The great charm about Miss Fowler's writing is its combination of brilliancy and kindness. . . . Miss Fowler has all the arts. She disposes of her materials in a perfectly workmanlike manner. Her tale is well proportioned, everything is in its place, and the result is thoroughly pleasing."—*Claudius Clear, in the British Weekly.*

"An excellent novel in every sense of the word, and Miss Ellen Thorney croft Fowler is to be congratulated on having made a most distinct and momentous advance."—*London Telegraph.*

"We have learned to expect good things from the writer of 'Concerning Isabel Carnaby,' and we are not disappointed. Her present venture has all the cleverness and knowledge of life that distinguished its predecessor."—*London Daily News.*

CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY. No. 252, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"Rarely does one find such a charming combination of wit and tenderness, of brilliancy, and reverence for the things that matter. . . . It is bright without being flippant, tender without being mawkish, and as joyous and as wholesome as sunshine. The characters are closely studied and clearly limned, and they are created by one who knows human nature. . . . It would be hard to find its superior for all-around excellence. . . . No one who reads it will regret it or forget it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"For brilliant conversations, epigrammatic bits of philosophy, keenness of wit, and full insight into human nature, 'Concerning Isabel Carnaby' is a remarkable success."—*Boston Transcript.*

"An excellent novel, clever and witty enough to be very amusing, and serious enough to provide much food for thought."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS BY GRAHAM TRAVERS.

WINDYHAUGH. A Novel. By GRAHAM TRAVERS, author of "Mona Maclean, Medical Student," "Fellow Travellers," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

"'Windyhaugh' shows an infinitely more mature skill and more subtle humor than 'Mona Maclean' and a profounder insight into life. The psychology in Dr. Todd's remarkable book is all of the right kind; and there is not in English fiction a more careful and penetrating analysis of the evolution of a woman's mind than is given in Wilhelmina Galbraith; but 'Windyhaugh' is not a book in which there is only one 'star' and a crowd of 'supers.' Every character is limned with a conscientious care that bespeaks the true artist, and the analytical interest of the novel is rigorously kept in its proper place and is only one element in a delightful story. It is a supremely interesting and wholesome book, and in an age when excellence of technique has reached a remarkable level, 'Windyhaugh' compels admiration for its brilliancy of style. Dr. Todd paints on a large canvas, but she has a true sense of proportion."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"For truth to life, for adherence to a clear line of action, for arrival at the point toward which it has aimed from the first, such a book as 'Windyhaugh' must be judged remarkable. There is vigor and brilliancy. It is a book that must be read from the beginning to the end and that it is a satisfaction to have read."—*Boston Journal.*

"Its easy style, its natural characters, and its general tone of earnestness assure its author a high rank among contemporary novelists."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"We can cordially eulogize the spendid vitality of the work, its brilliancy, its pathos, its polished and crystalline style, and its remarkable character-painting."—*New York Home Journal.*

MONA MACLEAN, Medical Student. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"A high-bred comedy."—*New York Times.*

"'Mona Maclean' is a bright, healthful, winning story."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Mona is a very attractive person, and her story is decidedly well told."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

"A pleasure in store for you if you have not read this volume. The author has given us a thoroughly natural series of events, and drawn her characters like an artist. It is the story of a woman's struggles with her own soul. She is a woman of resource, a strong woman, and her career is interesting from beginning to end."—*New York Herald.*

FELLOW TRAVELLERS. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"The stories are well told; the literary style is above the average, and the character drawing is to be particularly praised. . . . Altogether, the little book is a model of its kind, and its reading will give pleasure to people of taste."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

"'Fellow Travellers' is a collection of very brightly written tales, all dealing, as the title implies, with the mutual relations of people thrown together casually while traveling."—*London Saturday Review.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

MISS DOUGALL'S BOOKS.

THE MORMON PROPHET. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"A striking story. . . . Immensely interesting and diverting, and as a romance it certainly has a unique power."—*Boston Herald.*

"In 'The Mormon Prophet' Miss Lily Dougall has told, in strongly dramatic form, the story of Joseph Smith and of the growth of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, which has again come prominently before the public through the election of a polygamist to Congress. . . . Miss Dougall has handled her subject with consummate skill. . . . She has rightly seen that this man's life contained splendid material for a historical novel. She has taken no unwarranted liberties with the truth, and has succeeded in furnishing a story whose scope broadens with each succeeding chapter until the end."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Mormonism is not ordinarily regarded as capable of romantic treatment, but in the hands of Miss Dougall it has yielded results which are calculated to attract the general public as well as the student of psychology. . . . Miss Dougall has handled a difficult theme with conspicuous delicacy; the most sordid details of the narrative are redeemed by the glamour of her style, her analysis of the strangely mixed character of the prophet is remarkable for its detachment and impartiality, while in Susannah Halsey she has given us a really beautiful study of nobly compassionate womanhood. We certainly know of no more illuminative commentary on the rise of this extraordinary sect than is furnished by Miss Dougall's novel."—*London Spectator.*

"Miss Dougall may be congratulated both on her choice of a subject for her new book and on her remarkably able and interesting treatment of it. . . . A fascinating story, which is even more remarkable and more fascinating as a psychological study."—*The Scotsman.*

THE MADONNA OF A DAY. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"An entirely unique story. Alive with incident and related in a fresh and captivating style."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"A novel that stands quite by itself, and that in theme as well as in artistic merit should make a very strong appeal to the mind of a sympathetic reader."—*Boston Beacon.*

THE MERMAID. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The author of this novel has the gift of contrivance and the skill to sustain the interest of a plot through all its development. 'The Mermaid' is an odd and interesting story."—*New York Times.*

THE ZEIT-GEIST. 16mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

"One of the most remarkable novels."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BY THE LATE GEORG EBERS.

ARACHNE. An Egyptian Romance. By Dr. GEORG EBERS, author of "Uarda," "Joshua," "An Egyptian Princess," etc. Uniform edition. In 2 volumes. 16mo.

"It is too late in the day to add anything new to what has already been written with reference to Ebers's remarkable grasp of detail and 'atmosphere.' Let it suffice to say that this quality nowhere in his works has greater evidence than in this stirring tale. An Egyptologist would find few flaws with which to quarrel. 'Arachne' is of absorbing interest, and will be widely read."—*San Francisco Call.*

Barbara Blomberg. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 2 volumes.

In the Blue Pike. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

In the Fire of the Forge. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 2 volumes.

Cleopatra. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 2 volumes.

A Thorny Path. (Per Aspera.) Translated by CLARA BELL. 2 volumes.

The Elixir, and Other Tales. Translated by Mrs. EDWARD H. BELL. With Portrait of the Author. 1 volume.

Uarda. Translated by CLARA BELL. 2 volumes.

Homo Sum. Translated by CLARA BELL. 1 volume.

The Sisters. Translated by CLARA BELL. 1 volume.

A Question. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

The Emperor. Translated by CLARA BELL. 2 volumes.

The Burgomaster's Wife. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

A Word, only a Word. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

Serapis. Translated by CLARA BELL. 1 volume.

The Bride of the Nile. Translated by CLARA BELL. 2 volumes.

Margery. (Gred.) Translated by CLARA BELL. 2 volumes.

Joshua. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

An Egyptian Princess. Translated by ELEANOR GROVE. 2 volumes.

Lorenz Alma Tadema, His Life and Works. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 1 volume.

Richard Lepsius: A Biography. Translated by ZOE DANA UNDERHILL. 1 volume.

Each, 16mo, cloth, 75 cents per volume; paper, 40 cents.

ALSO, **The Story of my Life.** Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. With Portraits. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

TWO SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN NOVELS.

LATITUDE 19°. A Romance of the West Indies in the Year of our Lord 1820. Being a faithful account and true, of the painful adventures of the Skipper, the Bo's'n, the Smith, the Mate, and Cynthia. By Mrs. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"'Latitude 19°' is a novel of incident, of the open air, of the sea, the shore, the mountain eyrie, and of breathing, living entities, who deal with Nature at first hand. . . . The adventures described are peculiarly novel and interesting. . . . Packed with incidents, infused with humor and wit, and faithful to the types introduced, this book will surely appeal to the large audience already won, and beget new friends among those who believe in fiction that is healthy without being maudlin, and is strong without losing the truth."—*New York Herald.*

"A story filled with rapid and exciting action from the first page to the last. A fecundity of invention that never lags, and a judiciously used vein of humor."—*The Critic.*

"A volume of deep, undeniable charm. A unique book from a fresh, sure, vigorous pen."—*Boston Journal.*

"Adventurous and romantic enough to satisfy the most exacting reader. . . . Abounds in situations which make the blood run cold, and yet, full of surprises as it is, one is continually amazed by the plausibility of the main incidents of the narrative. . . . A very successful effort to portray the sort of adventures that might have taken place in the West Indies seventy-five or eighty years ago. . . . Very entertaining with its dry humor."—*Boston Herald.*

A HERALD OF THE WEST. An American Story of 1811–1815. By J. A. ALTSHELER, author of "A Soldier of Manhattan" and "The Sun of Saratoga." 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"'A Herald of the West' is a romance of our history which has not been surpassed in dramatic force, vivid coloring, and historical interest. . . . In these days when the flush of war has only just passed, the book ought to find thousands of readers, for it teaches patriotism without intolerance, and it shows, what the war with Spain has demonstrated anew, the power of the American people when they are deeply roused by some great wrong."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"The book throughout is extremely well written. It is condensed, vivid, picturesque. . . . A rattling good story, and unrivaled in fiction for its presentation of the American feeling toward England during our second conflict."—*Boston Herald.*

"Holds the attention continuously. . . . The book abounds in thrilling attractions. . . . It is a solid and dignified acquisition to the romantic literature of our own country, built around facts and real persons."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"In a style that is strong and broad, the author of this timely novel takes up a nascent period of our national history and founds upon it a story of absorbing interest."—*Philadelphia Item.*

"Mr. Altsheler has given us an accurate as well as picturesque portrayal of the social and political conditions which prevailed in the republic in the era made famous by the second war with Great Britain."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

"*A BOOK THAT WILL LIVE.*"

DAVID HARUM. A Story of American Life. By EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"Mr. Westcott has done for central New York what Mr. Cable, Mr. Page, and Mr. Harris have done for different parts of the South, and what Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins are doing for New England, and Mr. Hamlin Garland for the West. . . . 'David Harum' is a masterly delineation of an American type. . . . Here is life with all its joys and sorrows. . . . David Harum lives in these pages as he will live in the mind of the reader. . . . He deserves to be known by all good Americans; he is one of them in boundless energy, in large-heartedness, in shrewdness, and in humor."—*The Critic.*

"Thoroughly a pure, original, and fresh American type. David Harum is a character whose qualities of mind and heart, eccentricities, and dry humor will win for his creator notable distinction. Buoyancy, life, and cheerfulness are dominant notes. In its vividness and force the story is a strong, fresh picture of American life. Original and true, it is worth the same distinction which is accorded the *genre* pictures of peculiar types and places sketched by Mr. George W. Cable, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mr. Garland, Miss French, Miss Murfree, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Owen Wister, and Bret Harte. . . . A pretty love story also adds to the attractiveness of the book, that will be appreciated at once by every one who enjoys real humor, strong character, true pictures of life, and work that is 'racy of the soil.'"—*Boston Herald.*

"Mr. Westcott has created a new and interesting type. . . . The character sketching and building, so far as David Harum is concerned, is well-nigh perfect. The book is wonderfully bright, readable, and graphic."—*New York Times.*

"The main character ought to become familiar to thousands of readers, and will probably take his place in time beside Joel Chandler Harris's and Thomas Nelson Page's and Miss Wilkins's creations."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"We give Edward Noyes Westcott his true place in American letters—placing him as a humorist next to Mark Twain, as a master of dialect above Lowell, as a descriptive writer equal to Bret Harte, and, on the whole, as a novelist on a par with the best of those who live and have their being in the heart of hearts of American readers. If the author is dead—lamentable fact—his book will live."—*Philadelphia Item.*

"True, strong, and thoroughly alive, with a humor like that of Abraham Lincoln and a nature as sweet at the core. The spirit of the book is genial and wholesome, and the love story is in keeping with it. . . . The book adds one more to the interesting list of native fiction destined to live, portraying certain localities and types of American life and manners."—*Boston Literary World.*

"A notable contribution to those sectional studies of American life by which our literature has been so greatly enriched in the past generation. . . . A work of unusual merit."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"One of the few distinct and living types in the American gallery."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"The quaint character of 'David Harum' proves to be an inexhaustible source of amusement.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"It would be hard to say wherein the author could have bettered the portrait he sets before us."—*Providence Journal.*

"Full of wit and sweetness."—*Baltimore Herald.*

"Merits the heartiest and most unequivocal praise. . . . It is a pleasure to call the reader's attention to this strong and most original novel, a novel that is a decided and most enduring addition to American literature."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

NOVELS BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Each, 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

HER MEMORY. With Photogravure Portrait.

After Maarten Maartens's long silence this new example of his fine literary art will be received with peculiar interest. He offers in this book a singularly delicate and sympathetic study of character.

"Maarten Maartens took us all by storm some time ago with his fine story christened 'God's Fool.' He established himself at once in our affections as a unique creature who had something to say and knew how to say it in the most fascinating way. He is a serious story writer, who sprang into prominence when he first put his pen to paper, and who has ever since kept his work up to the standard of excellence which he raised in the beginning."—*New York Herald.*

THE GREATER GLORY. A Story of High Life.

"Until the Appletons discovered the merits of Maarten Maartens, the foremost of Dutch novelists, it is doubtful if many American readers knew that there were Dutch novelists. His 'God's Fool' and 'Joost Avelingh' made for him an American reputation. To our mind this work is his best. . . . He is a master of epigram, an artist in description, a prophet in insight."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"It would take several columns to give any adequate idea of the superb way in which the Dutch novelist has developed his theme and wrought out one of the most impressive stories of the period. . . . It belongs to the small class of novels which one can not afford to neglect."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Maarten Maartens stands head and shoulders above the average novelist of the day in intellectual subtlety and imaginative power."—*Boston Beacon.*

GOD'S FOOL.

"Throughout there is an epigrammatic force which would make palatable a less interesting story of human lives or one less deftly told."—*London Saturday Review.*

"A remarkable work."—*New York Times.*

"Maarten Maartens has secured a firm footing in the eddies of current literature. . . . Pathos deepens into tragedy in the thrilling story of 'God's Fool.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Its preface alone stamps the author as one of the leading English novelists of to-day."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"A story of remarkable interest and point."—*New York Observer.*

JOOST AVELINGH.

"Aside from the masterly handling of the principal characters and general interest in the story, the series of pictures of Dutch life give the book a charm peculiarly its own."—*New York Herald.*

"Can be heartily recommended, both from a moral and artistic standpoint."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"So unmistakably good as to induce the hope that an acquaintance with the Dutch literature of fiction may soon become more general among us."—*London Morning Post.*

"A novel of a very high type. At once strongly realistic and powerfully idealistic."—*London Literary World.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Uniform edition. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50 per volume.

A DUET, WITH AN OCCASIONAL CHORUS.

"Charming is the one word to describe this volume adequately. Dr. Doyle's crisp style and his rare wit and refined humor, utilized with cheerful art that is perfect of its kind, fill these chapters with joy and gladness for the reader."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Bright, brave, simple, natural, delicate. It is the most artistic and most original thing that its author has done. . . . We can heartily recommend 'A Duet' to all classes of readers. It is a good book to put into the hands of the young of either sex. It will interest the general reader, and it should delight the critic, for it is a work of art. This story taken with the best of his previous work gives Dr. Doyle a very high place in modern letters."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

UNCLE BERNAC. A Romance of the Empire.

"Simple, clear, and well defined. . . . Spirited in movement all the way through. . . . A fine example of clear analytical force."—*Boston Herald.*

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

A Romance of the Life of a Typical Napoleonic Soldier.

"Good, stirring tales are they. . . . Remind one of those adventures indulged in by 'The Three Musketeers.' . . . Written with a dash and swing that here and there carry one away."—*New York Mail and Express.*

RODNEY STONE.

"A notable and very brilliant work of genius."—*London Speaker.*

"Dr. Doyle's novel is crowded with an amazing amount of incident and excitement. . . . He does not write history, but shows us the human side of his great men, living and moving in an atmosphere charged with the spirit of the hard-living, hard-fighting Anglo-Saxon."—*New York Critic.*

ROUND THE RED LAMP.

Being Facts and Fancies of Medical Life.

"A strikingly realistic and decidedly original contribution to modern literature."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.

Being a Series of Twelve Letters written by STARK MUNRO, M. B., to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881–1884.

"Cullingworth, . . . a much more interesting creation than Sherlock Holmes, and I pray Dr. Doyle to give us more of him."—*Richard le Gallienne, in the London Star.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Uniform edition. Each, 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

THE STANDARD BEARER. An Historical Romance.

"Mr. Crockett's book is distinctly one of *the* books of the year. Five months of 1898 have passed without bringing to the reviewers' desk anything to be compared with it in beauty of description, convincing characterization, absorbing plot and humorous appeal. The freshness and sweet sincerity of the tale are most invigorating, and that the book will be very much read there is no possible doubt."—*Boston Budget.*

"The book will move to tears, provoke to laughter, stir the blood, and evoke heroisms of history, making the reading of it a delight and the memory of it a stimulus and a joy."—*New York Evangelist.*

LADS' LOVE. Illustrated.

"It seems to us that there is in this latest product much of the realism of personal experience. However modified and disguised, it is hardly possible to think that the writer's personality does not present itself in Saunders McQuhirr. . . . Rarely has the author drawn more truly from life than in the cases of Nance and 'the Hempie'; never more typical Scotsman of the humble sort than the farmer Peter Chrystie."—*London Athenæum.*

CLEG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY. His Progress and Adventures. Illustrated.

"A masterpiece which Mark Twain himself has never rivaled. . . . If there ever was an ideal character in fiction it is this heroic ragamuffin."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

"In no one of his books does Mr. Crockett give us a brighter or more graphic picture of contemporary Scotch life than in 'Cleg Kelly.' . . . It is one of the great books."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

BOG-MYRTLE AND PEAT. Third edition.

"Here are idyls, epics, dramas of human life, written in words that thrill and burn. . . . Each is a poem that has an immortal flavor. They are fragments of the author's early dreams, too bright, too gorgeous, too full of the blood of rubies and the life of diamonds to be caught and held palpitating in expression's grasp."—*Boston Courier.*

"Hardly a sketch among them all that will not afford pleasure to the reader for its genial humor, artistic local coloring, and admirable portrayal of character."—*Boston Home Journal.*

THE LILAC SUNBONNET. Eighth edition.

"A love story, pure and simple, one of the old-fashioned, wholesome, sunshiny kind, with a pure-minded, sound-hearted hero, and a heroine who is merely a good and beautiful woman; and if any other love story half so sweet has been written this year it has escaped our notice."—*New York Times.*

"The general conception of the story, the motive of which is the growth of love between the young chief and heroine, is delineated with a sweetness and a freshness, a naturalness and a certainty, which places 'The Lilac Sunbonnet' among the best stories of the time."—*New York Mail and Express.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

BOOKS BY GILBERT PARKER.

Uniform Edition.

The Seats of the Mighty.

Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert MORAY, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. Illustrated, $1.50.

"Another historical romance of the vividness and intensity of 'The Seats of the Mighty' has never come from the pen of an American. Mr. Parker's latest work may without hesitation be set down as the best he has done. From the first chapter to the last word interest in the book never wanes; one finds it difficult to interrupt the narrative with breathing space. It whirls with excitement and strange adventure. . . . All of the scenes do homage to the genius of Mr. Parker, and make 'The Seats of the Mighty' one of the books of the year."—*Chicago Record.*

"Mr. Gilbert Parker is to be congratulated on the excellence of his latest story, 'The Seats of the Mighty,' and his readers are to be congratulated on the direction which his talents have taken therein. . . . It is so good that we do not stop to think of its literature, and the personality of Doltaire is a masterpiece of creative art."—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Trail of the Sword. A Novel. $1.25.

"Mr. Parker here adds to a reputation already wide, and anew demonstrates his power of pictorial portrayal and of strong dramatic situation and climax."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Trespasser. $1.25.

"Interest, pith, force, and charm—Mr. Parker's new story possesses all these qualities. . . . Almost bare of synthetical decoration, his paragraphs are stirring because they are real. We read at times—as we have read the great masters of romance—breathlessly."—*The Critic.*

The Translation of a Savage. $1.25.

"A book which no one will be satisfied to put down until the end has been matter of certainty and assurance."—*The Nation.*

Mrs. Falchion. $1.25.

"A well-knit story, told in an exceedingly interesting way, and holding the reader's attention to the end."

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. 16mo. Cloth.

"Its sincerity and rugged force will commend it to those who love and seek strong work in fiction."—*The Critic.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

By FRANK T. BULLEN.

IDYLLS OF THE SEA. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"The 'deep-sea wonder and mystery' which Kipling found in Frank T. Bullen's 'Cruise of the Cachalot' is appreciable again in this literary mate's new book, 'Idylls of the Sea.' We feel ourselves tossed with him at the mercy of the weltering elements," etc.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Amplifies and intensifies the picture of the sea which Mr. Bullen had already produced. . . . Calm, shipwreck, the surface and depths of the sea, the monsters of the deep, superstitions and tales of the sailors—all find a place in this strange and exciting book."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Salty and genuine."—*Buffalo Express.*

"His style is so strong, so vivid, so captivating, that the reader hails the volume as a new discovery in literature."—*Boston Times.*

"A fresh sea-breeze blows through the whole book, and entertainment and instruction are delightfully blended."—*London Daily Mail.*

"Some of the brightest and most natural things ever written about the sea."—*London Morning.*

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT, Round the World after Sperm Whales. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale fishing, and, at the same time, given such real and new sea pictures. I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world you've opened the door to."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

"Written with racy freedom of literary expression and luxuriant abundance of incident, so that 'The Cruise of the Cachalot' becomes a story of fascinating vividness which thrills the reader and amuses him. The volume is no less enthralling than 'Two Years Before the Mast,' and higher praise can not be accorded to a story of the sea. . . . A book of such extraordinary merit as seldom comes to hand."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Mr. Bullen has given us an epic of whaling, and has presented it with that forcefulness and simplicity with which the epic is associated. . . . The book is of the sea. The author describes some tremendous scenes. . . . The book is real, authentic, a piece of life."—*London Academy.*

"This exciting and attractive book. . . . A deep-sea wonder and mystery pervades every page, and this without any straining or self-conscious art. Mr. Bullen has insight, and he has power of presentation—the power of making things vivid and interesting. In a word, he has seen things worthy the telling, and he tells them worthily." *London Spectator.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

H.G LD

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 410

DEC 30 1924